Moby Dick

BY

HERMAN MELVILLE

Introduction by RAYMOND WEAVER



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INTRODUCTION

And God created great whales

And later to Job from the whirlwind God boasted leviathan the masterpiece of His creation I will not conceal his parts nor his power nor his comely proportions Upon earth there is not his like who is made without fear He is king over all the children of pride

Job listened and abhorred himself and repented in dust and ashes

But not so Melville

In his day Melville had suffered no less than Job Melville however was less awed by Jehovah s boast For Melville had seen much of the watery world with his own eyes he had seen whales in schools and had helped spill tons of leviathan gore And whereas under affliction Job sat down among the ashes Melville sailed forth up and down the meridians vainly trying to discover the unpeopled world beyond the sun And one by one as Melville had put his illusions to the test the bolts of his imagination discharged against reality but blasted out charred avenues to despair We are inclined to think that God cannot explain His own secrets he editorially wrote to Hawthorne in the midst of the composition of *Moby Dick* and that He would like a little information upon certain points Himself We mortals astonish Him as much as He us Unhappily married unwell threatened with blindness and goaded by debts at the age of thirty two he sat down to unburden himself in *Moby Dick* of certain convictions that would have delighted Job s wife I have written a wicked book he flattered himself and feel as spotless as the lamb *Moby Dick* appeared in 1851 And for the remaining years of Melville s life the rest if not silence was whisper

The crucifixion, the disappointments, of Melville s early

life are well known "I learned to think much, and bitterly, before my time" He discovered even in his boyhood, that there was indeed no place like home and at the age of seventeen he dramatized this discovery and set out for the sea coast of Bohemia—'not so much bound to any haven ahead as rushing from all havens astern During his youth and early manhood he exchanged the respectables of New England for the off scourings of all races in the forecastles of a merchantman several Pacific whalers and a man of war With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword I quietly take to the ships This is my substitute for pistol and balls He diversified whale hunting with a sojourn of four idyllic months among practicing cannibals Thanks to a mutiny off Tahiti he was brought face to face with the proselyting Brethren who would claim the heathen for inheritance At the age of twenty five he returned to New England to win a success of scandal with *Typee* and in the first flush of authorship to marry the daughter of the Chief Justice of Massachusetts But neither authorship nor matrimony proved equal to his first impetuous hope Children came books didn t sell, bills grew Enslaved by hostages of fortune, on his farm in the Berkshires he looked back to the defeat of his youth and remembered the wild and distant seas wherein he had seen great whales roll their island bulk the wonder and the mystery of the largest of all created things the undeliverable, nameless perils of the chase and all the attendant marvels of a thousand Patagonian sights and sounds And into his inner most soul, two by two, there floated endless processions of whales, and midmost among them all one grand hooded phantom like a snow hill in the air

Moby Dick

The monstrous albino whale

This white whale this final boa t of God s creation this "king of the children of pride, Melville conceived as an ancient and vindictive monster, and upon its snowy hump he piled the sum of all the rage and hate of mankind from the days of Eden down 'Though in many of its visible aspects the world seems formed in love the invisible spheres

were formed in fright Thou shalt know the truth and the truth shall make you mad For to the eyes of truth, Melville declared the palsied universe lies before us as a leper all deified nature paints like a harlot whose allurements cover nothing but the charnal house within' And as a symbol of the malice and terror that he felt at the core of existence he chose a whale of leperous whiteness — the gliding great demon of the seas of life

The organizing theme of Melville's book is the pursuit of Moby Dick by the mad Captain Ahab Ahab is not only Captain of the *Pequod* but also the atheistical captain of the tormented soul and his crew is chiefly made up of mongrel renegades and cast aways and cannibals But Ahab is Captain And his madness is of such a quality that the white whale and all that is there symbolized must render its consummation or its extinction Wonder ye then at the fiery chase?"

On the waste of the Pacific ship after ship passes the *Pequod* some well laden others bearing awful tidings yet all are sane The *Pequod* alone against contrary winds sails into that amazing calm that extraordinary mildness in which she and all her crew but one are destroyed by Moby Dick and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago It is the history of a soul's adventure—adventure upon the highest sphere of spiritual daring A hideous and intolerable allegory And at the same time the fullest the truest and the most readable history of a whaling cruise ever written

For such is the breadth the vitality the solid substance out of which Melville's allegory is fashioned that just as many people read Gulliver for the story and miss the satire so the account of Ahab's hunt of the abhorred whale can be read in all but perfect innocence of Melville's dark intent One critic while admitting that a certain absorption of interest lies in the nightmare intensity and melodramatic climax of the tale finds his interest best repaid by the exposition of fact with which the story is loaded to the gunwale How the whale is pursued from the Arctic to the Antarctic how it is harpooned to the peril of boat and crew how when brought to the side 'cutting in is

accomplished how the whale's anatomy is laid bare, how his fat is redeemed—to be told this in the form of a narrative, with all manner of dramatic but perfectly plausible incidents interspersed is enough to make the book perfectly engrossing without the white whale and Captain Ahab's fatal monomania' Thus this, it must be urged, is to dwarf almost beyond recognition the genius which mated poetry and blubber whaling and metaphysics

There are those of course who hold against Dante his moralizing, and against Rabelais his broad humor In like manner, peculiarity of temperament has necessarily colored critical judgments of *Moby Dick* But though critics may mouth it as they like about digressions improbability moralizing reflections swollen talk or the fetish of art upon the elemental force of the book all are wonderfully agreed It achieves the effect of illusion and to a degree peculiar to the highest feats of the imagination For Melville no less than God created great whales

RAYMOND WEAVER

March 1926

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ETYMOLOGY

(SUPPLIED BY A LATE CONSUMPTIVE USHER TO A GRAMMAR SCHOOL)

THE pale Usher—threadbare in coat heart body and brain I see him now He was ever dusting his old lexicons and grammars with a queer handkerchief mockingly embellished with all the gay flags of all the known nations of the world He loved to dust his old grammars it somehow mildly reminded him of his mortality

ETYMOLOGY

WHILE you take in hand to school other and to teach them by what name a whale fish is to be called in our tongue leaving out through ignorance the letter H which almost alone maketh up the signification of the word you deliver that which is not true

Hackluyt

WHALE * * * Sw and Dan *hval* This animal is named from roundness or rolling for in Dan *hvalt* is arched or vaulted

Webster's Dictionary

WHALE * * * It is more immediately from the Dut and Ger *Wallen* A.S *Walw ian* to roll to wallow

Richardson's Dictionary

חר	*Hebrew*
κητος	*Greek*
CETUS	*Latin*
WHŒL	*Anglo Saxon*
HVALT	*Danish*
WAL	*Dutch*
HWAL	*Swedish*
WHALE	*Icelandic*
WHALE	*English*
BALEINE	*French*
BALLENA	*Spanish*
PEKEE NUEE NUEE	*Fegee*
PEKEE NUEE NUEE	*Erromangoan*

EXTRACTS

(SUPPLIED BY A SUB SUB LIBRARIAN)

It will be seen that this mere painstaking burrower and grub worm of a poor devil of a Sub Sub appears to have gone through the long Vaticans and street stalls of the earth picking up whatever random allusions to whales he could anyways find in any book whatsoever sacred or profane Therefore you must not in every case at least take the higgledy piggledy whale statements however authentic in these extracts for veritable gospel cetology Far from it As touching the ancient authors generally as well as the poets here appearing these extracts are solely valuable or entertaining as affording a glancing bird s eye view of what has been promiscuously said thought fancied and sung of Leviathan by many nations and generations including our own

So fare thee well poor devil of a Sub Sub whose commentator I am Thou belongest to that hopeless sallow tribe which no wine of this world will ever warm and for whom even Pale Sherry would be too rosy strong but with whom one sometimes loves to sit and feel poor devilish too and grow convivial upon tears and say to them bluntly *with full eyes and empty glasses and in not altogether un* pleasant sadness—Give it up Sub Subs! For by how much more pains ye take to please the world by so much the more shall ye for ever go thankless! Would that I could clear out Hampton Court and the Tuileries for ye! But gulp down your tears and hie aloft to the royal mast with your hearts for your friends who have gone before are clearing out the seven storied heavens and making refugees of long pampered Gabriel Michael and Raphael against your coming Here ye strike but splintered hearts together—there ye shall strike unsplinterable glasses!

EXTRACTS

"And God created great whales
Genesis

Leviathan maketh a path to shine after him
One would think the deep to be hoary
Job

Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah"
Jonah

There go the ships there is that Leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein *Psalms*

In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish Leviathan the piercing serpent even Leviathan that crooked serpent and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea
Isaiah

And what thing soever besides cometh within the chaos of this monster s mouth be it beast boat or stone down it goes all inconti nently that foul great swallow of his and perisheth in the bottomless gulf of his paunch *Holland s Plutarch s Morals*

"The Indian Sea breedeth the most and the biggest fishes that are among which the Whales and Whirlpooles called Balæne take up as much in len th as four acres or arpens of land *Holland s Pliny*

Scarcely had we proceeded two days on the sea when about sunrise a great many Whales and other monsters of the ea appeared Amon the former one was of a most monstrous size * * This came towards us open mouthed raising the waves on all sides and beating th sea before him into a foam *Tooke s Lucian*
The True History

He visited this country also with a view of catching horse whales which had bones of very great value for their teeth of which he brought some to the kin * * * The best whales were catched in his own country of which some were forty eight some fifty yards long He said that he was one of six who had killed sixty in two days

Other or Octher's verbal narrative taken down from his mouth by King Alfred A D 890

And whereas all the other things whether beast or vessel that enter o he dreadful gulf of this monsters (whale s) mouth are immed ately lost and swallowed up the sea gud eon retires into it in great security and there sleeps
MONTAIGNE—*Apology for Raimond Sebond*

Let us fly let us fly! Old Nick take me if it is not Leviathan described by the noble prophet Moses in the life of patient Job
Rabelais

This whale s liver was two cart loads
Stowe s Annals

The great Leviathan that maketh the seas to seethe like boiling pan
Lord Bacon s Version of the Psalms

Touching that monstrous bulk of the whale or ork we have received nothing certain They grow exceeding fat insomuch that an incredible quantity of oil will be extracted out of one whale
Ibid History of Life and Death"

The sovereignest thing on earth is parmacetti for an inward bruise
King Henry

'Very like a whale
Hamlet

Which to secure no skill of leach s art
Mote him availle but to returne againe
To his wound s worker that with lowly dart
Dinting his breast had bred his restless paine
Like as the wounded whale to shore flies thro the maine
The Faerie Queen

Immense as whales the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peaceful calm troubl the ocean till it boil
Sir William Davenant Preface to Gondibert

What spermacetti is men might justly doubt sinc the learned Hosmannus in his work of thirty years saith plainly *Nescio quid sit*
Sir T Browne Of Sperma Ceti and the Sperma Ceti Whale Vide his V E

Like Spencer s Talus with his modern flail
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail
* * * * *
Their fixed jav'lins in his side he wears
And on his back a grove of pikes appears
Waller's Battle of the Summer Islands

By art is created that great Leviathan called a Commonwealth or State—(in Latin Civitas) which is but an artificial man
Opening sentence of Hobbes's Leviathan

Silly Mansoul swallowed it without chewing as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale
Pilgrim s Progress

That sea bea t
Leviathan which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream
Paradise Lost

— There Leviathan
Hugest of living creatures in the deep
Stretched like a promontory sleeps or swims
And seems a moving land and at his gills
Draws in and at

"The mighty whales which swim in a sea of water and have a sea of oil swimming in them *Fuller's Profane and Holy State*

So close behind some promontory lie
The huge Leviathan to attend their prey
And give no chance but swallow in the fry
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way
Dryden s Annus Mirabilis

While the whale is floating at the stern of the ship they cut off his head and tow it with a boat as near the shore as it will come but it will be aground in twelve or thirteen feet water
Thomas Edge s Ten Voyages to Spit bergen in Purchas

In their way they saw many whales sporting in the ocean and in wantonness fuzzing up the water through their pipes and vents which nature has placed on their shoulders
Sir T Herbert s Voyages into Asia and Africa
Harris Coll

Here they saw such huge troops of whales that they were forced to proceed with a great deal of caution for fear they should run their ship upon them *Schouten s Sixth Circumnavigation*

We set sail from the Elbe wind N E in the ship called The Jonas in the Whale * * *

Some say the whale can t open his mouth but that is a fable * * *

They frequently climb up the masts to see whether they can see a whale for the first discoverer has a ducat for his pains * * *

I was told of a whale taken near Shetland that had above a barrel of herrings in his belly * * *

One of our harpooneers told me that he caught once a whale in Spitzbergen that was white all over
A Voyage to Greenland A D 1671
Harris Coll

Several whales have come in upon this coast (Fife) Anno 1652 one eighty feet in length of the whale bone kind came in which (as I was informed) besides a vast quantity of oil did afford 500 wei ht of baleen The jaws of it stand for a gate in the garden of Pitferren
Sibbald s Fife and Kinross

Myself have agreed to try whether I can master and kill this Sperma ceti whale for I could never hear of any of that sort that was killed by any man such is his fierceness and swiftness
Richard Strafford s Letter from the Bermudas
Phil Trans A D 1668

Whales in the ea
God s voice obey

N E Primer

"We saw also abundance of large whales there being more in those southern seas as I may say by a hundred to one than we have to the northward of us
Captain Cowle s Voya e round the Globe A D 1729

* * * * * and the breath of the whale is frequently at tended with such an insupportable smell as to bring on a disorder of the brain *Ulloa s South America*

To fifty chosen sylphs of special note
We trust the important charge the petticoat
Oft have we known that seven fold fence to fail
Tho stuffed with hoops and armed with ribs of whale
Rape of the Lock

If we compare land animals in respect to magnitude with those that take up their abode in the deep we shall find they will appear contemptible in the comparison The whale is doubtless the largest animal in creation *Goldsmith Nat Hist*

If you should write a fable for little fishes you would make them speak like great whales *Goldsmith to Johnson*

In the afternoon we saw what was supposed to be a rock but it was found to be a dead whale which some Asiatics had killed and were then towing ashore They seemed to endeavor to conceal them selves behind the whale in order to avoid being seen by us
Cook s Voyages

The larger whales they seldom venture to attack They stand in so great dread of some o them that when out at sea they are afraid to mention even their names and carry dung lime stone juniper wood and some other articles of the same nature in their boats in order to terrify and prevent their too near approach
Uno Von Troil s Letters on Banks's and Solander s Voyage to Iceland in 177

The Spermacetti Whale found by the Nantuckois is an active fierce animal and requires vast address and boldness in the fisher men *Thomas Jefferson s Whale Memorial to the French minister in 1778*

And pray ir what in the world is equal to it?
Edmund Burke s reference in Parliament to the Nantucket Whale Fishe y

Spain—a great whale stranded on the shores of Europe
Edmund Burke (somewhere)

A tenth branch of the king s ordinary revenue said to be grounded on the consideration of his guarding and protecting the seas from pirates and robbers is the right to *royal* fish which are whale and sturgeon And these when either thrown ashore or caught near the coast are the property of the king *Blackstone*

Soon to the sport of death the crews repair
Rodmond unerring o er his head suspends
The barbed steel and every turn attends
Falconer's Shipwreck

"Bright shone the roofs, the domes, the spires,
And rockets blew self driven,
To hang their momentary fire
Around the vault of heaven.

"So fire with water to compare,
The ocean serves on high,
Up-spouted by a whale in air,
To express unwieldy joy."

Cowper, on the Queen's Visit to London.

"Ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart at a stroke, with immense velocity."

John Hunter's account of the dissection of a whale. (A small sized one.)

"The aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works at London Bridge, and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from the whale's heart." *Paley's Theology.*

"The whale is a mammiferous animal without hind feet."

Baron Cuvier.

"In 40 degrees south, we saw Spermacetti Whales, but did not take any till the first of May, the sea being then covered with them."

Colnett's Voyage for the Purpose of Extending the Spermaceti Whale Fishery.

"In the free element beneath me swam,
Floundered and dived, in play, in chace, in battle,
Fishes of every color, form, and kind;
Which language cannot paint, and mariner
Had never seen; from dread Leviathan
To insect millions peopling every wave:
Gathered in shoals immense, like floating islands,
Led by mysterious instincts through that waste
And trackless region, though on every side
Assaulted by voracious enemies,
Whales, sharks, and monsters, arm'd in front or jaw,
With swords, saws, spiral horns, or hooked fangs."

Montgomery's World before the Flood.

"Io! Paean! Io! sing.
To the finny people's king.
Not a mightier whale than this
In the vast Atlantic is;
Not a fatter fish than he,
Flounders round the Polar Sea."

Charles Lamb's Triumph of the Whale.

"In the year 1690 some persons were on a high hill observing the whales spouting and sporting with each other, when one observed; there—pointing to the sea—is a green pasture where our children's grand-children will go for bread."

Obed Macy's History of Nantucket.

"I built a cottage for Susan and myself and made a gateway in the form of a Gothic Arch, by setting up a whale's jaw bones."

Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales.

She came to bespeak a monument for her first love who had been killed by a whale in the Pacific ocean no less than forty years ago

Ib d

No S r tis a Ri ht Whale answered Tom I saw h s sprout he threw up a pa r of as pretty ra nbows as a Christ an would w sh to look at He s a raal o l butt that fellow! *Cooper's P lot*

The papers were brought in and we saw in the Berlin Gazette that whales had been ntroduced on the stage there

Eckermann s Conversations u th Goethe

My God! Mr Chace what is the matter? I answered w have been stove by a whale

Narrat ve of the Sh pwreck of the W hale Sh p Essex of Nantucket wh ch wa attacked and finally destroyed by a large Sperm W hale in the Pacifi Ocean By Owen Chace of Nantucke first mate of said vessel New York
1821

"A mariner sat in the shrouds one night
The w nd was p ping free
Now br ght now d mmed was the moonlight pale
And the phospher gleamed in the wake of the whale
As t floundered n the sea *Eli abeth Oakes Sm th*

The quant ty of l ne w thdrawn from the d fferent boats engaged in the capture of this one whale amounted altogether to 10 440 yards or nearly s x English m les * *

Somet mes the whale shakes its tremendous ta l n the a r wh ch cracking like a wh p resounds to the d stance of three or four m les

Scoresby

Mad with the agon es he endures from these fresh attacks the infur ated Sperm Whale rolls over and over he rears his enormous head and w th w de expanded jaws snaps at everyth ng around h m he rushes at the boats with his head they are propelled before h m w th vast sw ftness and somet mes utterly destroyed

* * * It is a matter of great astonishment that the cons dera t on of the hab ts of so nteresting and n a commerc al po nt of view of so important an an mal (as the Sperm Whale) should have been so ent rely ne lected or should have exc ted so little curiosity among the numerous, and many of them competent observers that of late years mu t have possessed the most abundant and the most con ven ent opportun t es of w tness ng the r hab tudes

Thomas Beale s H story of t e Sperm W hale 1839

The Cachalot (Sperm Whale) is not only better armed than the True Whale (G een and or Right Whale) n possess ng a form d able weapon at e ther extrem ty of ts body but also more frequently displays a d pos tion to employ these weapons offensively and in manner at once so artful bold and misch evous as to lead to its be ng regarded as the most dangerous to atta k of all the k species of the whale tribe *Frederick Debell Bennett s Whaling Voyage Round the Globe*

October 13 There she blows was sung out from the mast head
Where away? demanded the captain
Three points off the lee bow sir
Raise up your wheel Ste dy
Steady sir
Mast head ahoy! Do you ee that whale now?
Ay ay sir! A shoal of Sperm Whales! There she blows! There she breaches!
Sing out! sing out every time
Ay ay sir! There she blows! there—there—*thar* she blows—bowes—bo o o s!
How far off?
Two miles and a half
Thunder and lightning! so near! Call all hands

J Ross Browne s Etchings of a Whaling Crui e 1846

The Whale ship Globe on board of which vessel occurred the horrid transactions we are about to relate belonged to the island of Nantucket *Narrative of the Globe by Lay and Hussey survivors* A D 1828

Being once pursued by a whale which he had wounded he parried the assault for some time with a lance but the furious mon ter at length rushed on the boat himself and comrades only being preserved by leaping into the water when they saw the onset was inevitable

Missionary Journal of Tyerman and Bennett

Nantucket itself said Mr Webster is a very striking and peculiar portion of the National interest There is a population of eight or nine thousand persons living here in the sea adding largely every year to the National wealth by the boldest and most persevering industry *Report of Daniel Webster's Speech in the U S Senate on the application for the Erection of a Breakwater at Nantucket* 1828

The whale fell directly over him and probably killed him in a moment

The Whale and his Captors or The Whaleman s Adventures and the Whale s Biography gathered on the Homeward Cruise of the Commodore Preble By Rev Henry T Cheever

If you make the least damn bit of noise replied Samuel I will send you to hell

Life of Samuel Comstock (the mutineer) by his brother William Comstock Another Version of the whale ship Globe narrative

"The voyages of the Dutch and English to the Northern Ocean in order if po sible to discover a passage through it to India though they failed of their main object laid open the haunts of the whale"

McCulloch s Commercial Dictionary

These things are reciprocal the ball rebounds, only to bound forward again for now in laying open the haunts of the whale the whalemen seem to ha e indirectly hit upon new clews to that same mystic North West Passage *From Something' unpublished*

It is impossible to meet a whale ship on the ocean without being struck by her near appearance The vessel under short sail with look outs at the mast heads eagerly scanning the wide expanse around them has a totally different air from those engaged in regular voyage "
Currents and Whaling U S Ex Ex

Pedestrians in the vicinity of London and elsewhere may recollect having een large curved bones set upri ht in the earth either to form arches over gateways or entrances to alcoves and they may perhaps have been told that these were the ribs of whales
Tales of a Whale Voyager to the Arctic Ocean

It was not till the boats returned from the pursuit of these whales that the whites saw their ship in bloody possession of the savages enrolled among the crew
Newspaper Acco nt of the Taking and Retaking of the Whale ship Hobomack

It is generally well known that out of the crews of Whaling vessels (American) few ever return in the ships on board of which they departed *Cruise in a Whale Boat*

Suddenly a mighty mass emerged from the water and shot up perpendicularly into the air It was the whale
Miriam Coffin or the Whale Fisherman

The Whale is harpooned to be sure but bethink you how you would manage a powerful unbroken colt with the mere appliance of a rope tied to the root of his tail
A Chapter on Whaling in Ribs and Trucks

On one occasion I saw two of these monsters (whales) probably male and female slowly swimming one after the other within less than a stone s throw of the shore (Terra Del Fuego) over which the beech tree extended its branches.
Darwin s Voyage of a Naturalist

" Stern all!" exclaimed the mate as upon turning his head he saw the distended jaws of a large Sperm Whale close to the head of the boat threatening it with instant destruction —Stern all for your lives! *Wharton the Whal Killer*

'So be cheery my lads let your hearts never fail
While the bold harpooneer is triking the whale!
Nantucket Song

Oh the rare old Whale mid torm and gale
In his ocean home will be
A giant in might where might is right
And King of the boundless sea

Whale Song

October 13 There she blows was sung out from the mast head
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Rai e up your wheel S eady
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McCulloch s Commercial Dictionary

MOBY DICK

CHAPTER I

LOOMINGS

CALL me Ishmael Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse and nothing particular to interest me on shore I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth whenever it is a damp drizzly November in my soul whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people s hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can This is my substitute for pistol and ball With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword I quietly take to the ship There is nothing surprising in this If they but knew it almost all men in their degree some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf Right and left, the streets take you waterward Its extreme down town is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves and cooled by breezes which a few hours previous were out of sight of land Look at the crowds of water gazers there

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon

Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landsmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster—tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand—miles of them—leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues—north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?

Once more. Say you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries—stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will infallibly lead you to water, if water there be in all that region. Should you ever be athirst in the great American desert, try this experiment, if your caravan happen to be supplied with a metaphysical professor. Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever.

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the Saco. What is the chief element he employs? There stand his trees, each with a hollow trunk, as if a hermit and a crucifix were within; and here sleeps his meadow, and there sleep his cattle; and up from yonder cottage goes a sleepy smoke. Deep into distant

woodlands winds a mazy way, reaching to overlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their hill side blue But though the picture lies thus tranced, and though this pine-tree shakes down its sighs like leaves upon this shepherd s head yet all were vain unless the shepherd s eye were fixed upon the magic stream before him Go visit the Prairies in June when for scores on scores of miles you wade knee-deep among Tiger lilies—what is the one charm wanting?— Water—there is not a drop of water there! Were Niagara but a cataract of sand would you travel your thousand miles to see it? Why did the poor poet of Tennessee upon sud denly receiving two handfuls of silver, deliberate whether to buy him a coat which he sadly needed or invest hi money in a pedestrian trip to Rockaway Beach? Why is almost every robust healthy boy with a robust healthy soul in him at some time or other crazy to go to sea? Why upon your first voyage as a passenger, did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the old Persians hold the ea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity and own brother of Jove? Surely all this is not without meaning And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus who because he could not grasp the tormenting mild image he saw in the fountain plunged into it and was drowned But that same image we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life and this is the key to it all

Now when I say that I am in the habit of going to sea whenever I begin to grow hazy about the eyes and begin to be over conscious of my lungs I do not mean to have it inferred that I ever go to sea as a passenger For to go as a passenger you must needs have a purse, and a purse is but a rag unless you have something in it Besides passengers get sea sick—grow quarrelsome—don t sleep of nights—do not enjoy themselves much as a general thing —no I never go as a passenger nor though I am something of a salt do I ever go to sea as a Commodore or a Captain or a Cc I abandon the glory and distinction of such o who like them For my part I abominate respectable toils trials, and tribulations of e

soever It is quite as much as I can do to take care of myself without taking care of ships, barques, brigs, schooners, and what not And as for going as cook—though I confess there is considerable glory in that, a cook being a sort of officer on ship board—yet somehow, I never fancied broiling fowls—though once broiled judiciously *buttered and judgmatically salted and peppered there is no* one who will speak more respectfully not to say reverentially of a broiled fowl than I will It is out of the idolatrous dotings of the old Egyptians upon broiled ibis and roasted river horse that you see the mummies of those creatures in their huge bake houses the pyramids

No when I go to sea I go as a simple sailor right before the mast plumb down into the fore castle aloft there to the royal mast head True they rather order me about some, and make me jump from spar to spar like a grasshopper in a May meadow And at first this sort of thing is unpleasant enough It touches one s sense of honor, particularly if you come of an old established family in the land, the Van Rensselaers or Randolphs or Hardicanutes And more than all if just previous to putting your hand into the tar pot you have been lording it as a country schoolmaster, making the tallest boys stand in awe of you The transi*tion is a keen one I assure you from a schoolmaster to a* sailor and requires a strong decoction of Seneca and the Stoics to enable you to grin and bear it But even this wears off in time

What of it if some old hunks of a sea captain orders me to get a broom and sweep down the decks? What does that indignity amount to weighed, I mean in the scales of the New Testament? Do you think the archangel Gabriel thinks anything the less of me because I promptly and respectfully obey that old hunks in that particular instance? Who ain t a slave? Tell me that Well then however the old sea-captains may order me about—however they may thump and punch me about, I have the satisfaction of knowing that it is all right that everybody else is one way or other served in much the same way—either in a physical or metaphysical point of view, that is and so the universal thump is passed round, and all hands

should rub each other s shoulder blades, and be content

Again, I always go to sea as a sailor, because they make a point of paying me for my trouble, whereas they never pay passengers a single penny that I ever heard of On the contrary passengers themselves must pay And there is all the difference in the world between paying and being paid The act of paying is perhaps the most uncomfortable infliction that the two orchard thieves entailed upon us But *being paid* —what will compare with it? The urbane activity with which a man receives money is really marvellous considering that we so earnestly believe money to be the root of all earthly ills and that on no account can a monied man enter heaven Ah! how cheerfully we consign ourselves to perdition!

Finally I always go to sea as a sailor, because of the wholesome exercise and pure air of the fore-castle deck For as in this world head winds are far more prevalent than winds from astern (that is if you never violate the Pythagorean maxim) so for the most part the Commodore on the quarter deck gets his atmosphere at second hand from the sailors on the forecastle He thinks he breathes it first but not so In much the same way do the commonalty lead their leaders in many other things at the same time that the leaders little suspect it But wherefore it was that after having repeatedly smelt the sea as a merchant sailor I should now take it into my head to go on a whaling voyage this the invisible police officer of the Fates who has the constant surveillance of me and secretly dogs me and influences me in some unaccountable way—he can better answer than any one else And doubtless, my going on this whaling voyage formed part of the grand programme of Providence that was drawn up a long time ago It came in as a sort of brief interlude and solo between more extensive performances I take it that this part of the bill must have run something like this

'*Grand Contested Election for the Presidency of the United States*

"WHALING VOYAGE BY ONE ISHMAEL

'BLOODY BATTLE IN AFFGHANISTAN"

and jolly there Further on from the bright red windows of the 'Sword Fish Inn' there came such fervent rays, that it seemed to have melted the packed snow and ice from before the house for everywhere else the congealed frost lay ten inches thick in a hard, asphaltic pavement —rather weary for me when I struck my foot against the flinty pro jections because from hard remorseless service the soles of my boots were in a most miserable plight Too expensive and jolly again thought I pausing one moment to watch the broad glare in the street, and hear the sounds of the tinkling glasses within But go on, Ishmael, said I at last don t you hear? get away from before the door your patched boots are stopping the way So on I went I now by instinct followed the streets that took me waterward for there doubtless were the cheapest if not the cheeriest inns

Such dreary streets! blocks of blackness not houses on either hand and here and there a candle like a candle mov ing about in a tomb At this hour of the night of the last day of the week that quarter of the town proved all but deserted But presently I came to a smoky light proceed ing from a low, wide building, the door of which stood invitingly open It had a careless look as if it were meant for the uses of the public so entering the first thing I did was to stumble over an ash box in the porch Ha! thought I ha as the flying particles almost choked me are these ashes from that destroyed city Gomorrah? But 'The Cros ed Harpoons and the 'The Sword Fish? —this then must needs be the sign of The Trap ' However I picked myself up and hearing a loud voice within, pushed on and opened a econd interior door

It eemed the great Black Parliament sitting in Tophet A hundred black faces turned round in their rows to peer and beyond a black Angel of Doom was beating a book in a pulpit It was a negro church and the preacher s text was about the blackness of darkness and the weeping and wailing and teeth gnashing there Ha, Ishmael muttered I, backing out Wretched entertainment at the sign of 'The Trap!

Moving on I at last came to a dim sort of light not far from the docks and heard a forlorn creaking in the air and

looking up saw a swinging sign over the door with a white painting upon it faintly representing a tall straight jet of misty spray and these words underneath— The Spouter Inn —Peter Coffin

Coffin?—Spouter?—Rather ominous in that particular connexion thought I But it is a common name in Nan tucket they say and I suppose this Peter here is an emi grant from there As the light looked so dim and the place, for the time looked quiet enough and the dilapidated little wooden house it elf looked as if it might have been carted here from the ruins of some burnt district and as the swinging sign had a poverty stricken sort of creak to it I thought that here was the very spot for cheap lodgings and the best of pea coffee

It was a queer sort of place—a gable ended old house one side palsied as it were and leaning over adly It stood on a sharp bleak corner where that tempestuous wind Euroclydon kept up a worse howling than ever it did about poor Paul s tossed craft Euroclydon nevertheless is a mighty pleasant zephyr to any one in doors with his feet on the hob quietly toasting for bed In judging of that tempestu ous wind called Euroclydon says an old writer—of whose works I po se s the only copy extant— it maketh a marvel lous difference whether thou lookest out at it from a glass window where the fro t is all on the outside or whether thou observest it from that sashless window where the frost is on both ides and of which the wight Death is the only glazier True enough thought I as this passage occurred to my mind—old black letter thou reasonest well Yes these eyes are windows and this body of mine is the house What a pity they didn t top up the chinks and the crannies thougn and thrust in a little lint here and there But it s too late to make any improvements now The universe is finished the copestone is on and the chips were carted off a million years ago Poor Lazarus there chattering his teeth against the curbstone for his pillow and shaking off his tatters with his shiverings he might plug up both ears with rags and put a corn-cob into his mouth and yet that would not keep out the tempestuous Euroclydon Euroclydon! says old Dives, in his red silken wrapper—(he had a

redder one afterwards) pooh pooh! What a fine frosty night how Orion glitters what northern lights! Let them talk of their oriental summer climes of everlasting conservatories give me the privilege of making my own summer with my own coals

But what thinks Lazarus? Can he warm his blue hands by holding them up to the grand northern lights? Would not Lazarus rather be in Sumatra than here? Would he not far rather lay him down lengthwise along the line of the equator yea ye gods! go down to the fiery pit itself in order to keep out this frost?

Now that Lazarus should be stranded there on the curb stone before the door of Dives this is more wonderful than that an iceberg should be moored to one of the Moluccas Yet Dives himself he too lives like a Czar in an ice palace made of frozen sighs and being a president of a temperance society he only drinks the tepid tears of orphans

But no more of this blubbering now we are going a whaling and there is plenty of that yet to come Let us scrape the ice from our frosted feet and see what sort of a place this Spouter may be

CHAPTER III

THE SPOUTER INN

Entering that gable ended Spouter Inn you found yourself in a wide low straggling entry with old fashioned wainscots reminding one of the bulwarks of some condemned old craft On one side hung a very large oil painting so thoroughly besmoked and every way defaced that in the unequal cross lights by which you viewed it it was only by diligent study and a series of systematic visits to it and careful inquiry of the neighbors that you could any way arrive at an understanding of its purpose Such unaccountable mas es of shades and shadows that at first you almost thought some ambitious young artist in the time of the New England hags had endeavored to delinea chaos bewitched But by dint of much and earnest templation and oft repeated ponderings and especial

throwing open the little window towards the back of the entry, you at last come to the conclusion that such an idea, however wild might not be altogether unwarranted

But what most puzzled and confounded you was a long, limber portentous black mass of something hovering in the centre of the picture over three blue dim perpendicular lines floating in a nameless yeast A boggy soggy squitchy picture truly enough to drive a nervous man distracted Yet was there a sort of indefinite half attained unimaginable sublimity about it that fairly froze you to it till you involuntarily took an oath with yourself to find out what that marvellous painting meant Ever and anon a bright but alas deceptive idea would dart you through —It s the Black Sea in a midnight gale —It s the unnatural combat of the four primal elements —It s a blasted heath —It s a Hyperborean winter scene —It s the breaking up of the ice bound stream of Time But at last all these fancies yielded to that one portentous something in the picture s midst *That* once found out and all the rest were plain But stop does it not bear a faint resemblance to a gigantic fish? even the great *leviathan himself?*

In fact the artist s design seemed this a final theory of my own partly based upon the aggregated opinions of many aged persons with whom I conversed upon the subject The picture represents a Cape Horner in a great hurricane the half foundered ship weltering there with its three dismantled masts alone visible and an exasperated whale purposing to spring clean over the craft is in the enormous act of impaling himself upon the three mast heads

The opposite wall of this entry was hung all over with a heathenish array of monstrous clubs and spears Some were thickly set with glittering teeth resembling ivory saws *others were tufted with knots of human hair* and one was sickle-shaped with a vast handle sweeping round like the segment made in the new mown grass by a long armed mower You shuddered as you gazed and wondered what mon trous cannibal and savage could ever have gone a death harvesting with such a hacking horrifying imp

Mixed with these were rusty old whaling lances and poons all broken and deformed Some were st

With this once long lance now wildly elbowed fifty years ago did Nathan Swain kill fifteen whales between a sunrise and a sunset. And that harpoon—so like a corkscrew now—was flung in Javan seas, and run away with by a whale, years afterwards slain off the Cape of Blanco The original iron entered nigh the tail and, like a restless needle sojourning in the body of a man travelled full forty feet, and at last was found imbedded in the hump

Crossing this dusky entry, and on through yon low arched way—cut through what in old times must have been a great central chimney with fireplaces all round—you enter the public room A still duskier place is this, with such low ponderous beams above and such old wrinkled planks beneath that you would almost fancy you trod some old craft s cockpits especially of such a howling night when this corner anchored old ark rocked so furiously On one side stood a long low shelf like table covered with cracked glass cases filled with dusty rarities gathered from this wide world s remotest nooks. *Projecting from the further angle of the room* stands a dark looking den—the bar—a rude attempt at a right whale s head Be that how it may there stands the vast arched bone of the whale s jaw so wide a coach might almost drive beneath it Within are shabby shelves, ranged round with old decanters bottles flasks and in those jaws of swift destruction like another cursed Jonah (by which name indeed they called him) bustles a little withered old man who for their money dearly sells the sailors deliriums and death

Abominable are the tumblers into which he pours his poison Though true cylinders without—within the villanous green goggling glasses deceitfully tapered downwards to a cheating bottom Parallel meridians rudely pecked into the glass, surround these footpads goblets Fill to *this* mark, and your charge is but a penny to *this* a penny more, and so on to the full glass—the Cape Horn measure which you may gulp down for a shilling

Upon entering the place I found a number of young seamen gathered about a table, examining by a dim light divers specimens of *skrimshander* I sought the landlord and telling him I desired to be accommodated with a room received for answer that his house was full—not a bed unoccupied

But avast ' he added tapping his forehead ' you haint no objections to sharing a harpooneer s blanket have ye? I s pose you are goin a whalin so you d better get used to that sort of thing

I told him that I never like to sleep two in a bed that if I should ever do o it would depend upon who the harpooneer might be and that if he (the landlord) really had no other place for me and the harpooneer was not decidedly objec tionable why rather than wander further about a strange town on so bitter a night I would put up with the half of any decent man s blanket

'I thought o All right take a seat Supper?—you want supper? Supper ll be ready directly '

I sat down on an old wooden settle carved all over like a bench on the Battery At one end a ruminating tar was still further adorning it with his jack knife stooping over and diligently working away at the space between his legs He was trying his hand at a ship under full sail but he didn t make much headway I thought

At last some four or five of us were summoned to our meal in an adjoining room It was cold as Iceland—no fire at all —the landlord said he couldn t afford it Nothing but two dismal tallow candles each in a winding heet We were fain to button up our monkey jackets and hold to our lips cups of scalding tea with our half frozen fingers But the fare was of the most substantial kind—not only meat and potatoes but dumplings good heavens! dumplings for supper! One young fellow in a green box coat addressed himself to these dumplings in a most direful manner

My boy said the landlord you ll have the nightmare to a dead sartainty

Landlord I whispered that aint the harpooneer is it?

Oh no said he looking a sort of diabolically funny the harpooneer is a dark complexioned chap He never eats dumplings he don t—he eats nothing but steaks and he likes em rare

The devil he does says I Where is that harpooneer? Is he here?

' He'll be here afore long was the answer

I could not help it, but I began to feel suspicious of this

"dark complexioned" harpooneer At any rate I made up my mind that if it so turned out that we should sleep together he must undress and get into bed before I did

Supper over, the company went back to the bar room when knowing not what else to do with myself, I resolved to spend the rest of the evening as a looker on

Presently a rioting noise was heard without Starting up, the landlord cried 'That's the Grampus's crew I seed her reported in the offing this morning a three years voyage and a full ship Hurrah boys now we'll have the latest news from the Feegees

A tramping of sea boots was heard in the entry the door was flung open and in rolled a wild set of mariners enough Enveloped in their shaggy watch coats and with their heads muffled in woollen comforters, all bedarned and ragged and their beards stiff with icicles they seemed an eruption of bears from Labrador They had just landed from their boat, and this was the first house they entered No wonder then, that they made a straight wake for the whale's mouth—the bar—when the wrinkled little old Jonah there officiating soon poured them out brimmers all round One complained of a bad cold in his head upon which Jonah mixed him a pitch like potion of gin and molasses which he swore was a sovereign cure for all colds and catarrhs whatsoever never mind of how long standing, or whether caught off the coast of Labrador or on the weather side of an ice island

The liquor soon mounted into their heads as it generally does even with the arrantest topers newly landed from sea and they began capering about most obstreperously

I observed however that one of them held somewhat aloof and though he seemed desirous not to spoil the hilarity of his shipmates by his own sober face yet upon the whole he refrained from making as much noise as the rest This man interested me at once and since the sea gods had ordained that he should soon become my shipmate (though but a sleeping partner one so far as this narrative is concerned) I will here venture upon a little description of him He stood full six feet in height with noble shoulders and a chest like a coffer dam *I have seldom seen such brawn in a man* His face was deeply brown and burnt, making his

white teeth dazzling by the contrast while in the deep shadows of his eyes floated some reminiscences that did not seem to give him much joy His voice at once announced that he was a Southerner and from his fine stature, I thought he must be one of those tall mountaineers from the Alleganian Ridge in Virginia When the revelry of his companions had mounted to its height this man slipped away unobserved and I saw no more of him till he became my comrade on the sea In a few minutes however, he was missed by his shipmates and being it seems for some reason a huge favorite with them they raised a cry of Bulkington! Bulkington! where s Bulkington?" and darted out of the house in pursuit of him

It was now about nine o clock and the room seeming almost supernaturally quiet after these orgies I began to congratulate myself upon a little plan that had occurred to me just previous to the entrance of the seamen

No man prefers to sleep two in a bed In fact you would a good deal rather not sleep with your own brother I don t know how it is but people like to be private when they are sleeping And when it comes to sleeping with an unknown stranger in a strange inn in a strange town and that stranger a harpooneer then your objections indefinitely multiply Nor was there any earthly reason why I as a sailor should sleep two in a bed more than anybody else for sailors no more sleep two in a bed at sea than bachelor Kings do ashore To be sure they all sleep together in one apartment but you have your own hammock and cover yourself with your own blanket and sleep in your own skin

The more I pondered over this harpooneer the more I abominated the thought of sleeping with him It was fair to presume that being a harpooneer his linen or woollen as the case might be would not be of the tidiest certainly none of the finest I began to twitch all over Besides it was getting late and my decent harpooneer ought to be home and going bedwards Suppose now he should tumble in upon me at midnight—how could I tell from what vile ho he had been coming?

'Landlord! I ve changed my mind about
—I shan t sleep with him I ll try the bench here'

"Just as you please I'm sorry I cant spare ye a tablecloth for a mattress and it's a plaguy rough board here'—feeling of the knots and notches But wait a bit, Skrimshander I've got a carpenter's plane there in the bar—wait, I say, and I'll make ye snug enough' So saying he procured the plane and with his old silk handkerchief first dusting the bench vigorously set to planing away at my bed the while grinning like an ape The shavings flew right and left till at last the plane iron came bump against an indestructible knot The landlord was near spraining his wrist and I told him for heaven's sake to quit—the bed was soft enough to suit me and I did not know how all the planing in the world could make eider down of a pine plank So gathering up the shavings with another grin, and throwing them into the great stove in the middle of the room, he went about his business and left me in a brown study

I now took the measure of the bench and found that it was a foot too short but that could be mended with a chair But it was a foot too narrow and the other bench in the room was about four inches higher than the planed one—so there was no yoking them I then placed the first bench lengthwise along the only clear space against the wall leaving a little interval between for my back to settle down in But I soon found that there came such a draught of cold air over me from under the sill of the window, that this plan would never do at all especially as another current from the rickety door met the one from the window and both together formed a series of small whirlwinds in the immediate vicinity of the spot where I had thought to spend the night

The devil fetch that harpooneer thought I but stop, couldn't I steal a march on him—bolt his door inside and jump into his bed not to be wakened by the most violent knockings? It seemed no bad idea but upon second thoughts I dismissed it For who could tell but what the next morning so soon as I popped out of the room, the harpooneer might be standing in the entry all ready to knock me down!

Still looking round me again and seeing no possible chance of spending a sufferable night unless in some other

person s bed I began to think that after all I might be cherishing unwarrantable prejudices against this unknown harpooneer Thinks I I'll wait awhile he must be dropping in before long I ll have a good look at him then and per haps we may become jolly good bedfellows after all—there s no telling

But though the other boarders kept coming in by ones, twos and threes and going to bed yet no sign of my harpooneer

'Landlord' said I what sort of a chap is he—does he always keep such late hours? It was now hard upon twelve o clo k

The landlord chuckled again with his lean chuckle and seemed to be mightily tickled at something beyond my com prehension No he answered generally he s an earlu bird—airley to bed and airley to rise—yea he s the bird what catches the worm —But to night he went out a ped dling you see and I don t ee what on airth keeps him so late unless may be he can t sell his head

Can t sell his head?—What sort of a bamboozingly story is this you are telling me? getting into a towering rage Do you pretend to say landlord that this harpooneer is actually engaged this blessed Saturday night or rather Sun day morning in peddling his head around this town?'

That s preci ely it said the landlord and I told him he couldn t ell it here the market s overstocked

With what? shouted I

With heads to be sure ain t there too many heads in the world?

I tell you what it is landlord said I quite calmly "you d better stop spinning that yarn to me—I m not green

May be not taking out a stick and whittling a tooth pick but I rayther guess you ll be done *brown* if that ere harpooneer hears you a slanderin his head

I ll break it for him said I, now flying into a passion again at this unaccountable farrago of the landlord s

It s broke a ready aid he

'Broke said I— *broke* do you mean?

Sartain and that s the very reason he can t sell guess'

"Landlord," said I, going up to him as cool as Mt Hecla in a snow storm— landlord, stop whittling You and I must understand one another and that too without delay I come to your house and want a bed you tell me you can only give me half a one, that the other half belongs to a certain harpooneer And about this harpooneer, whom I have not yet seen you persist in telling me the most mystifying and exasperating stories, tending to beget in me an uncomfortable feeling towards the man whom you design for my bedfellow—a sort of connexion landlord which is an intimate and confidential one in the highest degree I now demand of you to speak out and tell me who and what this harpooneer is and whether I shall be in all respects safe to spend the night with him And in the first place you will be so good as to unsay that story about selling his head which if true I take to be good evidence that this harpooneer is stark mad, and I ve no idea of sleeping with a madman, and you sir *you* I mean landlord *you* sir by trying to induce me to do o knowingly would thereby render your self liable to a criminal prosecution

'Wall said the landlord fetching a long breath that's a purty long sarmon for a chap that rips a little now and then But be easy be easy this here harpooneer I have been tellin you of has just arrived from the south seas where he bought up a lot of 'balmed New Zealand heads (great curios, you know) and he s sold all on em but one and that one he s trying to sell to night cause to morrow s Sunday and it would not do to be sellin' human heads about the streets when folks is goin to churches He wanted to last Sunday but I stopped him just as he was goin' out of the door with four heads strung on a string for all the airth like a string of inions

This account cleared up the otherwise unaccountable mystery, and showed that the landlord after all, had had no idea of fooling me—but at the same time what could I think of a harpooneer who stayed out of a Saturday night clean into the holy Sabbath engaged in such a cannibal business as selling the heads of dead idolators?

Depend upon it, landlord, that harpooneer is a dangerous man '

"He pays reg'lar, was the rejoinder 'But come it's a nice bed Sal and me slept in that ere bed the night we were spliced There s plenty of room for two to kick about in that bed it s an almighty big bed that Why afore we give it up Sal used to put ou Sam and little Johnny in the foot of it But I got a dreaming and sprawl ing about one night and somehow Sam got pitched on the floor and came near breaking his arm Arter that Sal said it wouldn t do Come along here I ll give ye a glim in a jiffy,' and so saying he lighted a candle and held it towards me offering to lead the way But I stood irreso lute when looking at a clock in the corner he exclaimed 'I vum it s Sunday—you won t see that harpooneer to night he s come to anchor somewhere—come along then *do* come, *won t* ye come?

I considered the matter a moment and then up stairs we went and I was ushered into a small room cold as a clam, and furnished sure enough with a prodigious bed almost big enough indeed for any four harpooneers to leep abreast

There said the landlord placing the candle on a crazy old sea chest that did double duty as a wash stand and centre table there make yourself comfortable now and good night to ye ' I turned round from eyeing the bed but he had disappeared

Folding back the counterpane I stooped over the bed Though none of the most elegant it yet stood the scrutiny tolerably well I then glanced round the room and besides the bedstead and centre table could see no other furniture belonging to the place but a rude shelf the four walls and a papered fireboard representing a man striking a whale Of things not properly belonging to the room there was a ham mock lashed up and thrown upon the floor in one corner al o a large seaman s bag containing the harpooneer s ward robe no doubt in lieu of a land trunk Likewise there was a parcel of outlandish bone fish hooks on the shelf over the fire place and a tall harpoon standing at the head of the bed

But what is this on the chest? I took it up and held it close to the light and felt it, and smelt it and tried every way possible to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion con

cerning it I can compare it to nothing but a large door mat ornamented at the edges with little tinkling tags some thing like the stained porcupine quills round an Indian moccasin There was a hole or slit in the middle of this mat, as you see the same in South American ponchos But could it be possible that any sober harpooneer would get into a door mat and parade the streets of any Christian town in that ort of guise? I put it on, to try it and it weighed me down like a hamper being uncommonly shaggy and thick, and I thought a little damp, as though this mysterious harpooneer had been wearing it of a rainy day I went up in it to a bit of glass stuck against the wall and I never saw such a sight in my life I tore myself out of it in such a hurry that I gave myself a kink in the neck

I sat down on the side of the bed and commenced thinking about this head peddling harpooneer and his door mat After thinking some time on the bed side I got up and took off my monkey jacket and then stood in the middle of the room thinking I then took off my coat and thought a little more in my shirt sleeves But beginning to feel very cold now half undressed as I was and remembering what the landlord said about the harpooneer s not coming home at all that night it being so very late I made no more ado but jumped out of my pantaloons and boots and then blowing out the light tumbled into bed and commended myself to the care of heaven

Whether that mattress was stuffed with corncobs or broken crockery there is no telling but I rolled about a good deal, and could not sleep for a long time At last I slid off into a light doze and had pretty nearly made a good offing towards the land of Nod when I heard a heavy footfall in the passage, and saw a glimmer of light come into the room from under the door

Lord save me thinks I that must be the harpooneer, the infernal head peddler But I lay perfectly still and resolved not to say a word till spoken to Holding a light in one hand, and that identical New Zealand head in the other, the stranger entered the room and without looking towards the bed placed his candle a good way off from me on the floor in one corner and then began working away at the

knotted cords of the large bag I before spoke of as being in the room I was all eagerness to see his face but he kept it averted for some time while employed in unlacing the bag s mouth This accomplished however he turned round —when good heavens what a sight! Such a face! It was of a dark purplish yellow color here and there stuck over with large blackish looking squares Yes it s just as I thought he s a terrible bedfellow he s been in a fight, got dreadfully cut and here he is, just from the surgeon But at that moment he chanced to turn his face so towards the light that I plainly saw they could not be sticking plasters at all those black squares on his cheeks They were stains of some sort or other At first I knew not what to make of this but soon an inkling of the truth occurred to me I remembered a story of a white man—a whaleman too—who falling among the cannibals had been tattooed by them I concluded that this harpooneer in the course of his distant voyages must have met with a similar adventure And what is it thought I after all! It s only his outside a man can be honest in any sort of skin But then what to make of his unearthly complexion that part of it I mean lying round about and completely independent of the squares of tattooing To be sure it might be nothing but a good coat of tropical tanning but I never heard of a hot sun s tanning a white man into a purplish yellow one However I had never been in the South Seas and perhaps the sun there produced these extraordinary effects upon the skin Now while all these ideas were passing through me like lightning this harpooneer never noticed me at all But after some difficulty having opened his bag he commenced fumbling in it and presently pulled out a sort of tomahawk and a seal skin wallet with the hair on Placing these on the old chest in the middle of a room he then took the New Zealand head—a ghastly thing enough—and crammed it down into the bag He now took off his hat—a new beaver hat—when I came nigh singing out with fresh surprise There was no hair on his head—none to speak of at least—nothing but a small scalp knot twisted up on his forehead His bald purplish head now looked for all the world like a mildewed skull Had not the stranger stood between me and the

I would have bolted out of it quicker than ever I bolted a dinner

Even as it was I thought something of slipping out of the window but it was the second floor back I am no coward but what to make of this head peddling purple rascal altogether passed my comprehension Ignorance is the parent of fear and being completely nonplussed and confounded about the stranger I confess I was now as much afraid of him as if it was the devil himself who had thus broken into my room at the dead of night In fact, I was so afraid of him that I was not game enough just then to address him and demand a satisfactory answer concerning what seemed inexplicable in him

Meanwhile he continued the business of undressing and at last showed his chest and arms As I live these covered parts of him were checkered with the same squares as his face his back too was all over the same dark squares he seemed to have been in a Thirty Years War, and just escaped from it with a sticking plaster shirt Still more his very legs were marked as if a parcel of dark green frogs were running up the trunks of young palms It was now quite plain that he must be some abominable savage or other shipped aboard of a whaleman in the South Seas, and so landed in this Christian country I quaked to think of it A peddler of heads too—perhaps the heads of his own brothers He might take a fancy to mine—heavens! look at that tomahawk!

But there was no time for shuddering for now the savage went about something that completely fascinated my attention and convinced me that he must indeed be a heathen Going to his heavy grego or wrapall or dreadnaught which he had previously hung on a chair he fumbled in the pockets, and produced at length a curious little deformed image with a hunch on its back and exactly the color of a three days old Congo baby Remembering the embalmed head, at first I almost thought that this black manikin was a real baby preserved in some similar manner But seeing that it was not at all limber and that it glistened a good deal like polished ebony I concluded that it must be nothing but a wooden idol which indeed it proved to be For now the

savage goes up to the empty fire place and removing the papered fire board sets up this little hunch backed image, like a tenpin between the andirons The chimney jambs and all the bricks inside were very sooty, so that I thought this fire place made a very appropriate little shrine or chapel for his Congo idol

I now screwed my eyes hard towards the half hidden image feeling but ill at ease meantime—to see what was next to follow First he takes about a double handful of shavings out of his grego pocket and places them carefully before the idol then laying a bit of ship biscuit on top and applying the flame from the lamp he kindled the havings into a sacrificial blaze Pre ently after many hasty snatches into the fire and still hastier withdrawals of his fingers (whereby he seemed to be scorching them badly) he at last succeeded in drawing out the biscuit then blowing off the heat and ashes a little he made a polite offer of it to the little negro But the little devil did not seem to fancy such dry sort of fare at all he never moved his lips All these strange antics were accompanied by still stranger guttural noises from the devotee who seemed to be praying in a sing song or else singing some pagan psalmody or other during which his face twitched about in the most unnatural manner At last extinguishing the fire he took the idol up very un ceremoniously and bagged it again in his grego pocket as carelessly as if he were a sportsman bagging a dead wood cock

All these queer proceedings increased my uncomfortable ness and seeing him now exhibiting strong symptoms of concluding his business operations and jumping into bed with me I thought it was high time now or never before the light was put out to break the spell in which I had so long been bound

But the interval I spent in deliberating what to say was a fatal one Taking up his tomahawk from the table he examined the head of if for an instant and then holding it to the light with his mouth at the handle he puffed out great clouds of tobacco smoke The next moment the light was extinguished, and this wild cannibal tomahawk tween his teeth sprang into bed with me I sang c

could not help it now and giving a sudden grunt of aston ishment he began feeling me

Stammering out something I knew not what, I rolled away from him against the wall, and then conjured him, whoever or whatever he might be to keep quiet, and let me get up and light the lamp again But his guttural responses satisfied me at once that he but ill comprehended my mean ing

'Who e debel you? —he at last said—"you no speak e dam me I kill e And so saying the lighted toma hawk began flourishing about me in the dark

Landlord, for God s sake Peter Coffin!" shouted I Landlord! Watch! Coffin! Angels! save me!"

Speak-e! tell ee me who ee be or dam me, I kill e!" again growled the cannibal while his horrid flourishings of the tomahawk scattered the hot tobacco ashes about me till I thought my linen would get on fire But thank heaven at that moment the landlord came into the room light in hand and leaping from the bed I ran up to him

"Don t be afraid now, aid he grinning again, 'Queequeg here wouldn t harm a hair of your head '

'Stop your grinning, ' shouted I and why didn t you tell me that that infernal harpooneer was a cannibal?

"I thought ye know d it —didn t I tell ye, he was a peddlin heads around town?—but turn flukes again and go to sleep Queequeg, look here—you sabbee me I sabbee you—this man sleepe you—you sabbee? '

'Me sabbee plenty —grunted Queequeg puffing away at his pipe and sitting up in bed

"You gettee in ' he added motioning to me with his toma hawk and throwing the clothes to one side He really did this in not only a civil but a really kind and charitable way I stood looking at him a moment For all his tattooings he was on the whole a clean comely looking cannibal What s all this fuss I have been making about thought I to myself —the man s a human being just as I am he has just as much reason to fear me as I have to be afraid of him Better sleep with a sober cannibal than a drunken Chri tian

'Landlord " aid I 'tell him to stash his tomahawk there or pipe or whatever you call it tell him to stop smoking

in hort, and I will turn in with him But I don t fancy having a man smoking in bed with me It s dangerous Besides I ain t insured '

This being told to Queequeg he at once complied and again politely motioned me to get into bed—rolling over to one side as much as to say—I won t touch a leg of ye

Good night landlord ' said I you may go

I turned in, and never slept better in my life

CHAPTER IV

THE COUNTERPANE

UPON waking next morning about daylight I found Queequeg s arm thrown over me in the most loving and affection ate manner You had almost thought I had been his wife The counterpane was of patchwork full of odd little parti colored squares and triangles and this arm of his tattooed all over with an interminable Cretan labyrinth of a figure no two parts of which were of one preci e shade—owing I suppose to his l eeping his arm at ea unmethodically in sun and shade his shirt sleeves irregularly rolled up at various times—this same arm of his I say looked for all the world like a strip of that same patchwork quilt Indeed partly lying on it as the arm did when I first awoke I could hardly tell it from the quilt they o blended their hues together and it was only by the sense of weight and pressure that I could tell that Queequeg was hugging me

My sensations were strange Let me try to explain them When I was a child I well remember a somewhat similar circum tance that befell me whether it was a reality or a dream I never could entirely settle The circumstance was this I had been cutting up ome caper or other—I think it was trying to crawl up the chimney as I had seen a little sweep do a few days previous and my stepmother who somehow or other was all the time whipping me or sending me to bed supperless—my mother dragged me by the legs out of the chimney and packed me off to bed though it was only two o clock in the afternoon of the 21st June the

longest day in the year in our hemisphere I felt dreadfully But there was no help for it, so up stairs I went to my little room in the third floor undressed myself as slowly as possible so as to kill time and with a bitter sigh got between the sheets

I lay there dismally calculating that sixteen entire hours must elapse before I could hope for a resurrection Sixteen hours in bed! the small of my back ached to think of it And it was so light too, the sun shining in at the window, and a great rattling of coaches in the streets, and the sound of gay voices all over the house I felt worse and worse—at last I got up dressed, and softly going down in my stockinged feet sought out my stepmother and suddenly threw myself at her feet beseeching her as a particular favour to give me a good slippering for my misbehaviour anything indeed but condemning me to lie abed such an unendurable length of time But she was the best and most conscientious of stepmothers and back I had to go to my room For several hours I lay there broad awake feeling a great deal worse than I have ever done since even from the greatest subsequent misfortunes At last I must have fallen into a troubled nightmare of a doze and slowly waking from it—half steeped in dreams—I opened my eyes and the before sunlit room was now wrapped in outer darkness Instantly I felt a shock running through all my frame nothing was to be seen and nothing was to be heard but a supernatural hand seemed placed in mine My arm hung over the counterpane and the nameless unimaginable, silent form or phantom to which the hand belonged seemed closely seated by my bedside For what seemed ages piled on ages I lay there frozen with the most awful fears not daring to drag away my hand yet ever thinking that if I could but stir it one single inch the horrid spell would be broken I knew not how this consciousness at last glided away from me but waking in the morning I shudderingly remembered it all and for days and weeks and months afterwards I lost myself in confounding attempts to explain the mystery Nay to this very hour, I often puzzle myself with it

Now take away the awful fear and my sensations at

feeling the supernatural hand in mine were very similar, in their strangeness to those which I experienced on waking up and seeing Queequeg s pagan arm thrown round me But at length all the past night s events soberly recurred one by one in fixed reality and then I lay only alive to the comical predicament For though I tried to move his arm—unlock his bridegroom clasp—yet sleeping as he was he still hugged me tightly as though naught but death should part us twain I now strove to rouse him— Queequeg! —but his only answer was a snore I then rolled over my neck feeling as if it were in a horse collar, and suddenly felt a slight scratch Throwing aside the counterpane there lay the tomahawk sleeping by the savage s side as if it were a hatchet faced baby A pretty pickle truly thought I abed here in a strange house in the broad day with a cannibal and a tomahawk! Queequeg!—in the name of goodness Queequeg wake! ' At length by dint of much wriggling and loud and incessant expostulations upon the unbecomingness of his hugging a fellow male in that matrimonial sort of style I succeeded in extracting a grunt and presently he drew back his arm shook himself all over like a Newfoundland dog just from the water and sat up in bed stiff as a pike staff looking at me and rubbing his eyes as if he did not altogether remember how I came to be there though a dim conscious ness of knowing something about me seemed slowly dawning over him Meanwhile I lay quietly eyeing him having no serious misgivings now and bent upon narrowly observing so curious a creature When at last his mind seemed made up touching the character of his bedfellow, and he became as it were reconciled to the fact he jumped out upon the floor and by certain signs and sounds gave me to understand that if it pleased me he would dress first and then leave me to dress afterwards leaving the whole apart ment to myself Thinks I Queequeg under the circum stances this is a very civilized overture but the truth is these savages have an innate sense of delicacy say what you will it is marvellous how essentially polite they are I pay this particular compliment to Queequeg because he treated me with so much civility and consideration while

You could pretty plainly tell how long each one had been ashore This young fellow's healthy cheek is like a sun toasted pear in hue and would seem to smell almost as musky he cannot have been three days landed from his Indian voyage That man next him looks a few shades lighter you might say a touch of satin wood is in him In the complexion of a third still lingers a tropic tawn, but slightly bleached withal *he* doubtless has tarried whole weeks ashore But who could show a cheek like Queequeg? which barred with various tints seemed like the Andes' western slope to show forth in one array, contrasting climates zone by zone

'Grub ho! now cried the landlord flinging open a door, and in we went to breakfast

They say that men who have seen the world, thereby become quite at ease in manner quite self possessed in company Not always though Ledyard the great New England traveller and Mungo Park the Scotch one, of all men they possessed the least assurance in the parlor But perhaps the mere crossing of Siberia in a sledge drawn by dogs as Ledyard did or the taking a long solitary walk on an empty stomach in the negro heart of Africa which was the sum of poor Mungo s performances—this kind of travel I say may not be the very best mode of attaining a high social polish Still for the most part, that sort of thing is to be had anywhere

These reflections just here are occasioned by the circumstance that after we were all seated at the table and I was preparing to hear some good stories about whaling to my no small surprise nearly every man maintained a profound silence And not only that, but they looked embarrassed Yes here were a set of sea dogs, many of whom without the slightest bashfulness had boarded great whales on the high seas—entire strangers to them—and duelled them dead without winking and yet here they sat at a social breakfast table—all of the same calling all of kindred tastes—looking round as sheepishly at each other as though they had never been out of sight of some sheepfold among the Green Mountains A curious sight, these bashful bears, these timid warrior whalemen!

But as for Queequeg—why Queequeg sat there among them—at the head of the table too it so chanced as cool as an icicle To be sure I cannot say much for his breeding His greatest admirer could not have cordially justified his bringing his harpoon into breakfast with him and using it there without ceremony reaching over the table with it to to the imminent jeopardy of many heads and grappling the beefs eaks towards him But *that* was certainly very coolly done by him and every one knows that in most people s estimation to do anything coolly is to do it genteelly

We will not speak of all Queequeg s peculiarities here how he eschewed coffee and hot rolls and applied his un divided attention to beefsteaks done rare Enough that when breakfast was over he withdrew like the rest into the public room lighted his tomahawk pipe and was sitting there quietly digesting and smoking with his inseparable hat on when I sallied out for a stroll

CHAPTER VI

THE STREET

If I had been astonished at first catching a glimpse of so outlandish an individual as Queequeg circulating among the polite society of a civilized town that astonishment soon departed upon taking my first daylight stroll through the streets of New Bedford

In thoroughfares nigh the docks any considerable sea port will frequently offer to view the queerest looking nonde scripts from foreign parts Even in Broadway and Chestnut streets Mediterranean mariners will sometimes jostle the affrighted ladies Regent Street is not unknown to Lascars and Malays and at Bombay in the Apollo Green live Yankees have often scared the natives But New Bedford beats all Water Street and Wapping In these last men tioned haunts you ee only sailors but in New Bedford actual cannibals stand chatting at street corners outright many of whom yet carry on their flesh It makes a stranger stare

But, besides the Feegeeans Tongatobooarrs, Erromang goans Pannangians and Brightggians and, besides the wild specimens of the whaling-craft which unheeded reel about the streets you will see other sights still more curious certainly more comical There weekly arrive in this town scores of green Vermonters and New Hampshire men, all athirst for gain and glory in the fishery They are mostly young of stalwart frames fellows who have felled forests, and now seek to drop the axe and snatch the whale lance Many are as green as the Green Mountains whence they came In some things you would think them but a few hours old Look there! that chap strutting round the corner He wears a beaver hat and swallow tailed coat girdled with a sailor belt and a sheath knife Here comes another with a ou wester and a bombazine cloak

No town bred dandy will compare with a country bred one—I mean a downright bumpkin dandy—a fellow that, in the dog-days will mow his two acres in buckskin gloves for fear of tanning his hands Now when a country dandy like this takes it into his head to make a distinguished reputation and joins the great whale fishery you should see the comical things he does upon reaching the seaport In bespeaking his sea outfit he orders bell buttons to his waistcoats traps to his canvas trowsers Ah poor Hay Seed! how bitterly will burst tho e straps in the first howling gale when thou art driven straps buttons and all down the throat of the tempest

But think not that this famous town ha only harpooneers, cannibals and bumpkins to show her visitors Not at all Still New Bedford is a queer place Had it not been for us whalemen that tract of land would this day perhaps have been in as howling condition as the coast of Labrador As it is parts of her back country are enough to frighten one, they look so bony The town itself is perhaps the dearest place to live in in all New England It is a land of oil, true enough but not like Canaan a land also of corn and wine The streets do not run with milk nor in the spring time do they pave them with fresh eggs Yet, in spite of this nowhere in all America will you find more patrician like houses parks and gardens more opulent,

than in New Bedford Whence came they? how planted upon this once scraggy scoria of a country?

Go and gaze upon the iron emblematical harpoons round yonder lofty mansion, and your question will be answered Yes, all these brave houses and flowery gardens came from the Atlantic Pacific, and Indian oceans One and all they were harpooned and dragged up hither from the bottom of the sea Can Herr Alexander perform a feat like that?

In New Bedford fathers they say give whales for dowers to their daughters, and portion off their nieces with a few porpoises apiece You must go to New Bedford to see a brilliant wedding for they say they have reservoirs of oil in every house and every night recklessly burn their lengths in spermaceti candles

In summer time the town is sweet to see full of fine maples—long avenues of green and gold And in August high in air the beautiful and bountiful horse chestnuts candelabra wise proffer the passer by their tapering upright cones of congregated blossoms So omnipotent is art which in many a district of New Bedford has superinduced bright terraces of flowers upon the barren refuse rocks thrown aside at creation s final day

And the women of New Bedford they bloom like their own red roses But roses only bloom in summer whereas *the fine carnation of their cheeks is perennial as sunlight in* the seventh heavens Elsewhere match that bloom of theirs ye cannot save in Salem where they tell me the young girls breathe such musk their sailor sweethearts smell them miles off shore as though they were drawing nigh the odorous Moluccas instead of the Puritanic sands

CHAPTER VII

THE CHAPEL

In the same New Bedford there stands a Whaleman's Chapel and few are the moody fishermen shortly bound for the Indian Ocean or Pacific who fail to make a Sunday visit to the spot I am sure that I did not

Returning from my first morning stroll I again sallied out upon this special errand The sky had changed from clear sunny cold to driving sleet and mist Wrapping myself in my shaggy jacket of the cloth called bearskin I fought my way against the stubborn storm Entering I found a small scattered congregation of sailors, and sailors' wives and widows A muffled silence reigned only broken at times by the shrieks of the storm Each silent worshipper seemed purposely sitting apart from the other as if each silent grief were insular and incommunicable The chaplain had not yet arrived and there these silent islands of men and women sat steadfastly eyeing several marble tablets with black borders masoned into the wall on either side the pulpit Three of them ran something like the following but I do not pretend to quote —

SACRED
To the Memory
of
JOHN TALBOT
Who at the age of eighteen was lost overboard
Near the Isle of Desolation off Patagonia
November 1st 1836
This Tablet
Is erected to his Memory
by his Sister

SACRED
To the Memory
of
ROBERT LONG WILLIS ELLERY
NATHAN COLEMAN WALTER CANNY SETH MACY
AND SAMUEL GLEIG
Forming one of the boats crews
of
THE SHIP ELIZA
Who were towed out of sight by a Whale
On the Off shore Ground in the
PACIFIC
December 31st 1839
THIS MARBLE
Is here placed by their surviving
SHIPMATES

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
The late
CAPTAIN EZEKIEL HARDY
Who in the bows of his boat was killed by a Sperm Whale on the coast of Japan
August 3d 1833
THIS TABLET
Is erected to his Memory
BY
HIS WIDOW

Shaking off the sleet from my ice glazed hat and jacket I seated myself near the door and turning sideways was surpri ed to see Queequeg near me Affected by the solemnity of the scene there was a wondering gaze of incredulous curiosity in his countenance This savage was the only per on present who seemed to notice my entrance because he was the only one who could not read and there fore was not reading those frigid inscriptions on the wall Whether any of the relatives of the seamen whose names ap peared there were now among the congregation I knew not but so many are the unrecorded accidents in the fishery and so plainly did several women present wear the counte nance if not the trappings of some unceasing grief that I feel sure that here before me were a sembled those in whose unhealing hearts the sight of those bleak tablets sympathetically caused the old wounds to bleed afresh

Oh! ye whose dead lie buried beneath the green grass who standing among flowers can ay—here *here* lies my beloved ye know not the desolation that broods in bosoms like these What bitter blanks in those black bordered marbles which cover no ashes! What despair in those immovable inscriptions! What deadly voids and unbidden infidelities in the lines that seem to gnaw upon all Faith and refu e resurrections to the beings who have placelessly perished without a grave As well might those tablets stand in the cave of Elephanta as here

In what census of living creatures the dead of mankind are included why it is that a universal proverb says of

ladder which being itself nicely headed and stained with a mahogany color the whole contrivance considering what manner of chapel it was, seemed by no means in bad taste Halting for an instant at the foot of the ladder, and with both hands grasping the ornamental knobs of the man ropes Father Mapple cast a look upwa ds and then with a truly sailor like but still reverential dexterity, hand over hand mounted the steps as if ascending the main top of his vessel

The perpendicular parts of this side ladder as is usually the case with swinging ones were of cloth covered rope only the rounds were of wood so that at every step there was a joint At my first glimpse of the pulpit, it had not escaped me that however convenient for a ship these joints in the present instance seemed unnecessary For I was not prepared to see Father Mapple after gaining the height slowly turn round and stooping over the pulpit deliberately drag up the ladder step by step till the whole was deposited within leaving him impregnable in his little Quebec

I pondered some time without fully comprehending the reason for this Father Mapple enjoyed such a wide reputation for sincerity and sanctity that I could not suspect him of courting notoriety by any mere tricks of the stage No thought I there must be some sober rea on for this thing furthermore it must symbolize something unseen Can it be then that by that act of physical isolation he signifies his spiritual withdrawal for the time from all outward worldly ties and connexions? Yes for replenished with the meat and wine of the word to the faithful man of God this pulpit I see is a self containing stronghold—a lofty Ehrenbreitstein with a perennial well of water within the walls

But the side ladder was not the only strange feature of the place borrowed from the chaplain s former sea farings Between the marble cenotaphs on either hand of the pulpit the wall which formed its back was adorned with a large painting repre enting a gallant ship beating against a terrible storm off a lee coast of black rocks and snowy breakers But high above the flying scud and dark rolling clouds there floated a little isle of sunlight from which beamed

forth an angel s face and this bright face shed a distant spot of radiance upon the ship s tossed deck something like that silver plate now in erted into the Victory s plank where Nelson fell 'Ah noble ship the angel seemed to say beat on beat on thou noble ship and bear a hardy helm for lo! the sun is breaking through the clouds are rolling off—serenest azure is at hand

Nor was the pulpit itself without a trace of the same sea taste *that had achieved the ladder and the picture* Its panelled front was in the likeness of a ship s bluff bows and the Holy Bible rested on a projecting piece of scroll work fashioned after a ship s fiddle headed beak

What could be more full of meaning?—for the pulpit is ever this earth s foremost part all the rest comes in its rear the pulpit leads the world From thence it is the storm of God s quick wrath is first descried and the bow must bear the earliest brunt From thence it is the God of breezes fair or foul is first invoked for favorable winds Yes the world s a ship on its passage out and not a voyage complete and the pulpit is its prow

CHAPTER IX

THE SERMON

FATHER MAPPLE rose and in a mild voice of unassuming authority ordered the scattered people to condense Starboard gangway there! side away to larboard—larboard gangway to starboard! Midships! midships!

There was a low rumbling of heavy sea boots among the benches and a still slighter shuffling of women s shoes and all was quiet again and every eye on the preacher

He paused a little then kneeling in the pulpit s bows folded his large brown hands across his chest uplifted his closed eyes and offered a prayer so deeply devout that he seemed kneeling and praying at the bottom of the sea

This ended in prolonged solemn tones like the continual tolling of a bell in a ship that is foundering at ea in a fog—in such tones he commenced reading the following

hymn but changing his manner towards the concluding stanzas burst forth with a pealing exultation and joy—

"Th ribs and terrors in the whale
Arched over me a dismal gloom,
While all God s sun lit waves rolled by
And lift me deepening down to doom.

"I saw th opening maw of hell
With endless pains and sorrows there
Which none but they that feel can tell—
Oh I was plunging to despair

"In black distress. I called my God
When I could scarce believe him mine
He bowed his ear to my complaints—
No more the whale did me confine

"With speed he flew to my relief
As on a radiant dolphin borne
Awful yet bright as lightning shone
The face of my Deliverer God.

My song for ever shall record
That terrible that joyful hour
I give the glory to my God
His all the mercy and the power"

Nearly all joined in singing this hymn which swelled high above the howling of the storm A brief pause ensued the preacher slowly turned over the leaves of the Bible and at last folding his hand down upon the proper page said

Beloved shipmates clinch the last verse of the first chapter of Jonah— And God had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah

Shipmates this book containing only four chapters—four yarns—is one of the smallest strands in the mighty cable of the Scriptures Yet what depths of the soul Jonah s deep sealine sound what a pregnant lesson to us is this prophet! What a noble thing is that canticle in the fish s belly! How billow like and boisterously grand! We feel the flood surging over us we sound with him to the kelpy bottom of the waters sea weed and all the slime of the sea is about us! But *what* is this lesson that the book of Jonah teaches? Shipmates it is a two-stranded lesson

a lesson to us all as sinful men, and a lesson to me as a pilot of the living God As sinful men, it is a lesson to us all, because it is a story of the sin hard heartedness suddenly awakened fears the swift punishment, repentance prayers and finally the deliverance and joy of Jonah As with all sinners among men the sin of this son of Amittai was in his wilful disobedience of the command of God—never mind now what that command was or how conveyed—which he found a hard command But all the things that God would have us do are hard for u to do—remember that—and hence he oftener commands us than endeavors to persuade And if we obey God we must disobey our selves and it is in this disobeying ourselves, wherein the hardness of obeying God consists

With this sin of disobedience in him Jonah still further flouts at God by seeking to flee from Him He thinks that a ship made by men will carry him into countries where God does not reign but only the Captains of this earth He skulks about the wharves of Joppa and seeks a ship that s bound for Tarshish There lurks perhaps a hitherto unheeded meaning here By all accounts Tarshish could have been no other city than the modern Cadiz That s the opin on of learned men And where is Cadiz, shipmates? Cadiz is in Spain as far by water from Joppa as Jonah could possibly have sailed in those ancient days when the Atlantic was an almost unknown sea Be cause Joppa the modern Jaffa shipmates is on the most easterly coast of the Mediterranean the Syrian and Tarshish or Cadiz more than two thousand mile to the westward from that just outside the Straits of Gibraltar See ye not then shipmates that Jonah sought to flee world wide from God? Miserable man! Oh! mo t contemptible and worthy of all scorn with louched hat and guilty eye, skulking from his God prowling among the hipping like a vile burglar hastening to cross the seas So di ordered, self condemning is his look that had there been policemen in those days Jonah on the mere suspicion of something wrong had been arrested ere he touched a deck How plainly he s a fugitive! no baggage not a hat box valise or carpet bag—no friends accompany him to the wharf

with their adieux At last, after much dodging search he finds the Tarshish ship receiving the last items of her cargo and as he steps on board to see its Captain in the cabin all the sailors for the moment desist from hoisting in the goods to mark the stranger s evil eye Jonah sees this, but in vain he tries to look all ease and confidence in vain essays his wretched smile Strong intuitions of the man as ure the mariners he can be no innocent In their gamesome but still serious way one whispers to the other—'Jack he s robbed a widow ' or, Joe do you mark him he s a bigamist or Harry lad I guess he s the adulterer that broke jail in old Gomorrah or belike one of the mis ing murderer from Sodom Another runs to read the bill that s stuck against the spile upon the wharf to which the ship is moored offering five hundred gold coins for the apprehension of a parricide and containing a description of his person He reads and looks from Jonah to the bill while all his sympathetic shipmates now crowd round Jonah prepared to lay their hands upon him Frighted Jonah trembles and summoning all his boldness to his face only looks so much the more a coward He will not confess himself suspected but that itself is strong suspicion So he makes the best of it and when the sailors find him not to be the man that is advertised, they let him pass, and he descend into the cabin

'Who s there?' cries the Captain at his busy de k, hurriedly making out his papers for the Customs—'Who s there? Oh! how that harmles question mangles Jonah! For the instant he almost turns to flee again But he rallies 'I eek a passage in this ship to Tarshish how sail ye sir? Th the busy Captain had not d up to Jonah t the man now stands before but no sooner do hear that hollow voice than a scrutinizin 'We sail with the next tide ' at last still intently eye 'No sooner, oon enough for any honest at goes a p ! Jonah, that s another But he swiftly the Captain from that I'll sail with — the passage money h is that?— For it is particularly

written, shipmates, as if it were a thing not to be ove looked in this history, 'that he paid the fare thereof ere the craft did sail And taken with the context, this is full of meaning

Now Jonah s Captain shipmates, was one whose dis cernment detects crime in any but whose cupidity exposes it only in the penniless In this world shipmates, sin that pays its way can travel freely and without a pas port whereas Virtue if a pauper is stopped at all frontiers So Jonah s Captain prepares to test the length of Jonah s purse ere he judge him openly He charges him thrice the usual sum and it s assented to Then the Captain knows that Jonah is a fugitive but at the same time re solves to help a flight that paves its rear with gold Yet when Jonah fairly takes out his purse prudent suspicions still molest the Captain He rings every coin to find a counterfeit Not a forger any way he mutters and Jonah is put down for his passage Point out my state room Sir says Jonah now I m travel weary I need sleep Thou look'st like it ays the Captain there s thy room Jonah enters and would lock the door but the lock contains no key Hearing him foolishly fumbling there the Captain laughs lowly to himself and mutters omething about the doors of convicts' cells being never allowed to be locked within All dressed and dusty as he is Jonah throws himself into his berth and finds the little state room ceiling almost resting on his forehead The air is close and Jonah gasps Then in that contracted hole, unk too beneath the ship s water line Jonah feels the heralding presentiment of that stifling hour when the whale hall hold him in the smalle t of his bowels wards

'Screwed at its axis against the side a swinging lamp slightly oscillates in Jonah s room and the ship heeling over towards the wharf with the weight of the last bales received the lamp flame and all though in slight motion still maintains a permanent obliquity with reference to the room though in truth infallibly straight itself it but made obvious the fal e lying levels among which it hung The lamp alarms and frightens Jonah as lying in berth his tormented eyes roll round the place and

thus far successful fugitive finds no refuge for his restless glance But that contradiction in tne lamp more and more appals him The floor, the ceiling and the side, are all awry Oh! so my conscience hangs in me!' he groans 'straight upward o it burns but the chambers of my soul are all in crookedness!'

'Like one who after a night of drunken revelry hies to his bed still reeling but with conscience yet pricking him as the plungings of the Roman race horse but so much the more trike his steel tags into him as one who in that miserable plight still turns and turns in giddy anguish, praying God for annihilation until the fit be passed and at last amid the whirl of woe he feels a deep stupor steals over him as over the man who bleeds to death for con*science is the wound and there s naught to taunch it* so after ore wrestlings in his berth Jonah s prodigy of pon derous mi ery drags him drowning down to sleep

Ard now the time of tide has come the hip casts off her cables and from the deserted wharf the uncheered ship for Tar hi h all careening glides to sea That ship my friends was the fir t of recorded smugglers! the con traband was Jonah But the ea rebels he will not bare the wicked burden A dreadful storm comes on the ship is like to break But now when the boatswain calls all hands to lighten her when boxes bales and jars are clattering overboard when the wind is hrieking and the men are velling and every plank thunders with trampling feet right over Jonah s head in all this raging tumult Jonah leeps his hideous sleep He sees no black sky and raging sea feels not the reeling timbers and little hears *he or heeds he the far rush of the mighty* whale, which even now with open mouth is cleaving the seas after him Aye hipmates Jonah was gone down into the sides of the hip—a berth in the cabin as I have taken it and was fast a leep But the frightened master comes to him and shrieks in his dead ear What meanest thou O sleeper! arise! Startled from his lethargy by that direful cry, Jonah staggers to his feet and stumbling to the deck grasps a hroud to look out upon the sea But at that moment he is sprung upon by a panther billow leaping over

the bulwarks Wave after wave thus leaps into the ship and finding no speedy vent runs roaring fore and aft, till the mariners come nigh to drowning while yet afloat And ever, as the white moon shows her affrighted face from the steep gullies in the blackness overhead aghast Jonah sees the rearing bowsprit pointing high upward but soon beat downward again towards the tormented deep

Terrors upon terrors run shouting through his soul In all his cringing attitudes the God fugitive is now too plainly known The sailors mark him more and more certain grow their suspicions of him and at last fully to test the truth by referring the whole matter to high Heaven they fall to casting lots to see for whose cause this great tempest was upon them The lot is Jonah s that discovered then how furiously they mob him with their questions What is thine occupation? Whence comest thou? Thy country? What people? But mark now my shipmates the behavior of poor Jonah The eager mariners but ask him who he is and where from whereas they not only receive an answer to those questions but likewise another answer to a question not put by them but the unsolicited answer is forced from Jonah by the hard hand of God that is upon him

I am a Hebrew, he cries—and then—I fear the Lord the God of Heaven who hath made the sea and the dry land! Fear him O Jonah? Aye well mightest thou fear the Lord God *then!* Straightway he now goes on to make a full confession whereupon the mariners became more and more appalled but still are pitiful For when Jonah not yet supplicating God for mercy since he but too well knew the darkness of his deserts —when wretched Jonah cries out to them to take him and cast him forth into the sea for he knew that for *his* sake this great tempest was upon them they mercifully turn from him and seek by other means to save the ship But all in vain the indignant gale howls louder then with one hand raised invokingly to God with the other they not unreluctantly lay hold of Jonah

'And now behold Jonah taken up as an anchor and dropped into the sea when instantly an oily calmness floats

out from the east and the sea is still as Jonah carries down the gale with him, leaving smooth water behind He goes down in the whirling heart of such a masterless com motion that he scarce heeds the moment when he drops seething into the yawning jaws awaiting him and the whale shoots to all his ivory teeth, like so many white bolts, upon his prison Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord out of the fish s belly But ob erve his prayer and learn a weighty lesson For sinful as he is Jonah does not weep and wail for direct deliverance He feels that his dreadful punishment is just He leaves all his deliverance to God contenting himself with this that pite of all his pains and pangs he will still look towards His holy temple And here shipmates is true and faithful repentance not clamorous for pardon but grateful for punishment And how pleasing to God was this conduct in Jonah is shown in the eventual deliverance of him from the sea and the whale Shipmates I do not place Jonah before you to be copied for his sin but I do place him before you as a model for repentance Sin not but if you do take heed to repent of it like Jonah

While he was speaking the e word the howling of the shrieking slanting storm without eemed to add new power to the preacher who when describing Jonah s sea storm seemed tossed by a storm himself His deep chest heaved as with a ground swell his tos ed arms eemed the warring elements at work and the thunders that rolled away from off his swarthy brow and the light leaping from his eye made all his simple hearers look on him with a quick fear that was trange to them

There now came a lull in his look as he silently turned over the leaves of the Book once more and at last standing motionle s with closed eyes for the moment seemed com muning with God and himself

But again he leaned over towards the people and bowing his head lowly with an aspect of the deepest yet manliest humility he pake these words

Shipmates God has laid but one hand upon you both his hands press upon me I have read ye by what murky light may be mine the lesson that Jonah teaches to all

sinners and therefore to ye and still more to me for I am a greater sinner than ye And now how gladly would I come down from this mast head and sit on the hatches there where you sit and listen as you listen, while some one of you reads *me* that other and more awful lesson which Jonah teaches to *me* as a pilot of the living God How being an anointed pilot prophet or speaker of true things and bidden by the Lord to ound those unwelcome truths in the ears of a wicked Nineveh Jonah appalled at the hostility he should raise fled from his mission and sought to escape his duty and his God by taking ship at Joppa But God is everywhere Tarshish he never reached As we have seen God came upon him in the whale and swal lowed him down to living gulfs of doom and with swift slantings tore him along into the midst of the seas where the eddying depths sucked him ten thousand fathoms down and the weeds were wrapped about his head and all the watery world of woe bowled over him Yet even then beyond the reach of any plummet—out of the belly of hell—when the whale grounded upon the ocean s utmost bones even then God heard the engulphed repenting prophet when he cried Then God spake unto the fish and from the shuddering cold and blackness of the sea the whale came breeching up towards the warm and pleasant sun and all the delights of air and earth and vomited out Jonah upon the dry land when the word of the Lord came a second time and Jonah bruised and beaten—his ears like two sea shells still multitudinously murmuring of the ocean—Jonah did the Almighty s bidding And what was that shipmates? To preach the Truth to the face of Falsehood! That was it!

'This shipmates this is that other lesson and woe to that pilot of the living God who slights it Woe to him whom this world charms from Gospel duty! Woe to him who seeks to pour oil upon the waters when God has brewed them into a gale! Woe to him who seeks to please rather than to appal! Woe to him who e good name is more to him than goodness! Woe to him who in this world court not dishonor! Woe to him who would not be true e though to be false were salvation! Yea woe to him,

as the great Pilot Paul has it, while preaching to others is him elf a castaway!

He drooped and fell away from himself for a moment, then lifting his face to them again, showed a deep joy in his eyes as he cried out with a heavenly enthusiasm — But oh! shipmates! on the starboard hand of every woe, there is a sure delight and higher the top of that delight than the bottom of the woe is deep Is not the main truck higher than the kelson is low? Delight is to him—a far far upward and inward delight—who against the proud gods and commodores of this earth ever stands forth his own inexorable self Delight is to him whose strong arms yet support him when the ship of this ba e treacherous world has gone down beneath him Delight is to him, who gives no quarter in the truth and kills burns and destroys all sin though he pluck it out from under the robes of Senators and Judges Delight —top gallant delight is to him who acknowledge no law or lord but the Lord his God and is only a patriot to heaven Delight is to him whom all the waves of the billows of the seas of the bois terous mob can never shake from this sure Keel of the Ages And eternal delight and deliciou ness will be his who coming to lay him down can say with his final breath—O Father!—chiefly known to me by Thy rod—mortal or immortal here I die I have striven to be Thine more than to be this world s or mine own Yet this i nothing I leave eternity to Thee for what is man that he should live out the lifetime of his God?

He said no more but slowly waving a benediction covered his face with his hands and so remained kneeling till all the people had departed and he was left alone in the place

CHAPTER X

A BOSOM FRIEND

Returning to the Spouter Inn from the Chapel I found Queequeg there quite alone he having left the Chapel be fore the benediction some time He was sitting on a bench before the fire, with his feet on the stove hearth and in

one hand was holding close up to his face that little negro idol of his peering hard into its face and with a jack knife gently whittling away at its nose meanwhile humming to himself in his heathenish way

But being now interrupted he put up the image and pretty soon going to the table took up a large book there and placing it on his lap began counting the pages with deliberate regularity at every fiftieth page—as I fancied— topping for a moment looking vacantly around him and giving utterance to a long drawn gurgling whistle of aston ishment He would then begin again at the next fifty seeming to commence at number one each time as though he could not count more than fifty and it was only by such a large number of fifties being found together that his astonishment at the multitude of pages was excited

With much interest I sat watching him Savage though he was and hideously marred about the face—at least to my taste—his countenance yet had a something in it which was by no means disagreeable You cannot hide the soul Through all his unearthly tattooings I thought I saw th traces of a simple honest heart and in his large deep eyes fiery black and bold there seemed tokens of a spirit that would dare a thousand devils And besides all this there was a certain lofty bearing about the Pagan which even his uncouthness could not altogether maim He looked like a man who had never cringed and never had had a creditor Whether it was too that his head being shaved his forehead was drawn out in freer and brighter relief and looked more expansive than it otherwi e would thi I will not venture to decide but certain it was his head was phrenologically an excellent one It may seem ridicu lous but it reminded me of General Washington s head as seen in the popular busts of him It had the same long regularly graded retreating lope from above the brows which were likewise very projecting like two long promon tories thickly wooded on top Queequeg was George Wash ington cannibalistically developed

Whilst I was thus closely scanning him half pretending meanwhile to be looking out at the storm from the ment he never heeded my presence never troubled

with so much as a single glance but appeared wholly occupied with counting the pages of the marvellous book Considering how sociably we had been sleeping together the night previous and e pecially considering the affectionate arm I had found thrown over me upon waking in the morn ing I thought this indifference of his very strange But savages are strange beings at times you do not know exactly how to take them At first they are overawing, their calm self collectedness of simplicity seems a Socratic wisdom I had noticed also that Queequeg never consorted at all or but very little with the other eamen in the inn He made no advances whatever appeared to have no desire to enlarge the circle of his acquaintances All this struck me as mighty ingular yet upon second thoughts there was something almost sublime in it Here was a man some twenty thousand miles from home by the way of Cape Horn that is—which was the only way he could get there—thrown among people as strange to him as though he were in the planet Jupiter and yet he seemed entirely at his ease preserving the utmost serenity content with his own companionship always equal to himself Surely this was a touch of fine philosophy though no doubt he had never heard there was such a thing as that But perhaps to be true philosophers we mortals should not be conscious of so living or o striving So oon as I hear that such or such a man gives himself out for a philosopher, I conclude that like the dyspeptic old woman he must have broken his dige ter

As I sat there in that now lonely room the fire burning low in that mild stage when after its first intensity has warmed the air it then only glows to be looked at the evening shades and phantoms gathering round the casements and peering in upon us silent olitary twain the storm booming without in olemn swells I began to be sensible of strange feelings I felt a melting in me No more my splintered heart and maddened hand were turned against the wolfish world This soothing savage had redeemed it There he sat his very indifference speaking a nature in which there lurked no civilized hypocrisies and bland de ceits Wild he was a very sight of sights to see yet I

began to feel myself mysteriously drawn towards him. And those same things that would have repelled most others they were the very magnets that thus drew me I ll try a pagan friend thought I since Christian kindness has proved but hollow courtesy I drew my bench near him and made some friendly signs and hints doing my best to talk with him meanwhile At first he little noticed these advances but presently upon my referring to his last night s hospitalities he made out to ask me whether we were again to be bedfellows I told him yes whereat I thought he looked pleased perhaps a little complimented

We then turned over the book together, and I endeavored to explain to him the purpose of the printing and the meaning of the few pictures that were in it Thus I soon engaged his interest and from that we went to jabbering the best we could about the various outer sights to be seen in this famous town Soon I proposed a social smoke and producing his pouch and tomahawk he quietly offered me a puff And then we sat exchanging puffs from that wild pipe of his and keeping it regularly passing between us

If there yet lurked any ice of indifference towards me in the Pagan s breast this pleasant genial smoke we had soon thawed it out and left us cronies He seemed to take to me quite as naturally and unbiddenly as I to him and when our smoke was over he pressed his forehead against mine clasped me round the waist and said that henceforth we were married meaning in his country s phrase that we were bosom friends he would gladly die for me if need should be In a countryman this sudden flame of friendship would have seemed far too premature a thing to be much distrusted but in this simple savage those old rules would not apply

After supper and another social chat and smoke we went to our room together He made me a present of his embalmed head took out his enormous tobacco wallet and groping under the tobacco drew out some dollars in silver then spreading them on the table mechanically dividing them into two equal portions one of them towards me, and said it was mine

going to remonstrate but he silenced me by pouring them into my trowsers pockets I let them stay He then went about his evening prayers took out his idol, and removed the paper firebrand By certain signs and symp toms I thought he seemed anxious for me to join him but well knowing what was to follow I deliberated a moment whether in case he invited me I would comply or otherwise

I was a good Christian born and bred in the bosom of the infallible Presbyterian Church How then could I unite with this wild idolator in worshipping his piece of wood? But what is worship? thought I Do you suppose now I hmael that the magnanimous God of heaven and earth—pagans and all included—can possibly be jealous of an insignificant bit of black wood? Impossible! But what is worship?—to do the will of God? *that* is worship And what is the will of God?—to do to my fellow man what I would have my fellow man to do to me—*that* is the will of God Now Queequeg is my fellow man And what do I wi h that this Queequeg would do to me? Why unite with me in my particular Presbyterian form of wor ship Con equently I must then unite with him in his ergo I must turn idolator So I kindled the shavings, helped prop up the innocent little idol offered him burnt biscuit with Queequeg salamed before him twice or thrice kis ed his nose and that done we undressed and went to bed at peace with our own consciences and all the world But we did not go to sleep without some little chat

How it i I know not but there is no place like a bed for confidential disclosures between friends Man and wife they say the e open the very bottom of their souls to each other and ome old couples often lie and chat over old times till nearly morning Thus then in our hearts' honeymoon, lay I and Queequeg—a cosy loving pair

CHAPTER XI

NIGHTGOWN

We had lain thus in bed chatting and napping at short intervals and Queequeg now and then affectionately throw

ing his brown tattooed legs over mine and then drawing them back so entirely sociable and free and easy were we when at last by reason of our confabulations what little nappishness remained in us altogether departed and we felt like getting up again though day break was yet some way down the future

Yes we became very wakeful o much so that our re cumbent position began to grow wearisome and by little and little we found ourselves sitting up the clothes well tucked around us leaning against the head board with our four knees drawn up clo e together and our two noses bending over them as if our knee pans were warming pans We felt very nice and snug the more so since it was so chilly out of doors indeed out of bed-clothes too seeing that there was no fire in the room The more o I say be cause truly to enjoy bodily warmth ome small part of you must be cold for there is no quality in this world that is not what it is merely by contrast Nothing exists in itself If you flatter yourself that you are all over comfortable and have been o a long time then you cannot be said to be comfortable any more But if like Queequeg and me in the bed the tip of your nose or the crown of your head be slightly chilled why then indeed in the general con sciousness you feel most delightfully and unmistakably warm For this reason a sleeping apartment should never be furnished with a fire which is one of the luxurious discom forts of the rich For the height of this sort of deliciousness is to have nothing but the blanket between you and your snugne s and the cold of the outer air Then there you lie like the one warm spark in the heart of an arctic crystal

We had been sitting in this crouching manner for some time when all at once I thought I would open my eyes for when between sheets whether by day or by night and whether asleep or awake I have a way of always keeping my eyes shut, in order the more to concentrate the snugness of being in bed Because no man can ever feel his own identity aright except his eyes be clo ed as if darl ness were indeed the proper element of our es ences tho light be more congenial to our clayey part Upon c my eyes then, and coming out of my own pleasant and

created darkness into the imposed and coarse outer gloom of the unilluminated twelve o clock at night I experienced a disagreeable revulsion Nor did I at all object to the hint from Queequeg that perhaps it were best to strike a light seeing that we were so wide awake, and besides he felt a strong desire to have a few quiet puffs from his Tomahawk Be it said that though I had felt such a strong repugnance to his moking in the bed the night before vet see how elastic our stiff prejudices grow when once love comes to bend them For now I liked nothing better than to have Queequeg smoking by me even in bed becau e he seemed to be full of such serene household joy then I no more felt unduly concerned for the land lord s policy of insurance I was only alive to the con densed confidential comfortableness of sharing a pipe and a blanket with a real friend With our shaggy jackets drawn about our houlders we now pas ed the Tomahawk from one to the other till slowly there grew over us a blue hanging tester of mol e illuminated by the flame of the new lit lamp

Whether it was that this undulating tester rolled the savage away to far di tant scenes I know not but he now spoke of his native island and eager to hear his history, I begged him to go on and tell it He gladly complied Though at the time I but ill comprehended not a few of his words yet sub equent disclosures when I had become more familiar with his broken phraseology now enable me to present the whole story such as it may prove in the mere skeleton I give

CHAPTER XII

BIOGRAPHICAL

Queequeg was a native of Kokovoko an island far away to the West and South It is not down on any map, true places never are

When a new hatched savage running wild about his native woodlands in a grass clout followed by the nibbling goats, as if he were a green sapling even then in Queequeg s

ambitious oul lurked a strong desire to see something more of Christendom than a specimen whaler or two His father was a High Chief a King his uncle a High Priest and on the maternal side he boasted aunts who were the wives of unconquerable warriors There was excellent blood in his veins—royal stuff though sadly vitiated I fear, by the cannibal propensity he nourished in his untutored youth

A Sag Harbor ship visited his father s bay and Queequeg sought a passage to Christian lands But the ship, having her full complement of seamen spurned his suit and not all the King his father s influence could prevail But Queequeg vowed a vow Alone in his canoe he paddled off to a distant strait which he knew the ship must pass through when she quitted the island On one side was a coral reef on the other a low tongue of land, covered with mangrove thickets that grew out into the water Hiding his canoe still afloat among these thickets with its prow seaward he sat down in the stern paddle low in hand, and when the ship was gliding by like a flash he darted out gained her side with one backward dash of his foot capsized and sank his canoe climbed up the chains and throwing himself at full length upon the deck grappled a ring bolt there and swore not to let it go, though hacked in pieces

In vain the captain threatened to throw him overboard suspended a cutlass over his naked wrists, Queequeg was the son of a King, and Queequeg budged not Struck by his desperate dauntlessness and his wild desire to visit Christendom the captain at last relented and told him he might make himself at home But this fine young savage—this sea Prince of Wales never saw the Captain s cabin They put him down among the sailors and made a whaleman of him But like Czar Peter content to toil in the shipyards of foreign cities Queequeg disdained no seeming ignominy if thereby he might happily gain the power of enlightening his untutored countrymen For at bottom—so he told me—he was actuated by a profound desire to learn among the Christians the arts whereby make his pople still happier than they were and

than that, still better than they were But, alas! the practices of whalemen soon convinced him that even Christians could be both miserable and wicked, infinitely more so, than all his father s heathens Arrived at last in old Sag Harbor and seeing what the sailors did there and then going on to Nantucket and seeing how they pent their wages in *that* place also poor Queequeg gave it up for lost Thought he it s a wicked world in all meridians I'll die a pagan

And thus an old idolator at heart he yet lived among these Christians wore their clothes and tried to talk their gibberish Hence the queer ways about him though now some time from home

By hints I asked him whether he did not propose going back and having a coronation since he might now consider his father dead and gone he being very old and feeble at the la t accounts He answered no not yet and added that he was fearful Christianity or rather Christians had un fitted him for ascending the pure and undefiled throne of thirty pagan Kings before him But by and by he said he would return —as soon as he felt himself baptized again For the nonce however he proposed to sail about and sow his wild oats in all four oceans They had made a harpooneer of him and that barbed iron was in lieu of a sceptre now

I a ked him what might be his immediate purpo e touch ing his future movements He an wered to go to sea again, in his old vocation Upon this I told him that whaling was my own design and informed him of my intention to sail out of Nantucket as being the most promising port for an adventurou whaleman to embark from He at once resolved to accompany me to that island ship aboard the same vessel get into the same watch the ame boat the ame mess with me in short to share my every hap with both my hands in his boldly dip into the Potluck of both worlds To all this I joyously assented for besides the affection I now felt for Queequeg he was an experienced harpooneer, and as such could not fail to be of great usefulness to one who, like me was wholly ignorant of

the mvsteries of whalıng though well acquainted wıth the sea as known to merchant seamen

His story being ended with his pipe s last dying puff Queequeg embraced me pressed his forehead against mine and blowing out the light, we rolled over from each other, this way and that, and very soon were sleeping

CHAPTER XIII

WHEELBARROW

NEXT morning Monday after disposing of the embalmed head to a barber for a block I settled my own and com rade s bill using however my comrade s money The grinning landlord as well as the boarders seemed amaz ingly tickled at the sudden friendship which had sprung up between me and Queequeg—especially as Peter Coffin s cock and bull stories about him had previously o much alarmed me concerning the very person whom I now companied with

We borrowed a wheelbarrow and embarking our things including my own poor carpet bag and Queequeg s canvas sack and hammock away we went down to the Moss the little Nantucket packet chooner moored at the wharf As we were going along the people stared not at Queequeg so much—for they were used to seeing cannibals like him in their streets —but at seeing him and me upon such confi dential terms But we heeded them not going along wheeling the barrow by turns and Queequeg now and then stopping to adju t the sheath on his harpoon barbs I asked him why he carried such a troublesome thing with him a hore and whether all whaling ships did not find their own harpoons To this in substance he replied that though what I hinted was true enough yet he had a par ticular affection for his own harpoon because it was of assured stuff well tried in many a mortal combat, and deeply intimate with the hearts of whales In short many reapers and mowers who go into the farmer s me armed with their own scythes—though in no wise obli

furnish them—even so, Queequeg for his own private reasons preferred his own harpoon

Shifting the barrow from my hand to his he told me a funny story about the first wheelbarrow he had ever seen It was in Sag Harbor The owners of his ship it seems, had lent him one in which to carry his heavy chest to his boarding hou e Not to seem ignorant about the thing—though in truth he was entirely so concerning the precise way in which to manage the barrow—Queequeg puts his chest upon it lashes it fast and then shoulders the barrow and marches up the wharf Why ' said I Queequeg you might have known better than that, one would think Didn t the people laugh?

Upon this he told me another story The people of his island of Rokovoko, it seems at their wedding feasts express the fragrant water of young cocoanuts into a large stained calaba h li e a punchbowl and this punchbowl always form the great central ornament on the braided mat where the feast is held Now a certain grand merchant ship once touched at Rokovoko and its commander—from all accounts a very stately punctilious gentleman at least for a sea captain—this commander was invited to the wedding feast of Queequeg s sister a pretty young princess just turned of ten Well when all the wedding guests were assembled at the bride s bamboo cottage this Captain *marches in and being a signed the post of honor* placed himself over against the punchbowl and between the High Priest and his majesty the King Queequeg s father Grace being said —for those people have their grace as well as we—though Queequeg told me that unlike us who at such times look downwards to our platters they, on the contrary copying the ducks glance upwards to the great Giver of all feasts—Grace I ay being said the High Priest opens the banquet by the immemorial ceremony of the island that is dipping his consecrated and consecrating fingers into the bowl before the blessed beverage circulates Seeing him elf placed next the Priest and noting the ceremony and thinking him elf—being Captain of a ship—as having plain precedence over a mere island King especially in the King s own house—the Captain coolly proceeds to wash

his hands in the punch bowl —taking it I suppose for a huge finger glass Now said Queequeg "what you tink now?—Didn t our people laugh?

At last passage paid and luggage safe we stood on board the schooner Hoisting sail, it glided down the Acu hnet river On one side New Bedford rose in terraces of streets their ice covered trees all glittering in the clear cold air Huge hills and mountains of casks on casks were piled upon her wharves and side by ide the world wander ing whale ships lay silent and safely moored at last, while from others came a sound of carp nters and coopers with blended noises of fires and forges to melt the pitch all betokening that new cruises were on the start that one most perilous and long voyage ended only begins a second and a second ended only begins a third and o on for ever and for aye Such is the endlessness yea the intolerable ness of all earthly effort

Gaining the more open water the bracing breeze waxed fresh the little Moss tossed the quick foam from her bows as a young colt his snortings How I snuffed that Tartar air!—how I purned that turnpike earth!—that common highway all over dented with the marks of slavish heels and hoofs and turned me to admire the magnanimity of the sea which will permit no records

At the same foam fountain Queequeg seemed to drink and reel with me His dusky nostrils swelled apart he showed his filed and pointed teeth On, on we flew and our offing gained the Moss did homage to the blast ducked and dived her bows as a slave before the Sultan Side ways leaning we sideways darted every ropeyarn tingling like a wire the two tall masts buckling like Indian canes in land tornadoes So full of this reeling scene were we as we stood by the plunging bowsprit, that for some time we did not notice the jeering glances of the passengers a lubber like assembly, who marvelled that two fellow beings should be so companionable as though a white man were anything more dignified than a whitewashed negro But there were some boobies and bumpkins there who by their intense greenness must have come from the heart and centre of all verdure Queequeg caught one of these young sap-

lings mimicking him behind his back I thought the bumpkin s hour of doom was come Dropping his harpoon, the brawny savage caught him in his arms, and by an al most miraculous dexterity and strength, sent him high up bodily into the air, then slightly tapping his stern in mid somerset the fellow landed with bursting lungs upon his feet while Queequeg, turning his back upon him lighted his tomahawk pipe and passed it to me for a puff

'Capting! Capting' yelled the bumpkin running towards that officer Capting Capting here s the devil'

'Hallo *you* sir cried the Captain a gaunt rib of the sea stalking up to Queequeg 'what in thunder do you mean by that? Don t you know you might have killed that chap?

What him say? said Queequeg as he mildly turned to me

He say said I that you came near kill-e that man there pointing to the still shivering greenhorn

Kill e cried Queequeg twisting his tattooed face into an unearthly expression of disdain ah! him bevy small-e fish e Queequeg no kill e so small e fish-e Queequeg kill-e big whale!

Look you roared the Captain I'll kill e *you* you cannibal if you try any more of your tricks aboard here so mind you eye

But it so happened just then that it was high time for the Captain to mind his own eye The prodigious strain upon the main sail had parted the weather sheet and the tremendous boom was now flying from side to side com pletely sweeping the entire after part of the deck The poor fellow whom Queequeg had handled so roughly was swept overboard all hands were in a panic and to attempt snatch ing at the boom to stay it seemed madness It flew from right to left and back again almost in one ticking of a watch and every instant seemed on the point of snapping into splinters Nothing was done and nothing seemed capable of being done those on deck rushed toward the bows and stood eyeing the boom as if it were the lower jaw of an exasperated whale In the midst of this con sternation Queequeg dropped deftly to his knees and

crawling under the path of the boom whipped hold of a rope secured one end to the bulwarks and then flinging the other like a lasso caught it round the boom as it swept over his head and at the next jerk the spar was that way trapped, and all was safe The schooner wa run into the wind and while the hands were clearing away the stern boat Queequeg stripped to the waist darted from the side with a long living arc of a leap For three minutes or more he was seen swimming like a dog throwing his long arms straight out before him and by turns revealing his brawny shoulders through the freezing foam I looked at the grand and glorious fellow but saw no one to be saved The greenhorn had gone down Shooting himself perpendicularly from the water Queequeg now took an instant s glance around him and seeming to see just how matters were dived down and disappeared A few minutes more and he rose again one arm still striking out and with the other dragging a lifeless form The boat soon picked them up The poor bumpl in was restored All hands voted Queequeg a noble trump the captain begged his pardon From that hour I clove to Queequeg like a barnacle yea till poor Queequeg took his last long dive

Was there ever such unconsciousness? He did not seem to think that he at all deserved a medal from the Humane and Magnanimous Societies He only asked for water—fre h water—something to wipe the brine off that done he put on dry clothes lighted his pipe and leaning against the bulwarks and mildly eyeing those around him eemed to be saying to himself— It s a mutual joint stock world in all meridians We cannibals must help these Christians

CHAPTER XIV

NANTUCKET

Nothing more happened on the passage worthy the mentioning o after a fine run we afely arrived in Nantucket

Nantucket! Take out your map and look at it See what a real corner of the world it occupies how it

there away off shore, more lonely than the Eddystone lighthouse Look at it—a mere hillock and elbow of sand, all beach without a background There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting paper Some gamesome wights will tell you that they have to plant weeds there they don t grow naturally that they import Canada thi tles that they have to send beyond seas for a spile to stop a leak in an oil cask that pieces of wood in Nantucket are carried about like bits of the true cross in Rome that people there plant toadstools before their hou es to get under the shade in summer time, that one blade of grass makes an oasis three blades in a day s walk a prairie that they wear quicksand shoes something like Laplander snow shoes that they are so shut up belted about every way inclosed surrounded, and made an utter island of by the ocean that to their very chairs and tables small clams will sometimes be found ad hering as to the backs of sea turtles But these extrava ganzas only show that Nantucket is no Illinois

Look now at the wondrous traditional story of how this island was ettled by the red men Thus goes the legend In olden times an eagle swooped down upon the New Eng land coast and carried off an infant Indian in his talons With loud lament the parents saw their child borne out of sight over the wide waters They resolved to follow in the same direction Setting out in their canoes after a perilous passage they discovered the i land and there they found an empty ivory casket —the poor little Indian s skeleton

What wonder then that the e Nantucketers born on a beach should take to the sea for a livelihood! They first caught crabs and quohogs in the sand grown bolder they waded out with nets for mackerel more experienced they pushed off in boats and captured cod and at last launch ing a na y of great ships on the sea explored this watery world put an incessant belt of circumnavigations round it peeped in at Behring s Straits and in all easons and all o eans declared everlasting war with the mightiest ani mated ma s that has survived the flood most monstrous and mo t mountainous! That Himmalehan salt sea Mastodon clothed with such portentousness of unconscious power, that

his very panics are more to be dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults

And thus have these naked Nantucketers these sea hermits issuing from their ant hill in the sea overrun and conquered the watery world like so many Alexanders parcelling out among them the Atlantic Pacific and Indian oceans as the three pirate powers did Poland Let America add Mexico to Texas and pile Cuba upon Canada let the English overswarm all India and hang out their blazing banner from the sun two thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer s For the sea is his he owns it as Emperors own empires other seamen having but a right of way through it Merchant ships are but extension bridges armed ones but floating forts even pirates and privateers though following the sea as highwaymen the road they but plunder other ships other fragments of the land like themselves without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless deep itself The Nantucketer he alone resides and riots on the sea he alone in Bible language goes down to it in ships to and fro ploughing it as his own special plantation *There* is his home *there* lies his business which a Noah s flood would not interrupt though it overwhelmed all the millions in China He lives on the sea as prairie cocks in the prairie he hides among the waves he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps For years he knows not the land so that when he comes to it at last it smells like another world more strangely than the moon would to an Earthman With the landless gull that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows so at nightfall the Nantucketer out of sight of land furls his sails and lays him to his rest while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales

CHAPTER XV

CHOWDER

It was quite late in the evening when the little Moss came snugly to anchor and Queequeg and I went ashore so we could attend to no business that day at least none but

a supper and a bed The landlord of the Spouter Inn had recommended us to his cousin Hosea Hussey of the Try Pots whom he asserted to be the proprietor of one of the best kept hotels in all Nantucket and moreover he had assured us that Cousin Hosea, as he called him was famous for his chowders In short he plainly hinted that we could not possibly do better than try pot luck at the Try Pots But the directions he had given us about keeping a yellow warehouse on our starboard hand till we opened a white church to the larboard and then keeping that on the larboard hand till we made a corner three points to the starboard and that done then ask the first man we met where the place was these crooked directions of his very much puzzled us at first especially as at the outset Queequeg insisted that the yellow warehouse—our first point of departure—must be left on the larboard hand whereas I had understood Peter Coffin to say it was on the starboard However by dint of beating about a little in the dark and now and then knocking up a peaceful inhabitant to inquire the way we at last came to something which there was no mistaking

Two enormous wooden pots painted black and suspended by asses ears, swung from the cross trees of an old top-mast planted in front of an old doorway The horns of the cross trees were sawed off on the other side so that this old top mast looked not a little like a gallows Perhaps I was over sensitive to such impressions at the time but I could not help staring at this gallows with a vague misgiving A sort of crick was in my neck as I gazed up to the two remaining horns yes *two* of them one for Queequeg and one for me It s ominous thinks I A Coffin my Innkeeper upon landing in my first whaling port tombstones staring at me in the whalemen s chapel and here a gallows! and a pair of prodigious black pots too! Are these last throwing out oblique hints touching Tophet?

I was called from these reflections by the sight of a freckled woman with yellow hair and a yellow gown standing in the porch of the inn under a dull red lamp swinging there that looked much like an injured eye and carrying on a brisk scolding with a man in a purple woollen shirt

'Get along with ye said she to the man, 'or I'll be combing ye!

Come on Queequeg' said I all right There s Mrs Hussey

And so it turned out Mr Hosea Hussey being from home but leaving Mrs Hussey entirely competent to attend to all his affairs Upon making known our desires for a supper and a bed Mrs Hussey postponing further scolding for the present ushered us into a little room and seating us at a table spread with the relics of a recently concluded repast turned round to us and said— Clam or Cod?

What s that about Cods ma am? said I with much politeness

Clam or Cod? she repeated

A clam for supper? a cold clam is *that* what you mean Mrs Hussey? says I! but that s a rather cold and clammy reception in the winter time ain t it Mrs Hussey?

But being in a great hurry to resume scolding the man in the purple shirt who was waiting for it in the entry and seeming to hear nothing but the word clam Mrs Hussey hurried towards an open door leading to the kitchen and bawling out clam for two disappeared

Queequeg said I do you think that we can make a supper for us both on one clam?

However a warm savory steam from the kitchen served to belie the apparently cheerless prospect before us But when that smoking chowder came in the mystery was delightfully explained Oh! sweet friends hearken to me It was made of small juicy clams scarcely bigger than hazel nuts mixed with pounded ship biscuits, and salted pork cut up into little flakes! the whole enriched with butter and plentifully seasoned with pepper and salt Our appetites being sharpened by the frosty voyage and in particular Queequeg seeing his favourite fishing food before him and the chowder being surpassingly excellent we despatched it with great expedition when leaning back a moment and bethinking me of Mrs Hussey s clam and cod announcement I thought I would try a little experiment
to the kitchen door, I uttered the word cod with

emphasis, and resumed my seat In a few moments the savoury steam came forth again but with a different flavor and in good time a fine cod-chowder was placed before us

We resumed business and while plying our spoons in the bowl thinks I to myself I wonder now if this here has any effect on the head? What s that stultifying saying about chowder headed people? But look Queequeg ain t that a live eel in your bowl? Where s your harpoon?

Fishiest of all fishy places was the Try Pots which well deserved its name for the pots there were always boiling chowders Chowder for breakfast and chowder for dinner and chowder for supper till you began to look for fish bones coming through your clothes The area before the house was paved with clam shells Mrs Hussey wore a polished neck lace of codfish vertebra and Hosea Hussey had his account books bound in superior old shark skin There was a fishy flavor to the milk too which I could not at all account for till one morning happening to take a stroll along the beach among some fishermen s boats I saw Hosea s brindled cow feeding on fish remnants and marching along the sand with each foot in a cod s decapitated head looking very slipshod I assure ye

Supper concluded we received a lamp and directions from Mrs Hussey concerning the nearest way to bed but as Queequeg was about to precede me up the stairs the lady reached forth her arm and demanded his harpoon she allowed no harpoon in her chambers Why not? said I every true whaleman sleeps with his harpoon—but why not? Because it s dangerous says she Ever since young Stiggs coming from that unfort nt v y ge of his when he was gone four years and a half with only three barrels of *ile* was found dead in my first floor back with his harpoon in his side ever since then I allow no boarders to take sich dangerous weepons in their rooms at night So Mr Queequeg (for she had learned his name) 'I will just take this here iron and keep it for you till morning But the chowder *clam or cod to morrow for breakfast* men?'

Both says I and let s have a couple of smoked herring by way of variety

CHAPTER XVI

THE SHIP

In bed we concocted our plans for the morrow But to my surprise and no small concern Queequeg now gave me to understand that he had been diligently consulting Yojo —the name of his black little god—and Yojo had told him two or three times over and strongly insisted upon it everyway that instead of our going together among the whaling fleet in harbor and in concert electing our craft instead of this I say Yojo earnestly enjoined that the selection of the ship should rest wholly with me inasmuch as Yojo purposed befriending us and in order to do so had already pitched upon a vessel which if left to myself I Ishmael should infallibly light upon for all the world as though it had turned out by chance and in that vessel I must immediately ship myself for the present irrespective of Queequeg

I have forgotten to mention that in many things Queequeg placed great confidence in the excellence of Yojo's judgment and surprising forecast of things and cherished Yojo with considerable esteem as a rather good sort of god who perhaps meant well enough upon the whole but in all cases did not succeed in his benevolent designs

Now this plan of Queequeg's or rather Yojo's touching the election of our craft I did not like that plan at all I had not a little relied upon Queequeg's sagacity to point out the whaler best fitted to carry us and our fortunes securely But as all my remonstrances produced no effect upon Queequeg I was obliged to acquiesce and accordingly prepared to set about this business with a determined rushing sort of energy and vigor that should quickly settle that trifling little affair Next morning early leaving Queequeg shut up with Yojo in our little bedroom—for it seemed that it was some sort of Lent or Ramadan or day of fasting humiliation and prayer with Queequeg and Yojo that day *how* it was I never could find out for though I applied myself to it several times I never could master his liturgies and XXXIX Articles—leaving Queequeg then fasting on

his *tomahawk pipe* and Yojo warming himself at his sacrificial fire of shavings I sallied out among the shipping After much prolonged sauntering and many random inquiries I learnt that there were three ships up for three-year voyages—The Devil-dam, the Tit bit and the Pequod *Devil-dam* I do not know the origin of, *Tit bit* is obvious *Pequod* you will no doubt remember was the name of a celebrated tribe of Massachusetts Indians, now extinct as the ancient Medes I peered and pried about the Devil-dam from her hopped over to the Tit bit and finally going on board the Pequod looked around her for a moment and then decided that this was the very ship for us

You may have seen many a quaint craft in your day, for aught I know—square toed luggers mountainous Japanese junks butter box galliots and what not but take my word for it you never saw such a rare old craft as this same rare old Pequod She was a ship of the old school rather small if anything with an old fashioned claw footed look about her Long seasoned and weather stained in the typhoons and calms of all four oceans her old hull s complexion was darkened like a French grenadier s who has alike fought in Egypt and Siberia Her venerable bows looked bearded Her masts—cut somewhere on the coast of Japan where her original ones were lost overboard in a gale—her masts stood stiffly up like the spines of the three old kings of Cologne Her ancient decks were worn and wrinkled like the pilgrim worshipped flag stone in Canterbury Cathedral where Becket bled But to all these her old antiquities were added new and marvellous features pertaining to the wild business that for more than half a century she had followed Old Captain Peleg many years her chief mate before he commanded another vessel of his own and now a retired seaman and one of the principal owners of the Pequod—this old Peleg during the term of his chief mateship had built upon her original grotesqueness and inlaid it all over with a quaintness both of material and device unmatched by anything except it be Thorkill Hake s carved buckler or bedstead She was apparelled like any barbaric Ethiopian emperor his neck

heavy with pendants of polished ivory She was a thing of trophies A cannibal of a craft tricking herself forth in the chased bones of her enemies All round her unpanelled open bulwarks were garnished like one continuous jaw with the long sharp teeth of the sperm whale inserted there for pins to fasten her old hempen thews and tendons to Tho e thews ran not through base blocks of land wood but deftly travelled over sheaves of ea ivory Scorning a turnstile wheel at her reverend helm he sported there a tiller and that tiller was in one mass curiously carved from the long narrow lower jaw of her hereditary foe The helmsman who steered by that tiller in a tempest felt like the Tartar when he holds back his fiery steed by clutching its jaw A noble craft but somehow a most melancholy! All noble things are touched with that

Now when I looked about the quarter-deck for some one having authority in order to propose myself as a candidate for the voyage at first I saw nobody but I could not well overlook a strange sort of tent or rather wigwam pitched a little behind the main mast It seemed only a temporary erection used in port It was of a conical shape ome ten feet high consisting of the long huge slabs of limber black bone taken from the middle and highest part of the jaws of the right whale Planted with their broad ends on the deck a circle of these slabs laced together mutually loped towards each other and at the apex united in a tufted point where the loose hairy fibres waved to and fro like the top-knot on ome old Pottowottamie Sachem s head A triangular opening faced towards the bows of the ship so that the insider commanded a complete view forward

And half concealed in this queer tenement I at length found one who by his aspect seemed to have authority and who it being noon and the ship s work suspended was now enjoying re pite from the burden of command He was seated on an old fashioned oaken chair wriggling all over with curious carving and the bottom of which was formed of a stout interlacing of the same elastic stuff of which the wigwam was con tructed

There was nothing so very particular perhaps a

the largest owners of the vessel, the other shares as ı sometimes the case in these ports being held by a crowd of old annuitants widows fatherless children and chancery wards each owning about the value of a timber head or a foot of plank, or a nail or two in the ship People in Nantucket invest their money in whaling vessels the same way that you do yours in approved state stocks bringing in good interest

Now Bildad like Peleg and indeed many other Nan tucketers was a Quaker the island having been originally settled by that ect and to this day its inhabitants in general retain in an uncommon measure the peculiarities of the Quaker only variously and anomalously modified by things altogether alien and heterogeneous For some of these same Quakers are the most sanguinary of all sailors and whale hunters They are fighting Quakers they are Quakers with a vengeance

So that there are instances among them of men who named with Scripture names—a singularly common fashion on the ı land—and in childhood naturally imbibing the *stately dramatic thee and thou of the Quaker idiom* still from the audacious daring and boundless adventure of their sub equent lives strangely blend with the e unout grown peculiarities a thousand bold dashes of character not unworthy a Scandinavian sea king or a poetical Pagan Roman And when these things unite in a man of greatly superior natural force with a globular brain and a pon derous heart who has al o by the stillness and seclusion of many long night watches in the remotest waters and beneath con tellations never een here at the north been led to think untraditionally and independently receiving all nature s weet or avage impressions fresh from her own virgin voluntary and confiding breast and thereby chiefly but with some help from a cidental advantages to learn a bold and nervous lofty language—that man makes one in a whole nation s census—a mighty pageant creature formed for noble tragedies Nor will it at all detract from him dramatically regarded if either by birth or other circumstances he have what seems a half wilful over ruling morbidness at the bottom of his nature F

all men tragically great are made so through a certain morbidness Be sure of this O young ambition all mortal greatness is but disease But as yet we have not to do with such an one but with quite another and still a man who if indeed peculiar it only results again from another phase of the Quaker modified by individual circumstances

Like Captain Peleg Captain Bildad was a well to-do retired whaleman But unlike Captain Peleg—who cared not a rush for what are called serious things and indeed deemed those self same serious things the veriest of all trifles—Captain Bildad had not only been originally educated according to the strictest sect of Nantucket Quakerism but all his subsequent ocean life and the sight of many unclad lovely island creatures round the Horn—all that had not moved this native born Quaker one single jot had not so much as altered one angle of his vest Still for all this immutableness was there some lack of common consistency about worthy Captain Peleg Though refusing from conscientious scruples to bear arms against land invaders yet himself had illimitably invaded the Atlantic and Pacific and though a sworn foe to human bloodshed yet had he in his straight bodied coat spilled tuns upon tuns of leviathan gore How now in the contemplative evening of his days the pious Bildad reconciled these things in the reminiscence I do not know but it did not seem to concern him much and very probably he had long since come to the sage and sensible conclusion that a man s religion is one thing and this practical world quite another This world pays dividends Rising from a little cabin boy in short clothes of the drabbest drab to a harpooneer in a broad shad bellied waistcoat from that becoming boat header chief mate and captain and finally a ship owner Bildad as I hinted before had concluded his adventurous career by wholly retiring from active life at the goodly age of sixty and dedicating his remaining days to the quiet receiving of his well earned income

Now Bildad I am sorry to say had the reputation of being an incorrigible old hunks and in his sea going days a bitter, hard task master They told me in Nantucket

though it certainly seems a curious story, that when he sailed the old Categut whaleman his crew, upon arriving home were mostly all carried ashore to the hospital sore exhausted and worn out For a pious man especially for a Quaker, he was certainly rather hard hearted to say the least He never used to swear though at his men they said but somehow he got an inordinate quantity of cruel unmitigated hard work out of them When Bildad was a chief mate to have his drab-colored eye intently looking at you made you feel completely nervous till you could clutch something—a hammer or a marling spike and go to work like mad at something or other never mind what Indolence and idleness perished from before him His own person was the exact embodiment of his utilitarian char acter On his long gaunt body he carried no pare flesh no superfluous beard his chin having a oft economical nap to it like the worn nap of his broad brimmed hat

Such then was the per on that I saw seated on the transom when I followed Captain Peleg down into the cabin The space between the decks was small and there bolt upright sat old Bildad who always sat so and never leaned and this to ave his coat tails His broad brim was placed beside him his legs were stiffly crossed his drab ve ture was buttoned up to his chin and spectacles on nose he seemed absorbed in reading from a ponderous volume

Bildad cried Captain Peleg at it again Bildad eh? Ye have been studying tho e Scriptures now for the last thirty years to my certain knowledge How far ye got Bildad?

As if long habituated to uch profane talk from his old shipmate Bildad without noticing his present irreverence quietly looked up and seeing me glanced again inquiringly towards Peleg

He says he s our man Bildad said Peleg he wants to ship

Dost thee? aid Bildad in a hollow tone and turning round to me

I *dost* said I unconsciously he was so intense a Quaker

What do ye think of [illegible] Bildad? said Peleg

'He'll do said Bildad eyeing me and then went on spelling away at his book in a mumbling tone quite audible I thought him the queerest old Quaker I ever saw especially as Peleg his friend and old shipmate seemed such a blusterer But I said nothing only looking round me sharply Peleg now threw open a chest and drawing forth the ship s articles placed pen and ink before him and seated himself at a little table I began to think it was high time to settle with myself at what terms I would be willing to engage for the voyage I was already aware that in the whaling business they paid no wages but all hands includ ing the captain received certain shares of the profits called *lays* and that these lays were proportioned to the degree of importance pertaining to the respective duties of the ship s company I was also aware that being a green hand at whaling my own lay would not be very large but con ider ing that I was used to the sea could steer a ship splice a rope and all that I made no doubt that from all I had heard I should be offered at least the 75th lay—that is the 275th part of the clear nett proceeds of the voyage whatever that might eventually amount to And though the 75th lay was what they call a rather *long lay* yet it was better than nothing and if we had a lucky voyage might pretty nearly pay for the clothing I would wear out on it not to speak of my three years beef and board for which I would not have to pay one stiver

It might be thought that this was a poor way to accumu late a princely fortune—and so it was a very poor way indeed But I am one of those who never take on about princely fortunes and am quite content if the world is ready to board and lodge me while I am putting up at this grim sign of the Thunder Cloud Upon the whole I thought the 275th lay would be about the fair thing but would not have been surpri ed had I been offered the ooth considering I was of a broad shouldered make

But one thing nevertheless that made me a little dis trustful about receiving a generous share of the profits was this Ashore I had heard something of both Captain Peleg and his unaccountable old crony Bildad how that they being the principal proprietors of the Pequod therefore

the other and more inconsiderable and scattered owners left nearly the whole management of the hip s affairs to these two And I did not know but what the stingy old Bildad might have a mighty deal to say about shipping hands especially as I now found him on board the Pequod quite at home there in the cabin and reading his Bible as if at his own fireside Now while Peleg was vainly trying to mend a pen with his jack knife old Bildad to my no small surprise considering that he was such an interested party in these proceedings Bildad never heeded us but went on mumbling to himself out of his book *Lay* not up *for your elves treasures upon earth where moth—*

Well Captain Bi dad interrupted Peleg what d ye say what lay shall we give this young man?

Thou knowest best was the sepulchral reply the seven hundred and seventy eventh wouldn t be too much would it?—where moth and rust do corrupt but *lay* —

Lay indeed thought I and such a lay! the seven hundred and eventy seventh! Well old Bildad you are determined that I for one hall not *lay* up many *lays* here below where moth and rust do corrupt It was an exceedingly *long lay* that indeed and though from the magnitude of the figure it might at first deceive a landsman yet the slightest con sideration will show that though seven hundred and seventy seven is a pretty large number yet when you come to make a *teenth* of it, you will then ee I say that the seven hun dred and seventy eventh part of a farthing is a good deal less than seven hundred and seventy even gold doubloons and so I thought at the time

Why blast your eyes Bildad cried Peleg thou dost not want to swindle this young man! he must have more than that

Seven hundred and seventy seventh again said Bildad without lifting his eyes and then went on mumbling— for where your treasure is there will your heart be al o

I am going to put him down for the three hundredth' said Peleg do ye hear that Bildad! The three hundredth lay I say

Bildad laid down his book and turning solemnly towards him said 'Captain Peleg thou hast a generous heart but

thou must consider the duty thou owest to the other owners of this ship—widows and orphans many of them—and that if we too abundantly reward the labors of this young man we may be taking the bread from those widows and those orphans The seven hundred and seventy seventh lay, Captain Peleg

Thou Bildad roared Peleg starting up and clattering about the cabin Blast ye Captain Bildad if I had followed thy advice in these matters I would afore now had a conscience to lug about that would be heavy enough to founder the largest ship that ever sailed round Cape Horn

Captain Peleg said Bildad steadily thy conscience may be drawing ten inches of water or ten fathoms I can t tell but as thou art still an impenitent man Captain Peleg I greatly fear lest thy conscience be but a leaky one and will in the end sink thee foundering down to the fiery pit Captain Peleg

'Fiery pit' fiery pit ye insult me man past all natural bearing ye insult me It s an all fired outrage to tell any human creature that he s bound to hell Flukes and flames! Bildad say that again to me and start my soul bolts but I'll—I ll—yes I ll swallow a live goat with all his hair and horns on Out of the cabin ye canting drab colored son of a wooden gun—a straight wake with ye!

As he thundered out this he made a rush at Bildad but with a marvellous oblique sliding celerity Bildad for that time eluded him

Alarmed at this terrible outburst betwen the two principal and responsible owners of the ship and feeling half a mind to give up all idea of sailing in a vessel so questionably owned and temporarily commanded I stepped aside from the door to give egress to Bildad who I made no doubt was all eagerness to vanish from before the awakened wrath of Peleg But to my astonishment he sat down again on the transom very quietly and seemed to have not the slightest intention of withdrawing He seemed quite used to impenitent Peleg and his ways As for Peleg after letting off his rage as he had there seemed no more left in him and he too sat down like a lamb though he twitched a little as if still nervously agitated Whew! he whistled

at last— the squall s gone off to leeward, I think Bildad, thou used to be good at sharpening a lance, mend that pen will ye My jack knife here needs the grindstone That s he thank ye Bildad Now then my young man I hmael s thy name didn t ye say? Well then down ye go here, Ishmael for the three hundredth lay

Captain Peleg ' said I 'I have a friend with me who wants to ship too—shall I bring him down to morrow?

To be sure," said Peleg Fetch him along and we ll look at him '

What lay does he want? groaned Bildad glancing up from the book in which he had again been burying himself

Oh! never thee mind about that Bildad said Peleg 'Has he ever whaled it any? turning to me

Killed more whales than I can count Captain Peleg

Well bring him along then

And after signing the papers off I went nothing doubt ing but that I had done a good morning s work and that the Pequod was the identical ship that Yojo had provided to carry Queequeg and me round the Cape

But I had not proceeded far when I began to bethink me that the Captain with whom I was to sail yet remained unseen by me though indeed in many cases a whale ship will be completely fitted out and receive all her crew on board ere the captain makes himself visible by arriving to take command for sometimes these voyages are so pro longed and the shore intervals at home o exceedingly brief, that if the captain have a family or any absorbing con cernment of that sort he does not trouble himself much about his ship in port but leaves her to the owners till all is ready for sea However it is always as well to have a look at him before irrevocably committing yourself into his hands Turning back I accosted Captain Peleg inquiring where Captain Ahab was to be found

And what dost thou want of Captain Ahab? It s all right enough thou art shipped

Yes but I should like to see him

But I don t think thou wilt be able to at present I don t know exactly wha s the matter with him but he keeps close inside the house a sort of sick and yet he don t

look so In fact, he ain t sick but no he isn t well either Any how young man he won t always see me so I don t suppose he will thee He s a queer man Captain Ahab—so some think—but a good one Oh thou'lt like him well enough no fear no fear He s a grand ungodly god like man Captain Ahab doesn t speak much but when he does speak then you may well listen Mark ye be forewarned Ahab s above *the common* Ahab s been in colleges as well as mong the cannibals been used to deeper wonders than the waves fixed his fiery lance in mightier stranger foes than whales His lance! aye the keenest and surest that out of all our isle! Oh! he ain t Captain Bildad no and he ain t Captain Peleg *he s Ahab* boy and Ahab of old thou knowest was a crowned king!

And a very vile one When that wicked king was slain the dogs did they not lick his blood?

Come hither to me—hither hither said Peleg *with a* significance in his eye that almost startled me Look ye lad never say that on board the Pequod Never say it anywhere Captain Ahab did not name himself Twas a foolish ignorant whim of his crazy widowed mother who died when he was only a twelvemonth old And yet the old squaw Tistig at Gayhead said that the name would somehow prove prophetic And perhaps other fools like her may tell thee the same I wish to warn thee It s a lie I know Captain Ahab well I ve sailed with him as mate years ago I know what he is—a good man—not a pious good man like Bildad but a swearing good man—something like me—only there s a good deal more of him Aye aye I know that he was never very jolly and I know that on the passage home he was a little out of his mind for a spell but it was the sharp hooting pains in his bleeding stump that brought that about as any one might see I know too that ever since he lost his leg last voyage by that accursed whale he s been a kind of moody—desperate moody and savage sometimes but that will all pass off And once for all let me tell thee and assure thee young man it s better to sail with a moody good captain than a laughing bad one So good bye to thee—and wrong not aptain Ahab because he happens to have a wicked name

Besides, my boy, he has a wife—not three voyages wedded —a sweet, resigned girl Think of that by that sweet girl that old man had a child hold ye then there can be any utter hopeless harm in Ahab? No no my lad stricken blasted if he be, Ahab has his humanities!

As I walked away I was full of thoughtfulness what had been incidentally revealed to me of Captain Ahab filled me with a certain wild vagueness of painfulness concerning him And somehow at the time I felt a sympathy and a sorrow for him but for I don t know what unless it was the cruel loss of his leg And yet I also felt a strange awe of him but that sort of awe which I cannot at all describe was not exactly awe I do not know what it was But I felt it and it did not disincline me towards him though I felt impatience at what seemed like mystery in him o imperfectly as he was known to me then However my thoughts were at length carried in other directions so that for the present dark Ahab slipped my mind

CHAPTER XVII

THE RAMADAN

As Queequeg s Ramadan or Fasting and Humiliation, was to continue all day I did not choose to disturb him till towards night fall for I cherish the greatest respect towards everybody s religious obligations never mind how comical and could not find it in my heart to undervalue even a congregation of ants worshipping a toad stool or tho e other creatures in certain parts of our earth who with a *degree of footmanism quite unprecedented in oth r* planets bow down before the tor o of a decea ed landed proprietor merely on account of the inordinate possessions yet owned and rented in his name

I say we good Presbyterian Christians should be charitable in these things and not fancy ourselves so vastly superior to other mortals pagans and what not becau e of their half-crazy conceits on these subjects There was Queequeg now certainly entertaining the most absurd

notions about Yojo and his Ramadan —but what of that? Queequeg thought he knew what he was about I suppose, he seemed to be content and there let him rest All our arguing with him would not avail let him be I say and Heaven have mercy on us all—Presbyterians and Pagans alike—for we are all somehow dreadfully cracked about the head and sadly need mending

Towards evening when I felt assured that all his performances and rituals must be over I went up to his room and knocked at the door but no answer I tried to open it but it was fastened inside Queequeg said I softly through the key hole —all silent I say Queequeg! why don t you speak? It s I—Ishmael But all remained still as before I began to grow alarmed I had allowed him such abundant time I thought he might have had an apoplectic fit I looked through the key hole but the door opening into an odd corner of the room the key hole prospect was but a crooked and sinister one I could only see part of the foot board of the bed and a line of the wall but nothing more I was surprised to behold resting against the wall the wooden shaft of Queequeg s harpoon which the landlady the evening previous had taken from him before our mounting to the chamber That s strange thought I but at any rate since the harpoon stands yonder and he seldom or never goes abroad without it therefore he must be inside here and no possible mistake

Queequeg!—Queequeg! —all still Something must have happened Apoplexy! I tried to burst open the door but it stubbornly resisted Running down stairs I quickly stated my suspicions to the first person I met—the chamber maid La! la! she cried I thought something must be the matter I went to make the bed after breakfast and the door was locked and not a mouse to be heard and it s been just so silent ever since But I thought may be you had both gone off and locked your baggage in for safe keeping La! La ma am!—Mistress! murder! Mrs Hussey! apoplexy! —and with these cries she ran towards the kitchen I following

Mrs Hussey soon appeared with a mustard pot in one hand and a vinegar-cruet in the other having just broken

away from the occupation of attending to the castors and scolding her little black boy meantime

Wood house! cried I which way to it? Run for God s sake and fetch something to pry open the door—the axe!—the axe!—he s had a stroke depend upon it! —and so saying I was unmethodically rushing up stairs again empty handed when Mrs Hussey interposed the mustard pot and vinegar-cruet and the entire castor of her countenance

What s the matter with you young man?

'Get the axe! For God s sake run for the doctor some one while I pry it open!

'Look here said the landlady quickly putting down the vinegar-cruet so as to have one hand free look here are you talking about prying open any of my doors? —and with that she seized my arm 'What s the matter with you? What s the matter with you shipmate?

In as calm but rapid a manner as possible I gave her to understand the whole case Unconsciously clapping the vinegar-cruet to one side of her nose she ruminated for an instant then exclaimed— No! I haven t seen it since I put it there ' Running to a little closet under the landing of the stairs she glanced in and returning told me that Queequeg s harpoon was missing He s killed himself she cried It s unfort nate Stiggs done over again—there goes another counterpane—God pity his poor mother!—it will be the ruin of my house Has the poor lad a sister? Where's that girl?—there Betty go to Snarles the Painter and tell him to paint me a sign with— no uicides permitted here and no smoking in the parlor —might as well kill both birds at once Kill? The Lord be merciful to his ghost! What s that noise there? You young man avast there!

And running after me she caught me as I was again trying to force open the door

I won t allow it I won t have my premises spoiled Go for the locksmith there s one about a mile from here But avast! putting her hand in her side pocket ' here s a key that ll fit I guess let s see ' And with that she turned it

in the lock but alas! Queequeg's supplemental bolt remained unwithdrawn within

'Have to burst it open' said I and was running down the entry a little for a good start when the landlady caught at me again vowing I should not break down her premises but I tore from her and with a sudden bodily rush dashed myself full against the mark

With a prodigious noise the door flew open and the knob slamming against the wall sent the plaster to the ceiling and there good heavens! there sat Queequeg altogether cool on his hams and holding Yojo on top of his head He looked neither one way nor the other way but sat like a carved image with scarce a sign of active life

Queequeg said I going up to him Queequeg, what's the matter with you?

He hain't been a sittin so all day has he? said the landlady

But all we said not a word could we drag out of him I almost felt like pushing him over, so as to change his position, for it was almost intolerable it seemed so painfully and unnaturally constrained especially as in all probability he had been sitting so for upwards of eight or ten hours going too without his regular meals

'Mrs Hussey said I he's *alive* at all events so leave us if you please, and I will see to this strange affair myself'

Closing the door upon the landlady I endeavored to prevail upon Queequeg to take a chair but in vain There he sat, and all he could do—for all my polite arts and blandishments—he would not move a peg nor say a single word nor even look at me nor notice my presence in the slightest way

I wonder thought I if this can possibly be a part of his Ramadan do they fast on their hams that way in his native island It must be so yes, it's a part of his creed I suppose well then let him rest he'll get up sooner or later, no doubt It can't last for ever, thank God and his Ramadan only comes once a year and I don't believe it's very punctual then

I went down to supper After sitting a long time listening to the long stories of some sailors who had just come

from a plum pudding voyage as they called it (that is a short whaling voyage in a schooner or brig confined to the north of the line in the Atlantic Ocean only) after listening to these plum puddingers till nearly eleven o clock I went up stairs to go to bed feeling quite sure by this time Queequeg must certainly have brought his Ramadan to a termination But no there he was just where I had left him he had not stirred an inch I began to grow vexed with him it seemed so downright senseless and insane to be sitting there all day and half the night on his hams in a cold room holding a piece of wood on his head

For heaven s sake Queequeg get up and shake your self get up and have some supper You'll starve you ll kill yourself Queequeg But not a word did he reply

Despairing of him therefore I determined to go to bed and to sleep, and no doubt before a great while he would follow me But previous to turning in I took my heavy bearskin jacket and threw it over him as it promised to be a very cold night and he had nothing but his ordinary round jacket on For some time do all I would I could not get into the faintest doze I had blown out the candle and the mere thought of Queequeg—not four feet off—sitting there in that uneasy position stark alone in the cold and dark this made me really wretched Think of it *sleeping all night in the same room with a wide awake* pagan on his hams in this dreary unaccountable Ramadan!

But somehow I dropped off at last and knew nothing more till break of day when looking over the bedside there squatted Queequeg as if he had been screwed down to the floor But as soon as the first glimpse of sun entered the window up he got with stiff and grating joints but with a cheerful look limped towards me where I lay pressed his forehead again against mine and said his Ramadan was over

Now as I before hinted I have no objection to any person s religion be it what it may so long as that person does not kill or insult any other person because that other person don t believe it also But when a man s religion becomes really frantic when it is a positive torment to him and in fine makes this earth of ours an uncomfortable inn

to lodge in then I think it high time to take that individual aside and argue the point with him

And just so I now did with Queequeg Queequeg' said I, 'get into bed now, and lie and listen to me' I then went on beginning with the rise and progress of the primitive religions and coming down to the various religions of the present time during which time I labored to show Queequeg that all these Lents Ramadans and prolonged ham quattings in cold cheerless rooms were stark non sense bad for the health useless for the soul opposed, in short to the obvious laws of Hygiene and common sense I told him too that he being in other things such an extremely sensible and sagacious savage it pained me, very badly pained me to see him now so deplorably foolish about this ridiculous Ramadan of his Besides argued I, fasting makes the body cave in hence the spirit caves in and all thoughts born of a fast must necessarily be half starved This is the reason why most dyspeptic religionists cherish such melancholy notions about their hereafters In one word Queequeg said I rather disgressively hell is an idea first born on an undigested apple-dumpling and since then perpetuated through the hereditary dyspepsias nurtured by Ramadans

I then asked Queequeg whether he himself was ever troubled with dyspepsia expressing the idea very plainly, so that he could take it in He said no only upon one memorable occasion It was after a great feast given by his father the king on the gaining of a great battle wherein fifty of the enemy had been killed by about two o clock in the afternoon and all cooked and eaten that very evening

'No more Queequeg' said I shuddering that will do, for I knew the inferences without his further hinting them I had seen a sailor who had visited that very island and he told me that it was the custom when a great battle had been gained there to barbecue all the slain in the yard or garden of the victor and then one by one they were placed in great wooden trenchers and garnished round like a pilau with breadfruit and cocoanuts and with some parsley in their mouths were sent round with the victor s

compliments to all his friends just as though these presents were so many Christmas turkeys

After all I do not think that my remarks about religion made much impression upon Queequeg Because in the first place he somehow seemed dull of hearing on that important subject unless considered from his own point of view and, in the second place he did not more than one third understand me couch my ideas simply as I would and finally he no doubt thought he knew a good deal more about the true religion than I did He looked at me with a sort of condescending concern and compassion as though he thought it a great pity that such a sensible young man should be o hopelessly lost to evangelical pagan piety

At last we rose and dressed and Queequeg taking a prodigious hearty breakfast of chowders of all sorts, so that the landlady should not make much profit by reason of his Ramadan we sallied out to board the Pequod saun tering along and picking our teeth with halibut bones

CHAPTER XVIII

HIS MARK

As we were walking down the end of the wharf towards the ship Queequeg carrying his harpoon Captain Peleg in his gruff voice loudly hailed us from his wigwam say ing he had not suspected my friend was a cannibal and furthermore announcing that he let no cannibals on board that craft unless they previously produced their papers

What do you mean by that Captain Peleg? said I now jumping on the bulwarks and leaving my comrade standing on the wharf

I mean he replied he must show his papers

Yes said Captain Bildad in his hollow voice stick ing his head from behind Peleg s out of the wigwam He must show that he s converted Son of darkness he added turned to Queequeg art thou at present in communion with any Christian church?

Why said I, he s a member of the first Congre

gational Church' Here be it said that many tattooed savages sailing in Nantucket ships at last come to be converted into the churches

First Congregational Church cried Bildad 'what! that worships in Deacon Deuteronomy Coleman s meeting house? and so saying taking out his spectacles he rubbed them with his great yellow bandana handkerchief and putting them on very carefully came out of the wigwam and leaning stiffly over the bulwarks took a good long look at Queequeg

How long hath he been a member? he then said turning to me not very long I rather guess young man"

No said Peleg and he hasn t been baptized right either or it would have washed some of that devil s blue off his face

Do tell now cried Bildad is this Philistine a regular member of Deacon Deuteronomy s meeting? I never saw him going there and I pass it every Lord s day'

'I don t know anything about Deacon Deuteronomy or his meeting said I all I know is that Queequeg here is a born member of the First Congregational Church He is a deacon him elf Queequeg is

Young man said Bildad ternly thou art skylarking with me—explain thy elf thou young Hittite What church dost thee mean? answer me

Finding myself thus hard pushed I replied 'I mean sir the same ancient Catholic Church to which you and I and Captain Peleg there and Queequeg here and all of us and every mother s on and oul of us belong the great and everlasting First Congregation of this whole worshipping world we all belong to that only some of us cherish some crotchets noways touching the grand belief in that we all join hands

Splice thou mean st *splice* hands cried Peleg drawing nearer Young man you d better ship for a missionary instead of a fore mast hand I never heard a better sermon Deacon Deuteronomy—why Father Mapple himself couldn t beat it and he s reckoned something Come aboard come aboard never mind about the papers I say tell Quohog there—what's that you call him? tell Quohog to step along

By the great anchor, what a harpoon he s got there! looks like good stuff that and he handles it about right I say Quohog or whatever your name is did you ever stand in the head of a whale boat? did you ever strike a fish?

Without saying a word Queequeg in his wild sort of way jumped upon the bulwarks from thence into the bows of one of the whale boats hanging to the side and then bracing his left knee and poising his harpoon cried out in ome such way as this —

Cap ain you see him small drop tar on water dere? You see him? well spose him one whale eye well den! and taking sharp aim at it, he darted the iron right over old Bildad s broad brim clean across the ship s decks, *and struck the glistening tar spot out of sight*

Now said Queequeg quietly hauling in the line, spos ee him whale-e eye why dad whale dead

Quick Bildad said Peleg his partner who aghast at the close vicinity of the flying harpoon had retreated *towards* the cabin gangway *Quick I say you Bildad* and get the ship s papers We must have Hedgehog there I mean Quohog in one of our boats Look ye Quohog we ll give ye the ninetieth lay and that s more than ever was given a harpooneer yet out of Nantucket

So down we went into the cabin and to my great joy Queequeg was soon enrolled among the same ship s com pany to which I myself belonged

When all preliminaries were over and Peleg had got everything ready for signing he turned to me and said I guess Quohog there don t know how to write does he? I say Quohog blast ye! dost thou sign thy name or make thy mark?

But at this question Queequeg who had twice or thrice before taken part in similar ceremonies looked no way abashed but taking the offered pen copied upon the paper in the proper place an exact counterpart of a queer round figure which was tattooed upon his arm so that through Captain Peleg s obstinate mistake touching his appellative it stood something like this —

Quohog
his ✠ mark

Meanwhile Captain Bildad sat earnestly and steadfastly eyeing Queequeg and at last rising solemnly and fumbling in the huge pockets of his broad skirted drab coat took out a bundle of tracts and selecting one entitled The Latter Day Coming or No Time to Lose placed it in Queequeg s hands and then grasping them and the book with both his looked earnestly into his eyes and said Son of darkness I must do my duty by thee I am part owner of this ship and feel concerned for the souls of all its crew if thou still clingest to thy Pagan ways which I sadly fear I beseech thee remain not for aye a Belial bondsman Spurn the idol Bell and the hideous dragon turn from the wrath to come mind thine eye I say oh! goodness gracious! steer clear of the fiery pit!

Something of the salt sea yet lingered in old Bildad s language heterogeneously mixed with Scriptural and domestic phrases

Avast there avast there Bildad avast now spoiling our harpooneer Peleg Pious harpooneers never make good voyagers—it takes the shark out of em no harpooneer is worth a straw who aint pretty sharkish There was young Nat Swaine once the bravest boat header out of all Nantucket and the Vineyard he joined the meeting and never came to good He got so frightened about his plaguy soul that he shrinked and sheered away from whales *for fear of after claps* in case he got stove and went to Davy Jones

Peleg! Peleg! said Bildad lifting his eyes and hands thou thyself as I myself hast seen many a perilous time thou knowest Peleg what it is to have the fear of death, how then can st thou prate in this ungodly guise Thou beliest thine own heart Peleg Tell me when this same Pequod here had her three masts *overboard* in that typhoon on Japan that same voyage when thou went mate with *Captain Ahab* did st thou not think of *Death and the Judgment* then?

Hear him hear him now cried Peleg marching across the cabin and thrusting his hands far down into his pockets — hear him all of ye Think of that! When every moment we thought the ship would sink! Death and the

Judgment then? What? With all three masts making such an everlasting thundering against the side and every sea breaking over us fore and aft Think of Death and the Judgment then? No! no time to think about death then Life was what Captain Ahab and I was thinking of and how to save all hands—how to rig jury masts—how to get into the nearest port that was what I was thinking of

Bildad said *no more* but *buttoning up his coat* stalked on deck where we followed him There he stood very quietly overlooking some sail makers who were mending a top-sail in the waist Now and then he stooped to pick up a patch or save an end of the tarred twine which otherwise might have been wasted

CHAPTER XIX

THE PROPHET

SHIPMATES have ye shipped in that ship?

Queequeg and I had just left the Pequod and were sauntering away from the water for the moment each occupied with his own thoughts when the above words were put to us by a stranger who pausing before us levelled his massive forefinger at the vessel in question He was but shabbily apparelled in faded jacket and patched trowsers a rag of a *black handkerchief investing his neck* A confluent small pox had in all directions flowed over his face and left it like the complicated ribbed bed of a torrent when the rushing waters have been dried up

Have ye shipped in her? he repeated

You mean the ship Pequod I suppose *said I* trying to gain a little more time for an uninterrupted look at him

Aye the Pequod—that ship there he said drawing back his whole arm and then rapidly shoving it straight out from him with the fixed bayonet of his pointed finger darted full at the object

Yes said I we have just signed the articles'

Anything down there about your soul ?

'About what?

'Oh perhaps you hav n't got any," he said quickly No matter though I know many chaps that hav n t got any,—good luck to em and they are all the better off for it A soul s a sort of a fifth wheel to a wagon'

'What are you jabbering about shipmate?' said I

He s got enough, though to make up for all deficiencies of that sort in other chaps abruptly said the stranger placing a nervous emphasis upon the word *he*

Queequeg ' said I 'let's go this fellow has broken loose from somewhere he s talking about something and somebody we don t know

'Stop! cried the stranger Ye said true—ye hav n t seen Old Thunder yet have ye?

Who s Old Thunder? said I again riveted with the insane earnestne s of his manner

Captain Ahab

What! the captain of our ship the Pequod?

'Aye among some of us old sailor chaps he goes by that name Ye hav n t seen him yet have ye?

'No we hav n t He s sick they say but is getting better and will be all right again before long

All right again before long! laughed the stranger with a solemnly derisive sort of laugh Look ye when Captain Ahab is all right then this left arm of mine will be all right not before

What do you know about him?

What did they *tell* you about him? Say that!

They didn t tell much of anything about him only I ve heard that he s a good whale hunter and a good captain to his crew

That s true that s true—yes both true enough But you must jump when he gives an order Step and growl growl and go—that s the word with Captain Ahab But nothing about that thing that happened to him off Cape Horn long ago when he lay like dead for three days and nights nothing about that deadly skrimmage with the Spaniard afore the altar in Santa?—heard nothing about that eh? Nothing about the silver calabash he spat into? And nothing about his losing his leg last voyage, accord

ing to the prophecy Didn t ye hear a word about them matters and something more eh? No I don t think ye did how could ye? Who knows it? Not all Nantucket I guess But howsever mayhap ye ve heard tell about the leg and how he lost it aye ye have heard of that I dare say Oh yes *that* every one knows a most—I mean they know he s only one leg and that a parmacetti took the other off

My friend said I what all this gibberish of your is about I don t know and I don t much care for it seems to me that you must be a little damaged in the head But if you are speaking of Captain Ahab of that ship there the Pequod then let me tell you that I know all about the lo s of his leg

All about it eh—sure you do?—*all?*

Pretty sure

With finger pointed and eye levelled at the Pequod the beggar like stranger stood a moment as if in a troubled reverie then starting a little turned and said — Ye ve shipped have ye? Names down on the papers? Well well what s signed is signed and what s to be will be *and then again perhaps it won t be after all Any how* it s all fixed and arranged a ready and some sailors or other must go with him I suppose as well these as any other men God pity em! Morning to ye shipmates morn ing the ineffable heavens bless ye I m sorry I stopped ye

Look here friend said I if you have anything im portant to tell us out with it but if you are only trying to bamboozle us you are mistaken in your game that s all I have to say

And it s said very well and I like to hear a chap talk up that way you are just the man for him—the likes of ye Morning to ye shipmates morning! Oh! when ye get there tell em I ve concluded not to make one of em

Ah my dear fellow you can t fool us that way—you can t fool us It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to look as if he had a great secret in him'

Morning to ye shipmates morning

Morning it is said I Come along Queequeg let s

leave this crazy man But stop, tell me your name, will you?'

Elijah

Elijah! thought I and we walked away both commenting after each other's fashion upon this ragged old sailor, and agreed that he was nothing but a humbug trying to be a bugbear But we had not gone perhaps above a hundred yards when chancing to turn a corner and looking back as I did so who should be seen but Elijah following us though at a distance Somehow the sight of him struck me so that I said nothing to Queequeg of his being behind but passed on with my comrade anxious to see whether the stranger would turn the same corner that we did He did and then it seemed to me that he was dogging us but with what intent I could not for the life of me imagine This circumstance coupled with his ambiguous, half hinting half revealing shrouded sort of talk now begat in me all kinds of vague wonderments and half apprehensions and all connected with the Pequod and Captain Ahab and the leg he had lost and the Cape Horn fit and the silver calabash and what Captain Peleg had said of him when I left the ship the day previous, and the prediction of the squaw Tistig and the voyage we had bound ourselves to sail and a hundred other shadowy things

I was resolved to satisfy myself whether this ragged Elijah was really dogging us or not and with that intent crossed the way with Queequeg and on that side of it retraced our steps But Elijah passed on without seeming to notice us This relieved me and once more and finally as it seemed to me I pronounced him in my heart, a humbug

CHAPTER XX

ALL ASTIR

A DAY or two passed and there was great activity aboard the Pequod Not only were the old sails being mended, but new sails were coming on board and bolts of canvas and coils of rigging, in short, everything betokened that the

ship s preparations were hurrying to a close Captain Peleg seldom or never went ashore but sat in his wigwam keeping a sharp look-out upon the hands Bildad did all the purchasing and providing at the stores, and the men employed in the hold and on the rigging were working till long after night fall

On the day following Queequeg s signing articles word was given at all the inns where the ship s company were stopping that their chests must be on board before night for there was no telling how soon the vessel might be sailing So Queequeg and I got down our traps resolving however to sleep ashore till the last But it seems they always give very long notice in these cases and the ship did not sail for several days But no wonder there was a good deal to be done and there is no telling how many things to be thought of before the Pequod was fully equipped

Every one knows what a multitude of things—beds sauce pans knives and forks shovels and tongs napkins nut crackers and what not are indispensable to the business of housekeeping Just so with whaling which necessitates a three years housekeeping upon the wide ocean far from all grocers costermongers doctors bakers and bankers And though this also holds true of merchant vessels yet not by any means to the same extent as with whalemen For besides the great length of the whaling voyage the numerous articles peculiar to the prosecution of the fishery and the impossibility of replacing them at the remote har bors usually frequented it must be remembered that of all ships whaling vessels are the most exposed to accidents of all kinds and especially to the destruction and loss of the very things upon which the success of the voyage most depends Hence the spare boats spare spars and spare lines and harpoons and spare everythings almost but a spare Captain and duplicate ship

At the period of our arrival at the Island the heaviest storage of the Pequod had been almost completed com prising her beef bread water fuel and iron hoops and staves But as before hinted for some time there was a continual fetching and carrying on board of divers odds and ends of things both large and small

Chief among those who did this fetching and carrying was Captain Bildad s sister a lean old lady of a most de termined and indefatigable spirit but withal very kind hearted who seemed resolved that, if *she* could help it nothing should be found wanting in the Pequod after once fairly getting to sea At one time she would come on board with a jar of pickles for the steward s pantry, another time with a bunch of quills for the chief mate s desk where he kept his log a third time with a roll of flannel for the small of some one s rheumatic back Never did any woman better deserve her name which was Charity —Aunt Charity as everybody called her And like a sis ter of charity did this charitable Aunt Charity bustle about hither and thither ready to turn her hand and heart to anything that promised to yield safety comfort and con solation to all on board a ship in which her beloved brother Bildad was concerned and in which she herself owned a score or two of well saved dollars

But it was startling to see this excellent hearted Quak eress coming on board as she did the last day, with a long oil ladle in one hand and a still longer whaling lance in the other Nor was Bildad himself nor Captain Peleg at all backward As for Bildad he carried about with him a long list of the articles needed and at every fresh arrival down went his mark opposite that article upon the paper Every once in a while Peleg came hobbling out of his whalebone den roaring at the men down the hatchways roar ing up to the riggers at the mast head and then concluded by roaring back into his wigwam

During these days of preparation Queequeg and I often visited the craft and as often I asked about Captain Ahab and how he was and when he was going to come on board his ship To these questions they would answer that he was getting better and better and was expected aboard every day meantime the two Captains, Peleg and Bildad could attend to everything necessary to fit the vessel for the voyage If I had been downright honest with myself I would have seen very plainly in my heart that I did but half fancy being committed this way to so long a voyage without once laying my eyes on the man who was

to be the absolute dictator of it so soon as the ship sailed out upon the open sea But when a man suspects any wrong it sometimes happens that if he be already involved in the matter he insensibly strives to cover up his suspicions even from himself And much this way it was with me I said nothing and tried to think nothing

At last it was given out that some time next day the ship would certainly sail So next morning Queequeg and I took a very early start

CHAPTER XXI

GOING ABOARD

It was nearly six o clock but only grey imperfect misty dawn when we drew nigh the wharf

There are some sailors running ahead there if I see right said I to Queequeg it can t be shadow she s off by sunrise I guess come on!

Avast!' cried a voice whose owner at the same time coming close behind us laid a hand upon both our shoulders and then insinuating himself between us stood stooping forward a little in the uncertain twilight strangely peering from Queequeg to me It was Elijah

Going *aboard?*

Hands off will you said I

Lookee here said Queequeg shaking himself go way!

Aint going aboard then?

Yes we are said I but what business is that of yours? Do you know Mr Elijah that I consider you a little impertinent?

No no no *I wasn t aware of that said Elijah slowly* and wonderingly looking from me to Queequeg with the most unaccountable glances

Elijah ' said I you will oblige my friend and me by withdrawing We are going to the Indian and Pacific Oceans and would prefer not to be detained

Ye be be ye? Coming back afore breakfast? '

'Hes cracked Queequeg," said I, "come on"

"Holloa!" cried stationary Elijah hailing us when we had removed a few paces

"Never mind him," said I, Queequeg come on'

But he stole up to us again and suddenly clapping his hand on my shoulder, said— Did ye see anything looking like men going towards that ship a while ago?

Struck by this plain matter of fact question I answered saying Yes I thought I did see four or five men but it was too dim to be sure

'Very dim very dim' said Elijah 'Morning to ye

Once more we quitted him but once more he came softly after us and touching my shoulder again, said 'See if you can find em now will ye?

Find who?

Morning to ye! morning to ye! he rejoined again moving off Oh! I was going to warn ye against—but never mind never mind—it s all one all in the family too, —sharp frost this morning aint it? Good bye to ye Shan t see ye again very soon I guess unless it's before the Grand Jury And with these cracked words he finally departed leaving me for the moment in no small wonderment at his frantic impudence

At last stepping on board the Pequod we found everything in profound quiet not a soul moving The cabin entrance was locked within the hatches were all on and lumbered with coils of rigging Going forward to the forecastle we found the slide of the scuttle open Seeing a light we went down and found only an old rigger there wrapped in a tattered pea jacket He was thrown at whole length upon two chests his face downwards and inclosed in his folded arms The profoundest slumber slept upon him

Those sailors we saw Queequeg where can they have gone to? said I looking dubiously at the sleeper But it seemed that, when on the wharf Queequeg had not at all noticed what I now alluded to hence I would have thought myself to have been optically deceived in that matter were it not for Elijah s otherwise inexplicable question But I beat the thing down and again marking the

sleeper jocularly hinted to Queequeg that perhaps we had best it up with the body telling him to establish himself *accordingly* He put his hand upon the sleeper s rear as though feeling if it was soft enough and then without more ado sat quietly down there

"Gracious! Queequeg don t sit there said I

Oh perry dood seat said Queequeg my country way won t hurt him face '

Face! ' said I call that his face? very benevolent countenance then but how hard he breathes he s heaving himself get off Queequeg you are heavy its grinding the face of the poor Get off Queequeg! Look he ll twitch you off soon I wonder he don t wake

Queequeg removed himself to just beyond the head of the sleeper and lighted his tomahawk pipe I sat at the feet We kept the pipe passing over the sleeper from one to the other Meanwhile upon questioning him in his broken fashion Queequeg gave me to understand that in his land owing to the absence of settees and sofas of all sorts the king chiefs and great people generally were in the custom of fattening ome of the lower orders for ot tomans and to furnish a house comfortably in that respect you had only to buy up eight or ten lazy fellows and lay them around in the piers and alcoves Besides it was very convenient on an excursion much better than those garden-chairs which are convertible into walking sticks upon occasion a chief calling his attendant and desiring him to make a ettee of himself under a spreading tree perhaps in some damp marshy place

While narrating these things every time Queequeg re ceived the tomahawk from me he flourished the hatchet side of it over the sleeper s head

What s that for Queequeg?

Perry easy kill e oh! perry easy!

He was going on with ome wild reminiscences about his tomahawk pipe which it seemed had in its two uses both brained his foes and soothed his soul when we were di rectly attracted to the sleeping rigger The strong vapor now completely filling the contracted hole it began to t upon him He breathed with a sort of muffledness, th

seemed troubled in the nose then revolved over once or twice then sat up and rubbed his eyes

Holloa! he breathed at last who be ye smokers?'

Shipped men ' answered I when does she sail?

Aye aye ye are going in her be ye? She sails to-day The Captain came aboard last night '

What Captain?—Ahab?

'Who but him indeed?

I was going to ask him some further questions concerning Ahab when we heard a noise on deck

Holloa! Starbuck's astir said the rigger He s a lively chief mate that good man and a pious, but all alive now, I must turn to And so saying he went on desk and we followed

It was now clear sunrise Soon the crew came on board in twos and threes the riggers bestirred themselves, the mates were actively engaged, and several of the shore people were busy in bringing various last things on board Meanwhile Captain Ahab remained invisibly enshrined within his cabin

CHAPTER XXII

MERRY CHRISTMAS

At length towards noon upon the final dismissal of the ship s riggers and after the Pequod had been hauled out from the wharf and after the ever thoughtful Charity had come off in a whale boat, with her last gift—a night cap for Stubb the second mate her brother in law and a spare Bible for the steward—after all this the two Captains Peleg and Bildad issued from the cabin, and turning to the chief mate Peleg said

'Now Mr Starbuck are you sure everything is right? Captain Ahab is all ready—just spoke to him—nothing more to be got from shore eh? Well, call all hands, then Muster em aft here—blast em!

No need of profane words however great the hurry Peleg said Bildad but away with thee friend Starbuck and do our bidding"

How now! Here upon the very point of starting for the voyage Captain Peleg and Captain Bildad were going it with a high hand on the quarter-deck just as if they were to be joint-commanders at sea as well as to all ap pearances in port And as for Captain Ahab no sign of him was yet to be een only they said he was in the cabin But then the idea was that his presence was by no means necessary in getting the ship under weigh and steering her well out to ea Indeed as that was not at all his proper busines but the pilot s and as he was not yet completely recovered—so they said—therefore Captain Ahab stayed below And all this seemed natural enough especially as in the merchant service many captains never show themselves on deck for a considerable time after heav ing up the anchor but remain over the cabin table having a farewell merry making with their shore friends before they quit the ship for good with the pilot

But there was not much chance to think over the mat ter for Captain Peleg was now all alive He seemed to do most of the talking and commanding and not Bildad

Aft here ye sons of bachelors he cried as the sailors lingered at the main mast Mr Starbuck drive em aft

Strike the tent there! —was the next order As I hinted before this whalebone marquee was never pitched except in port and on board the Pequod for thirty years the order to strike the tent was well known to be the next thing to heaving up the anchor

Man the capstan! Blood and thunder!—jump! —was the next command and the crew sprang for the handspikes

Now in getting under weigh the station generally oc cupied by the pilot is the forward part of the ship And here Bildad who with Peleg be it known in addition to his other officers was one of the licensed pilots of the port —he being suspected to have got himself made a pilot in order to save the Nantucket pilot fee to all the ships he was concerned in for he never piloted any other craft— Bildad I say might now be seen actively engaged in looking over the bows for the approaching anchor and at intervals singing what seemed a dismal stave of psalmody to cheer the hands at the windlass who roared forth some-

sort of chorus about the girls in Booble Alley, with hearty good will Nevertheless, not three days previous Bildad had told them that no profane songs would be allowed on board the Pequod particularly in getting under weigh and Charity his sister had placed a small choice copy of Watts in each seaman s berth

Meantime overseeing the other part of the ship, Captain Peleg ripped and swore astern in the most frightful man ner I almost thought he would sink the ship before the anchor could be got up involuntarily I paused on my handspike and told Queequeg to do the same, thinking of the perils we both ran in starting on the voyage with such a devil for a pilot I was comforting myself however with the thought that in pious Bildad might be found some salvation, spite of his seven hundred and seventy seventh lay when I felt a sudden sharp poke in my rear and turn ing round was horrified at the apparition of Captain Peleg in the act of withdrawing his leg from my immediate vicinity That was my first kick

Is that the way they heave in the marchant service? he roared Spring thou sheep head spring and break thy backbone! Why don t ye spring I say all of ye—spring! Quohog! spring thou chap with the red whiskers spring there Scotch-cap spring thou green pants Spring I say all of ye and spring your eyes out! And so saying he moved along the windlass here and there using his leg very freely while imperturbable Bildad kept leading off with his psalmody Thinks I Captain Peleg must have been drinking something to day

At last the anchor was up the sails were set and off we glided It was a short cold Christmas and as the short northern day merged into night we found ourselves almost broad upon the wintry ocean whose freezing spray cased us in ice as in polished armor The long rows of teeth on the bulwarks glistened in the moonlight and like the white ivory tusks of some huge elephant vast curving icicles depended from the bows

Lank Bildad as pilot headed the first watch and ever and anon as the old craft deep dived into the green seas, and sent the shivering frost all over her and the winds

howled, and the cordage rang his steady notes were heard —

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dre sed in living green
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between

Never did those sweet words sound more sweetly to me than then They were full of hope and fruition Spite of this frigid winter night in the boisterous Atlantic spite of my wet feet and wetter jacket there was yet it then seemed to me many a pleasant haven in store and meads and glades so eternally vernal that the grass shot up by the spring untrodden unwilted remains at midsummer

At last we gained such an offing that the two pilots were needed no longer The stout sail boat that had ac companied us began ranging alongside

It was curious and not unpleasing how Peleg and Bildad were affected at this juncture especially Captain Bildad For loath to depart yet very loath to leave for good a ship bound on so long and perilous a voyage—beyond both stormy Capes a ship in which some thousands of his hard earned dollars were invested a ship in which an old shipmate sailed as captain a man almost as old as he once more starting to encounter all the terrors of the pitiless jaw loath to say good bye to a thing so every way brimful of every interest to him —poor old Bildad lingered long paced the deck with anxious strides ran down into the cabin to speak another farewell word there again came on deck and looked to windward looked towards the wide and endless waters only bounded by the far off unseen Eastern Continents looked towards the land looked aloft looked right and left looked everywhere and nowhere and at last mechanically coiling a rope upon its pin convulsively grasped stout Peleg by the hand and holding up a lantern for a moment stood gazing heroically in his face as much as to say Nevertheless friend Peleg I can stand it yes I can

As for Peleg himself he took it more like a phi but for all his philosophy there was a tear twink eye when the lantern came too near And he

little run from the cabin to deck—now a word below, and now a word with Starbuck the chief mate

But at last, he turned to his comrade with a final sort of look about him — Captain Bildad—come, old shipmate we must go Back the mainyard there! Boat ahoy! Stand by to come close alongside now! Careful careful!—come, Bildad boy—say your last Luck to ye Starbuck—luck to ye Mr Stubb—luck to ye Mr Flask—good bye and good luck to ye all—and this day three years I ll have a hot supper smoking for ye in old Nantucket Hurrah and away!

God bless ye and have ye in His holy keeping men' murmured old Bildad almost incoherently 'I hope ye'll have fine weather now so that Captain Ahab may soon be moving among ye—a pleasant sun is all he need, and ye ll have plenty of them in the tropic voyage ye go Be careful in the hunt ye mates Don t stave the boats needlessly ye harpooneers good white cedar plank is raised full three per cent within the year Don t forget your prayers either Mr Starbuck mind that cooper don t waste the spare staves Oh! the sail needles are in the green locker! Don t whale it too much a Lord s days men but don t miss a fair chance either that s rejecting Heaven s good gifts Have an eye to the molasses tierce Mr Stubb it was a little leaky I thought If ye touch at the islands Mr Flask beware of fornication Good bye good bye! Don t keep that cheese too long down in the hold Mr Starbuck it ll spoil Be careful with the butter—twenty cents the pound it was and mind ye if——

Come come Captain Bildad stop palavering—away!' and with that Peleg hurried him over the side and both dropt into the boat

Ship and boat diverged the cold, damp night breeze blew between a screaming gull flew overhead, the two hulls wildly rolled we gave three heavy hearted cheers, and blindly plunged like fate into the lone Atlantic

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LEE SHORE

SOME chapters back one Bulkington was poken of a tall new landed mariner encountered in New Bedford at the inn

When on that shivering winter s night the Pequod thrust her vindictive bows into the cold malicious waves who *should I see standing at her helm but Bulkington!* I looked with ympathetic awe and fearfulness upon the man who in mid winter just landed from a four years dangerous voyage could o unrestingly push off again for still another tempestuous term The land seemed scorching to his feet Wonderfullest *things are ever the unmentionable deep* memories yield ro epitaphs this six inch chapter is the stoneless grave of Bulkington Let me only say that it fared with him as with the storm tos ed ship that mis erably drives along the leeward land The port would fain give succor the port is pitiful in the port is safety com fort hearthstone supper warm blankets friends all that s kind to our mortalities But in that gale the port the land is that ship s direst jeopardy she must fly all hospitality one touch of land though it but graze the keel would make her shudder through and through With all her might he crowds all sail off shore in so doing fights gainst the very winds that fain would blow her homeward seeks all the lashed sea s landlessness again for refuge s sake forlornly rushing a o peril, her only friend her bit tere t foe!

Know ye now Bulkington? *Glimpses do ye seem to* see of that mortally intolerable truth that all deep earnest thinking is but the intrepid effort of the soul to keep the open independence of her sea while the wildest winds of heaven and earth conspire to cast her on the treacherous lavish shore?

But as in landlessness alone resides highest truth hore less indefinite as God—so better is it to perish in that howling infinite than be ingloriously dashed upon the lee even if that were safety! For worm like then oh! who

issues that whaling may well be regarded as that Egyptian mother, who bore offspring themselves pregnant from her womb It would be a hopeless endless task to catalogue all these things Let a handful suffice For many years past the whale ship has been the pioneer in ferreting out the remotest and least known parts of the earth She has explored seas and archipelagoes which had no chart where no Cook or Vancouver had ever sailed If American and European men of war now peacefully ride in once savage harbors let them fire salutes to the honor and glory of the whale ship which originally showed them the way, and first interpreted between them and the savages They may celebrate as they will the heroes of Exploring Expeditions, your Cookes your Krusensterns but I say that scores of anonymous Captains have ailed out of Nantucket that were as great and greater than your Cooke and your Krusenstern For in their succorless empty handedness, they in the heathenish sharked waters and by the beaches of unrecorded javelin islands battled with virgin wonders and terrors that Cooke with all his marines and muskets would not have willingly dared All that is made such a flourish of in the old South Sea Voyages those things were but the life time commonplaces of our heroic Nantucketers Often adventures which Vancouver dedicates three chapters to these men accounted unworthy of being set down in the ship s common log Ah the world! Oh the world!

Until the whale fishery rounded Cape Horn no commerce but colonial scarcely any intercourse but colonial was carried on between Europe and the long line of the opulent Spanish provinces on the Pacific coast It was the whaleman who first broke through the jealous policy of the Spanish crown touching those colonies and if space permitted it might be distinctly shown how from those whalemen at last eventuated the liberation of Peru Chili, and Bolivia from the yoke of Old Spain and the establishment of the eternal democracy in those parts

That great America on the other side of the sphere Australia was given to the enlightened world by whaleman After its first blunder born discovery by a Dutch

man all other ships long shunned those shores as pestifer ously barbarous, but the whale-ship touched there The whale-ship is the true mother of that now mighty colony Moreover, in the infancy of the first Australian ettlement the emigrants were several times saved from starvation by the benevolent biscuit of the whale ship luckily dropping an anchor in their waters The uncounted isles of all Polynesia confess the same truth and do commercial hom age to the whale hip that cleared the way for the mis sionary and the merchant and in many cases carried the primitive missionaries to their first destinations If that double bolted land Japan is ever to become hospitable it is the whale ship alone to whom the credit will be due for already she is on the threshold

But if, in the face of all thi you still declare that whaling has no æsthetically noble a ociations connected with it then am I ready to shiver fifty lances with you there and unhorse you with a split helmet every time

The whale has no famou author, and whaling no famous chronicler you will say

The whale no famous author and whaling no famous chronicler? Who wrote the first account of our Leviathan? Who but mighty Job? And who composed the first nar rative of a whaling voyage? Who but no less a prince than Alfred the Great who with his own royal pen took down the words from Other the Norwegian whale hunter of those times! And who pronounced our glowing eulogy in Parliament? Who but Edmund Burke!

True enough but then whalemen themselves are poor devils they have no good blood in their veins

No good blood in their veins? They have something better than royal blood there The grandmother of Benjamin Franklin was Mary Morrel afterwards by marriage Mary Folger one of the old ettlers of Nantucket and the ancestress to a long line of Folgers and harpooneers —all kith and kin to noble Benjamin—this day darting the barbed iron from one side of the world to the other

Good again but then all confess that somehow whaling is not respectable

Whaling not respectable? Whaling is imperial! By (

English statutory law, the whale is declared "a royal fish"[a]

Oh that s only nominal! The whale himself has never figured in any grand imposing way

The whale ne er figured in any grand imposing way? In one of the mighty triumphs given to a Roman general upon his entering the world s capital the bones of a whale brought all the way from the Syrian coast were the most conspicuous object in the cymballed procession[1]

Grant it since you cite it but say what you will there is no real dignity in whaling

No dignity in whaling? The dignity of our calling the very heavens atte t Cetus is a constellation in the South! No more! Drive down your hat in presence of the Czar and take it off to Queequeg! No more! I know a man that in his lifetime has taken three hundred and fifty whales I account that man more honorable than that great captain of antiquity who boasted of taking as many walled towns

And as for me if by any possibility there be any as *yet undiscovered prime thing in me if I shall ever deserve* any real repute in that small but high hushed world which I might not be unreasonably ambitious of if hereafter I shall do anything that upon the whole a man might rather have done than to have left undone if at my death my executors or more properly my creditors find any precious MSS in my desk then here I prospectively ascribe all the honor and the glory to whaling for a whale ship was my Yale College and my Harvard

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[1] See subsequent chapters for something more on this head

CHAPTER XXV

POSTSCRIPT

In behalf of the dignity of whaling I would fain advance naught but substantiated facts But after embattling his facts an advocate who should wholly suppress a not un reasonable surmise which might tell eloquently upon his

cause—such an advocate would he not be blameworthy?

It is well known that at the coronation of kings and queens even modern ones, a certain curious process of seasoning them for their functions is gone through There is a saltcellar of tate o called and there may be a castor of state How they u e the salt precisely—who knows? Certain I am however that a king s head is solemnly oiled at his coronation even as a head of salad Can it be though that they anoint it with a view of making its in terior run well as they anoint machinery? Much might be ruminated here concerning the essential dignity of this regal process becau e in common life we esteem but meanly and contemptibly a fellow who anoints his hair and pal pably mells of that anointing In truth a mature man who uses hair-oil unless medicinally that man has probably got a quoggy pot in him somewhere As a general rule, he can t amount to much in his totality

But the only thing to be con idered here is this—what kind of oil is used at coronations? Certainly it can not be olive oil nor macassar oil nor castor oil nor bear's oil nor train oil nor cod liver oil What then can it pos ibly be but the sperm oil in its unmanufactured un polluted state the sweetest of all o ls?

Think of that ye loyal Britons! we whalemen supply your kings and queens with coronation stuff!

CHAPTER XXVI

KNIGHTS AND SQUIRES

THE chief mate of the Pequod was Starbuck a native of Nantucket and a Quaker by descent He was a long earnest man and though born on an icy coast seemed well adapted to endure hot latitudes his flesh being hard as twice baked biscuit Tran ported to the Indies his live blood would not poil like bottled ale He must have been born in some time of general drought and famine or upon one of those fast days for which his state is famous Only some thirty arid summers had he seen those sum

mers had dried up all his physical superfluousness But this his thinness so to speak seemed no more the token of wasting anxieties and cares than it seemed the indication of any bodily blight It was merely the condensation of the man He was by no means ill looking quite the contrary His pure tight skin was an excellent fit and closely wrapped up in it and embalmed with inner health and strength like a revivified Egyptian this Starbuck seemed prepared to endure for long ages to come and to endure always as now for be it Polar now or torrid sun like a patent chronometer his interior vitality was warranted to do well in all climates Looking into his eyes, you seemed to see there the yet lingering images of those thousand fold perils he had calmly confronted through life A staid steadfast man whose life for the most part was a telling pantomime of action and not a tame chapter of sounds Yet for all his hardy sobriety and fortitude there were certain qualities in him which at times affected and in ome cases seemed well nigh to overbalance all the rest Uncommonly conscientious for a seaman and endued with a deep natural reverence the wild watery loneline s of his life did therefore strongly incline him to superstition but to that ort of super tition which in ome organization eems rather to spring somehow from intelligence than from ignorance Outward portents and inward presentiments were his And if at times these thing bent the welded iron of his soul much more did his far away domestic memories of his young Cape wife and c ld tend to bend him still more from the original ruggedne s of his nature and open him still further to tho e latent influences which in some honest hearted men restrain the gush of dare-devil daring so often evinced by others in the more perilous vici situdes of the fishery I will have no man in my boat said Starbuck who is not afraid of a whale By this he eemed to mean not only that the mo t reliable and u eful courage was that which ari es from the fair estimation of the encountered peril but that an utterly fearless man is a far more dangerous comrade than a coward

Aye aye' said Stubb the second mate Starbuck there is as careful a man as you'll find anywhere in this fishery

But we shall ere long see what that word ' careful precisely means when used by a man like Stubb or almost any other whale hunter

Starbuck was no crusader after perils in him courage was not a sentiment but a thing simply useful to him and always at hand upon all mortally practical occasions Besides *he thought perhaps that in this business of* whaling courage was one of the great staple outfits of the ship like her beef and her bread and not to be foolishly wasted Wherefore he had no fancy for lowering for whales after sun-down nor for persisting in fighting a fish that too much persisted in fighting him For thought Starbuck I am here in this critical ocean to kill whales for my living and not to be killed by them for theirs and that hundreds of men had been so killed Starbuck well knew What doom was his own father s? Where in the bottomless deeps could he find the torn limbs of his brother?

With memories like these in him and moreover given *to a certain superstitiousness as has been said the courage* of this Starbuck which could nevertheless still flourish mu t indeed have been extreme But it was not in rea sonable nature that a man so organized and with such terrible experiences and remembrances as he had it was not in nature that the e things should fail in latently en gendering an element in him which under suitable cir cum tances would break out from its confinement and burn all his courage up And brave as he might be it was that sort of bravery chiefly visible in some intrepid men which while generally abiding firm *in the conflict* with eas or wind or whales or any of the ordinary ir rational horrors of the world yet cannot withstand tho e more *terrific becau e more* piritual terrors which some times menace you from the concentrating brow of an en raged and mighty man

But were the coming narrative to reveal in any instance the complete abasement of poor Starbuck s fortitude scarce might I have the heart to write it but it is a thing most sorrowful nay shocking to expose the fall of valor in the soul *Men may seem detestable as joint stock-comp*

and nations, knaves, fools, and murderers there may be men may have mean and meagre faces but man, in the ideal is so noble and so sparkling such a grand and glowing creature that over any ignominious blemish in him all his fellows should run to throw their costliest robes That immaculate manliness we feel within ourselves so far within us that it remains intact though all the outer character seem gone bleeds with keenest anguish at the undraped spectacle of a valor ruined man Nor can piety itself at such a shameful sight completely stifle her upbraidings against the permitting stars But this august dignity I treat of is not the dignity of kings and robes, but that abounding dignity which has no robed investiture Thou shalt see it shining in the arm that wields a pick or drives a spike that democratic dignity which on all hands radiates without end from God Himself! The great God absolute! The centre and circumference of all democracy! His omnipresence our divine equality!

If then to meanest mariners and renegades and castaways I shall hereafter ascribe high qualities though dark, weave around them tragic graces if even the most mournful perchance the most abased among them all shall at times lift himself to the exalted mounts if I shall touch that workman's arm with some ethereal light if I shall spread a rainbow over his disastrous set of sun then against all mortal critics bear me out in it thou just Spirit of Equality which hast spread one royal mantle of humanity over all my kind! Bear me out in it, thou great democratic God! who didst not refuse to the swart convict Bunyan the pale poetic pearl Thou who didst clothe with doubly hammered leaves of finest gold the stumped and paupered arm of old Cervantes, Thou who didst pick up Andrew Jackson from the pebbles who didst hurl him upon a war horse who didst thunder him higher than a throne! Thou who in all Thy mighty earthly marchings ever cullest Thy selectest champions from the kingly commons bear me out in it, O God!

CHAPTER XXVII

KNIGHTS AND SQUIRES

STUBB was the second mate He was a native of Cape Cod and hence according to local usage was called a Cape Cod man A happy go lucky neither craven nor valiant taking perils as they came with an indifferent air and while engaged in the most imminent crisis of the chase, toiling away calm and collected as a journeyman joiner engaged for the year Good humored easy and careless, he presided over his whale boat as if the most deadly en counter were but a dinner and his crew all invited guests He was as particular about the comfortable arrangements of his part of the boat as an old stage-driver is about the snugness of his box When close to the whale in the very death lock of the fight he handled his unpitying lance coolly and off handedly as a whistling tinker his hammer He would hum over his old rigadig tunes while flank and flank with the most exasperated monster Long usage had for this Stubb converted the jaws of death into an easy chair What he thought of death itself there is no tell ing Whether he ever thought of it at all might be a question but if he ever did chance to cast his mind that way after a comfortable dinner no doubt like a good sailor he took it to be a sort of call of the watch to tumble aloft and bestir themselves there about something which he would find out when he obeyed the order and not sooner

What perhaps with other things made Stubb such an easy going unfearing man so cheerily trudging off with the burden of life in a world full of grave peddlers all bowed to the ground with their packs what helped to bring about that almost impious good humor of his that thing must have been his pipe For like his nose his short black little pipe was one of the regular features of his face You would almost as soon have expected him to turn out of his bunk without his nose as without his pipe He kept a whole row of pipes there ready loaded stuck in a rack within easy reach of his hand and when

ever he turned in, he smoked them all out in succession, lighting one from the other to the end of the chapter, then loading them again to be in readiness anew For, when Stubb dressed, instead of first putting his legs into his trowsers, he put his pipe into his mouth

I say this continual smoking must have been one cause, at least of his peculiar disposition, for every one knows that this early air whether ashore or afloat is terribly infected with the nameless miseries of the numberless mor tals who have died exhaling it and as in time of the cholera some people go about with a camphorated hand kerchief to their mouths so likewise against all mortal tribulations Stubb s tobacco smoke might have operated as a sort of disinfecting agent

The third mate was Flask a native of Tisbury in Martha s Vineyard A short stout ruddy young fellow very pugnacious concerning whales who omehow seemed to think that the great Leviathans had personally and hereditarily affronted him and therefore it was a sort of point of honor with him to destroy them whenever encountered So utterly lost was he to all sense of rever ence for the many marvels of their majestic bulk and mystic ways and so dead to anything like an apprehen sion of any possible danger from encountering them that in his poor opinion the wondrous whale was but a species of magnified mouse or at least water rat requiring only a little circumvention and some small application of time and trouble in order to kill and boil This ignorant uncon scious fearlessness of his made him a little waggish in the matter of whales he followed these fish for the fun of it, and a three years voyage round Cape Horn was only a jolly joke that lasted that length of time As a carpenter s nails are divided into wrought nails and cut nails so man kind may be similarly divided Little Flask was one of the wrought ones made to clinch tight and last long They called him King Post on board of the Pequod because in form, he could be well likened to the short square timber known by that name in Arctic whalers and which by the means of many radiating side timbers inserted into it

serves to brace the ship against the icy concussions of those battering seas

Now these three mates—Starbuck Stubb and Flack were momentous men They it was who by universal prescription commanded three of the Pequod s boats as headsmen In that grand order of battle in which Captain Ahab would probably marshal his forces to descend on the whales these three headsmen were as captains of companies Or being armed with their long keen whaling spears they were as a picked trio of lancers even as the harpooneers were flingers of javelins

And since in this famous fishery each mate or heads man like a Gothic Knight of old is always accompanied by his boat steerer or harpooneer who in certain con junctures provides him with a fresh lance when the former one has been badly twisted or elbowed in the as ault and moreover as there generally subsists between the two a close intimacy and friendline s it is therefore but meet, that in this place we et down who the Pequod s har pooneers were and to what headsmen each of them be longed

First of all was Queequeg whom Starbuck the chief mate had selected for his squire But Queequeg is already known

Next was Tashtego an unmixed Indian from Gay Head the most westerly promontory of Martha s Vineyard where there still exists the last remnant of a village of red men which has long supplied the neighbouring island of Nantucket with many of her most daring harpooneers In the fishery they usually go by the generic name of Gay Headers Tashtego s long lean able hair his high cheek bones and black rounding eyes—for an Indian Oriental in their largeness but Antarctic in their glittering expres sion—all this sufficiently procl imed him an inheritor of the unvitiated blood of those proud warrior hunters who in quest of the great New England moose had scoured bow in hand the aboriginal forests of the main But no longer snuffing in the trail of the wild beasts of the woodland Tashtego now hunted in the wake of the great whales the sea the unerring harpoon of the son ntly rep

infallible arrow of the sires To look at the tawny brawn of his lithe snaky limbs you would almost have credited the superstitions of some of the earlier Puritans and half believed this wild Indian to be a son of the Prince of the Powers of the Air Tashtego was Stubb the second mate's squire

Third among the harpooneers was Daggoo a gigantic coal black negro savage with a lion like tread—an Ahasu erus to behold Suspended from his ears were two golden hoops so large that the ailors called them ring bolts and would talk of securing the top-sail halyards to them In his youth Daggoo had voluntarily shipped on board of a whaler lying in a lonely bay on his native coast And never having been anywhere in the world but in Africa Nan tucket and the pagan harbors most frequented by the whalemen and having now led for many years the bold life of the fishery in the hips of owners uncommonly heed ful of what manner of men they shipped Daggoo retained all his barbaric virtues and erect as a giraffe moved about the decks in all the pomp of six feet five in his socks There was a corporeal humility in looking up at him and a white man standing before him seemed a white flag come to beg truce of a fortress Curious to tell this imperial negro, Ahasuerus Daggoo was the Squire of little Flask who looked like a chess-man beside him As for the residue of the Pequod's company be it said that at the present day not one in two of the many thousand men before the mast employed in the American whale fi hery are Ameri cans born though pretty nearly all the officers are Herein it is the same with the American whale fishery as with the American army and military and merchant navies and the engineering forces employed in the construction of the American Canals and Railroads The same I say because in all these cases the native American literally provides the brains, the rest of the world as generou ly supplying the muscles No small number of the e whaling seamen belong to the Azore where the outward bound Nantucket whalers frequently touch to augment their crews from the hardly peasants of those rocky shoes In li e manner the Greenland whalers sailing out of Hull or London put in

at the Shetland Islands to receive the full complement of their crew Upon the passage homewards they drop them there again How it is there is no telling but Islanders seem to make the best whalemen They were nearly all Islanders in the Pequod *Isolatoes* too I call such, not acknowledging the common continent of men but each *Isolato* living on a separate continent of his own Yet now, federated along one keel what a set these Isolatoes were! An Anacharsis Clootz deputation from all the isles of the sea and all the ends of the earth accompanying Old Ahab in the Pequod to lay the world's grievances before that bar from which not very many of them ever come back Black Little Pip—he never did—oh no! he went before Poor Alabama boy! On the grim Pequod's forecastle, ye shall ere long see him beating his tambourine prelusive of the eternal time when sent for to the great quarter deck on high he was bid strike in with angels and beat his tambourine in glory called a coward here hailed a hero there!

CHAPTER XXVIII

AHAB

FOR several days after leaving Nantucket nothing above hatches was seen of Captain Ahab The mates regularly relieved each other at the watches and for aught that could be seen to the contrary they seemed to be the only commanders of the ship only they sometimes issued from the cabin with orders so sudden and peremptory that after all it was plain they but commanded vicariously Yet their supreme lord and dictator was there though hitherto unseen by any eyes not permitted to penetrate into the now sacred retreat of the cabin

Every time I ascended to the deck from my watches below I instantly gazed aft to mark if any strange face was visible for my first vague disquietude touching the unknown captain now in the seclusion of the sea became almost a perturbation This was strangely heightened at,

times by the ragged Elijah s diabolical incoherences unin vitingly recurring to me with a subtle energy I could not have before conceived of But poorly could I withstand them much as in other moods I was almost ready to smile at the solemn whimsicalities of that outlandish prophet of the wharves But whatever it was of apprehensiveness or uneasiness—to call it so—which I felt, yet whenever I came to look about me in the ship it seemed against all warrantry to cherish such emotions For though the har pooneers with the great body of the crew were a far more barbaric heathenish, and motley set than any of the tame merchant ship companies which my previous experiences had made me acquainted with still I ascribed this—and rightly ascribed it—to the fierce uniqueness of the very nature of that wild Scandinavian vocation in which I had so abandonedly embarked But it was especially the aspect of the three chief officers of the ship the mates which was most forcibly calculated to allay the e colorless mis givings and induce confidence and cheerfulness in every presentment of the voyage Three better more likely ea officers and men each in his own different way could not readily be found and they were every one of them Ameri cans a Nantucketer a Vineyarder a Cape man Now, it being Christmas when the hip shot from out her harbor for a space we had biting Polar weather though all the time running away from it to the southward and by every degree and minute of latitude which we sailed gradually leaving that mercile s winter and all its intolerable weather behind us It was one of those less lowering but still grey and gloomy enough mornings of the transition when with a fair wind the ship was rushing through the water with a vindictive ort of leaping and melancholy rapidity that as I mounted to the deck at the call of the forenoon watch o soon as I levelled my glance towards the taffrail foreboding shivers ran over me Reality outran apprehen ion Captain Ahab stood upon his quarter deck

There seemed no sign of common bodily illness about him nor of the recovery from any He looked like a man cut away from the stal e when the fire has overrunningly wasted all the limbs without consuming them, or taking away one

particle from their compacted aged robustness His whole high, broad form seemed made of solid bronze and shaped in an unalterable mould like Cellini s cast Perseus Threading its way out from among his grey hairs and con tinuing right down one side of his tawny scorched face and neck till it disappeared in his clothing you saw a slender rod like mark, lividly whitish It resembled that perpen dicular seam sometimes made in the straight lofty trunk of a great tree when the upper lightning tearingly darts down it and without wrenching a single twig peels and grooves out the bark from top to bottom ere running off into the soil, leaving the tree still greenly alive but branded Whether that mark was born with him or whether it was the scar left by some desperate wound no one could cer tainly say By some tacit consent throughout the voyage little or no allusion was made to it especially by the mates But once Tashtego s senior an old Gay Head Indian among the crew superstitiously asserted that not till he was ful forty years old did Ahab become that way branded and then it came upon him not in the fury of any mortal fray but in an elemental strife at sea Yet this wild hint seemed inferentially negatived by what a grey Manxman insinua ted an old sepulchral man who having never before sailed out of Nantucket had never ere this laid eye upon wild Ahab Nevertheless the old sea traditions the immemorial credulities popularly invested this old Manxman with preternatural powers of discernment So that no white sailor seriously contradicted him when he said that if ever Captain Ahab should be tranquilly laid out—which might hardly come to pass so he muttered—then whoever should do that last office for the dead would find a birth mark on him from crown to sole

So powerfully did the whole grim aspect of Ahab affect me and the livid brand which streaked it that for the first few moments I hardly noted that not a little of this over bearing grimness was owing to the barbaric white leg upon which he partly stood It had previously come to me that this ivory leg had at sea been fashioned from the polished bone of the sperm whale s jaw 'Aye he was dismasted off Japan' said the old Gay Head Indian once but like hi

dismasted craft he shipped another mast without coming home for it He has a quiver of em'

I was struck with the singular posture he maintained Upon each side of the Pequod s quarter deck, and pretty close to the mizzen shrouds there was an auger hole bored about half an inch or o, into the plank His bone leg steadied in that hole one arm elevated and holding by a shroud Captain Ahab stood erect, looking straight out beyond the ship s ever pitching prow There was an infinity of firmest fortitude a determinate unsurrenderable wilful ness in the fixed and fearless forward dedication of that glance Not a word he poke nor did his officers say aught to him though by all their minutest gestures and expressions they plainly showed the uneasy if not painful consciou ness of being under a troubled master eye And not only that but moody stricken Ahab stood before them with a crucifixion in his face in all the nameless regal overbearing dignity of some mighty woe

Ere long from his first visit in the air he withdrew into his cabin But after that morning he was every day visible to the crew either standing in his pivot hole or seated upon an ivory stool he had or heavily walking the deck As the sky grew less gloomy indeed began to grow a little genial, he became still less and less a recluse as if when the ship had sailed from home nothing but the dead wintry bleakness of the sea had then kept him so secluded And by and by, it came to pass that he was almost continually in the air but as yet for all that he said or perceptibly did on the at last sunny deck he seemed as unnecessary there as another mast But the Pequod was only making a passage now not regularly cruising nearly all whaling preparatives need ing supervision the mates were fully competent to so that there was little or nothing out of himself to employ or excite Ahab, now and thus chase away for that one interval the clouds that layer upon layer were piled upon his brow as ever all clouds choose the loftiest peaks to pile themselves upon

Nevertheless ere long, the warm, warbling persuasiveness of the pleasant holiday weather we came to seemed gradually to charm him from his mood For as when the

red-cheeked dancing girls April and May trip home to the wintry misanthropic woods even the barest ruggedest most thunder-clover old oak will at least send forth some few green sprouts to welcome such gladhearted visitants so Ahab did in the end a little respond to the playful allurings of that girlish air More than once did he put forth the faint blossom of a look which in any other man would have soon flowered out in a smile

CHAPTER XXIX

ENTER AHAB TO HIM STUBB

Some days elapsed and ice and icebergs all astern the Pequod now went rolling through the bright Quito spring which at sea almost perpetually reigns on the threshold of the eternal August of the Tropic The warmly cool clear ringing perfumed overflowing redundant days were as crystal *goblets of Persian sherbet heaped up—flaked up* with rose water now The starred and stately nights seemed haughty dames in jewelled velvets nursing at home in lonely pride the memory of their absent conquering Earls the golden helmeted suns For sleeping man twas hard to choose between such winsome days and such seducing nights But all the witcheries of that unwaning weather did not merely lend new spells and potencies *to the outward world* Inward they turned upon the soul especially when the still mild hours of eve came on then memory shot her crystals as the clear ice most forms of noiseless twilights And all these subtle agencies more and more they wrought on Ahab s texture

Old age is always wakeful as if the longer linked with life the less man has to do with aught that looks like death Among sea commanders the old greybeards will oftenest leave their berths to visit the night-cloaked deck It was so with Ahab only that now of late he seemed so much to live in the open air that truly speaking his visits were more to the cabin than from the cabin to the planks It feels like going down into one s tomb —he would

mutter to himself—"for an old captain like me to be descending this narrow scuttle, to go to my grave-dug berth

So almost every twenty four hours when the watches of the night were set and the band on deck sentinelled the slumbers of the band below and when if a rope was to be hauled upon the forecastle the sailors flung it not rudely down as by day but with some cautiousness dropt it to its place for fear of disturbing their slumbering shipmates when this sort of steady quietude would begin to prevail habitually the silent steersman would watch the cabin scuttle and ere long the old man would emerge gripping at the iron banister to help his crippled way Some considering touch of humanity was in him for at times like these, he usually abstained from patrolling the quarter-deck because to his wearied mates seeking repose within six inches of his ivory heel such would have been the reverberating crack and din of that bony step that their dreams would have been on the crunching teeth of sharks But once, the mood was on him too deep for common regardings and as with heavy lumber like pace he was measuring the ship from taffrail to mainmast Stubb the old second mate came up from below with a certain unassured deprecating humorousness hinted that if Captain Ahab was pleased to walk the planks then no one could say nay but there might be some way of muffling the noise hinting something indistinctly and hesitatingly about a globe of tow and the insertion into it of the ivory heel Ah! Stubb thou did st not know Ahab then

Am I a cannon ball Stubb said Ahab that thou wouldst wad me that fashion? But go thy ways I had forgot Below to thy nightly grave where such as ye sleep between shrouds to use ye to the filling one at last —Down, dog and kennel!

Starting at the unforeseen concluding exclamation of the so suddenly scornful old man Stubb was speechless a moment then said excitedly I am not used to be spoken to that way sir I do but less than half like it sir'

'Avast! gritted Ahab between his set teeth and violently moving away as if to avoid some passionate temptation

"No, sir not yet said Stubb emboldened "I will not tamely be called a dog sir

'Then be called ten times a donkey and a mule and an ass and begone or I'll clear the world of thee!

As he said this Ahab advanced upon him with such over bearing terrors in his aspect that Stubb involuntarily retreated

I was never served so before without giving a hard blow for it " muttered Stubb as he found himself descending the cabin scuttle It s very queer Stop Stubb somehow now I don t well know whether to go back and strike him or—what s that?—down here on my knees and pray for him? Yes that was the thought coming up in me but it would be the first time I ever *did* pray It s queer very queer and he s queer too aye take him fore and aft he s about the queerest old man Stubb ever sailed with How he flashed at me!—his eyes like powder pans! is he mad? Anyway there s something s on his mind as sure as there must be something on a deck when it cracks He aint in his bed now either more than three hours out of the twenty four and he don t sleep then Didn t that Dough Boy the steward tell me that of a morning he always finds the old man s hammock clothes all rumpled and tumbled and the sheets down at the foot and the coverlid almost tied into knots and the pillow a sort of frightful hot as though a baked brick had been on it? A hot old man! I gues he s got what some folks ashore call a conscience it s a kind of Tic Dolly row they say—wor e nor a toothache Well well I don t know what it is but the Lord keep me from catching it He s full of riddles I wonder what he goes into the after hold for every n ght as Dough Boy tells me he suspects what s that for I should like to know? Who s made appointments with him in the hold? Ain t that queer now? But there s no telling it s the old game—Here goes for a nooze Damn me it s worth a fellow s while to be born into the world if only to fall right asleep And now that I think of it that s about the first thing babies do and that s a sort of queer too Damn me but all things are queer come *to think of em* But that s against my principles Think not is my eleventh commandment and

sleep when you can, is my twelfth— So here goes again But how's that? didn't he call me a dog? blazes! he called me ten times a donkey and piled a lot of jackasses on top of *that*! He might as well have kicked me and done with it Maybe he *did* kick me and I didn t observe it, I was so taken all aback with his brow somehow It flashed like a bleached bone What the devil s the matter with me? I don t stand right on my legs Coming afoul of that old man has a sort of turned me wrong side out By the Lord I must have been dreaming though—How? how? how?—but the only way s to stash it so here goes to hammock again and in the morning I ll see how this plaguey juggling thinks over by daylight

CHAPTER XXX

THE PIPE

WHEN Stubb had departed Ahab stood for a while leaning over the bulwarks and then as had been usual with him of late calling a sailor of the watch he sent him below for his ivory stool and also his pipe Lighting the pipe at the binnacle lamp and planting the stool on the weather side of the deck he sat and smoked

In old Norse times the thrones of the sea loving Danish kings were fabricated saith tradition of the tusks of the narwhale How could one look at Ahab then seated on that tripod of bones without bethinking him of the royalty it symbolized? For a Khan of the plank and a king of the sea and a great lord of Leviathans was Ahab

Some moments passed during which the thick vapor came from his mouth in quick and constant puffs which blew back again into his face How now he soliloquized at last withdrawing the tube this smoking no longer soothes Oh my pipe! hard must it go with me if thy charm be gone! Here have I been unconsciously toiling not pleasuring—aye and ignorantly smoking to windward all the while to windward and with such nervous whiffs, as if like the dying whale my final jets were the strongest and fullest of trouble What business have I with this pipe?

This thing that is meant for sereneness to send up mild white vapors among mild white hairs not among torn iron grey locks like mine I'll smoke no more——

He tossed the still lighted pipe into the ea The fire hissed in the waves the same instant the ship shot by the bubble the sinking pipe made With slouched hat, Ahab lurchingly paced the planks

CHAPTFR XXXI

QUEEN MAB

NEXT morning Stubb accosted Flask

Such a queer dream King Post I never had You know the old man s ivory leg well I dreamed he kicked me with it and when I tried to kick back upon my soul my little man I kicked my leg right off! And then presto! Ahab seemed a pyramid and I like a blazing fool kept kicking at it But what was still more curious Flask—you know how curious all dreams are—through all this rage that I was in I somehow seemed to be thinking to myself that after all it was not much of an insult that kick from Ahab 'Why thinks I what s the row? It s not a real leg only a false one' And there s a mighty difference between a living thump and a dead thump That s what makes a blow from the hand Flask fifty times more savage to bear than a blow from a cane The living member—that makes the living in ult my little man And thinks I to myself all the while mind while I was stubbing my silly toes against that cursed pyramid— o confoundedly contradictory was it all all the while I ay I was thinking to myself, what s his leg now, but a cane—a whale bone cane Yes thinks I it was only a playful cudgelling—in fact only a whaleboning that he gave me—not a base kick Besides thinks I look at it once why the end of it—the foot part—what a small sort of end it is whereas if a broad footed farmer kicked me *there s* a devilish broad insult But this insult is whittled down to a point only' But now comes the greatest joke of the dream Flask While I was battering away at the pyramid a sort of badger haired old merman with a hump

on his back, takes me by the shoulders, and slews me round. 'What are you 'bout?' says he. Slid! man, but I was frightened. Such a phiz! But, somehow, next moment I was over the fright. 'What am I about?' says I at last. 'And what business is that of yours, I should like to know, Mr. Humpback? Do *you* want a kick?' By the lord, Flask, I had no sooner said that, than he turned round his stern to me, bent over, and dragging up a lot of seaweed he had for a clout—what do you think, I saw?—why thunder alive, man, his stern was stuck full of marlinspikes, with the points out. Says I, on second thoughts, 'I guess I won't kick you, old fellow.' 'Wise Stubb,' said he, 'wise Stubb;' and kept muttering it all the time, a sort of eating of his own gums like a chimney hag. Seeing he wasn't going to stop saying over his 'wise Stubb, wise Stubb,' I though I might as well fall to kicking the pyramid again. But I had only just lifted my foot for it, when he roared out, 'Stop that kicking!' 'Halloa,' says I, 'what's the matter now, old fellow?' 'Look ye here,' says he; 'let's argue the insult. Captain Ahab kicked ye, didn't he?' 'Yes, he did,' says I—'right *here* it was.' 'Very good,' says he—'he used his ivory leg, didn't he?' 'Yes, he did,' says I. 'Well then,' says he, 'wise Stubb, what have you to complain of? Didn't he kick with right good will? it wasn't a common pitch pine leg he kicked with, was it? No, you were kicked by a great man, and with a beautiful ivory leg, Stubb. It's an honor; I consider it an honor. Listen, wise Stubb. In old England the greatest lords think it great glory to be slapped by a queen, and made garter-knights of; but, be *your* boast, Stubb, that ye were kicked by old Ahab, and made a wise man of. Remember what I say; *be* kicked by him; account his kicks honors; and on no account kick back; for you can't help yourself, wise Stubb. Don't you see that pyramid?' With that, he all of a sudden seemed somehow, in some queer fashion, to swim off into the air. I snored; rolled over; and there I was in my hammock! Now, what do you think of that dream, Flask?"

"I don't know; it seems a sort of foolish to me, tho.'"

"May be, may be. But it's made a wise man of me, Flask. D'ye see Ahab standing there, sideways looking over

the stern? Well, the best thing you can do Flask is to let that old man alone never speak to him whatever he says Halloa! What s that he shouts? Hark!

Mast head there! Look sharp all of ye! There are whales hereabouts! If ye see a white one split your lungs for him!

What do you think of that now Flask? ain t there a small drop of something queer about that eh? A white whale—did ye mark that man? Look ye—there s something special in the wind Stand by for it Flask Ahab has that that s bloody on his mind But mum he comes this way'

CHAPTER XXXII

CETOLOGY

ALREADY we are boldly launched upon the deep but soon we shall be lost in its unshored harborless immensities Ere that come to pass ere the Pequod s weedy hull rolls side by side with the barnacled hulls of the leviathan at the outset it is but well to attend to a matter almost indispensable to a thorough appreciative understanding of the more special leviathanic revelations and allusions of all sorts which are to follow

It is some systematized exhibition of the whale in his broad genera that I would now fain put before you Yet is it no easy task The classification of the constituents of a chaos nothing less is here essayed Listen to what the best and latest authorities have laid down

'No branch of Zoology is so much involved as that which is entitled Cetology says Captain Scoresby A D 1820

'It is not my intention were it in my power to enter into the inquiry as to the true method of dividing the cetacea into groups and families * * * Utter confusion exists among the historians of this animal (sperm whale) says Surgeon Beale A.D 1839

'Unfitness to pursue our research in the unfathomable waters Impenetrable veil covering our knowledge of the cetacea A field strewn with thorns ' All these incomplete indications but serve to torture us naturalists

Thus speak of the whale the great Cuvier and John Hunter and Lesson those lights of zoology and anatomy Nevertheless though of real knowledge there be little yet of books there are a plenty and so in some small degree, with cetology, or the science of whales Many are the men small and great old and new, landsmen and seamen, who have at large or in little, written of the whale Run over a few —The Authors of the Bible Aristotle Pliny Aldrovandi Sir Thomas Browne Gesner Ray Linnæus Rondeletius Willoughby Green Artedi Sibbald, Brisson Marten Lacepede Bonneterre Desmarest Baron Cuvier Frederick Cuvier John Hunter Owen Scoresby, Beale, Bennett J Ross Browne the Author of Miriam Coffin Olmstead and the Rev T Cheever But to what ultimate generalizing purpose all these have written the above cited extracts will show

Of the names in this list of whale authors only those following Owen ever saw living whales and but one of them was a real professional harpooneer and whaleman I mean Captain Scoresby On the separate subject of the Greenland or right whale he is the best existing authority But Scoresby knew nothing and says nothing of the great sperm whale compared with which the Greenland whale is almost unworthy mentioning And here be it said that the Greenland whale is an usurper upon the throne of the seas He is not even by any means the largest of the whales Yet owing to the long priority of his claims and the profound ignorance which till some seventy years back invested the then fabulous or utterly unknown sperm whale and which ignorance to this present day still reigns in all but some few scientific retreats and whale ports this usurpation has been every way complete Reference to nearly all the leviathanic allusions in the great poets of past days will satisfy you that the Greenland whale without one rival was to them the monarch of the seas But the time has at last come for a new proclamation This is Charing Cross hear ye! good people all —the Greenland whale is deposed —the great sperm whale now reigneth!

There are only two books in being which at all pretend to put the living sperm whale before you and at the same

time in the remotest degree succeed in the attempt Those books are Beale s and Bennett s both in their time surgeons to the English South Sea whale ships and both exact and reliable men The original matter touching the sperm whale to be found in their volumes is necessarily small but so far as it goes it is of excellent quality though mostly confined to scientific description As yet however the sperm whale scientific or poetic lives not complete in any literature Far above all other hunted whales his is an unwritten life

Now the various species of whales need some sort of popular comprehensive classification if only an easy out line one for the present hereafter to be filled in all its de partments by subsequent laborers As no better man ad vances to take this matter in hand I hereupon offer my own poor endeavors I promise nothing complete because any human thing supposed to be complete must for that very reason infallibly be faulty I shall not pretend to a minute anatomical description of the various species or—in this space at least—to much of any description My object here is simply to project the draught of a systematization of cetology I am the architect not the builder

But it is a ponderous task no ordinary letter sorter in the Post Office is equal to it To grope down into the bottom of the sea after them to have one s hands among the unspeakable foundations ribs and very pelvis of the world this is a fearful thing What am I that I should essay to hook the nose of this leviathan! The awful taunt ings in Job might well appal me Will he (the leviathan) make a covenant with thee? Behold the hope of him is vain! But I have swam through libraries and sailed through oceans I have had to do with whales with these visible hands I am in earnest and I will try There are some preliminaries to settle

First The uncertain unsettled condition of this science of Cetology is in the very vestibule attested by the fact that in some quarters it still remains a moot point whether a whale be a fish In his System of Nature A D 1776 Linnæus declares, I hereby separate the whales from the fish But of my own knowledge I know that down

the year 1850, sharks and shad, alewives and herring against Linnæus's express edict, were still found dividing the possession of the same seas with the Leviathan

The grounds upon which Linnæus would fain have banished the whales from the waters he states as follows "On account of their warm bilocular heart their lungs, their moveable eyelids their hollow ears penem intrantem feminam mammis lactantem' and finally ex lege naturæ jure meritoque I submitted all this to my friends Simeon Macey and Charley Coffin of Nantucket both messmates of mine in a certain voyage and they united in the opinion that the reasons set forth were altogether insufficient Charley profanely hinted they were humbug

Be it known that waiving all argument I take the good old fashioned ground that the whale is a fish and call upon holy Jonah to back me This fundamental thing settled the next point is in what internal respect does the whale differ from other fish Above Linnæus has given you those items But in brief they are these lungs and warm blood whereas all other fish are lungless and cold blooded

Next how shall we define the whale by his obvious externals o as con picuously to label him for all time to come To be short then a whale is *a spouting fish with a horizontal tail* There you have him However contracted that definition is the result of expanded meditation A walrus spouts much like a whale but the walru is not a fish becau e he is amphibious But the last term of the definition i still more cogent as coupled with the first Almost any one must have noticed that all the fish familiar to landsmen have not a flat but a vertical or up and down tail Whereas among spouting fish the tail though it may be similarly shaped invariably assumes a horizontal position

By the above definition of what a whale is I do by no means exclude from the leviathanic brotherhood any sea creature hitherto identified with the whale by the best informed Nantucketers nor on the other hand link with it any fish hitherto authoritatively regarded as alien Hence

1 I am w th t dow to th p se t t me th fi h tyled Lamat i nd Dugongs (I g fish nd Sow fish of the Coffins of Nant ket) a e ncluded by

all the smaller, spouting and horizontal tailed fish mu t be included in this ground plan of Cetology Now then come the grand divisions of the entire whale host

First According to magnitude I divide the whales into three primary BOOKS (subdivisible into CHAPTERS) and these shall comprehend them all both small and large

I THE FOLIO WHALE II the OCTAVO WHALE III the DUODECIMO WHALE

As the type of the FOLIO I present the *Sperm Whale* of the OCTAVO the *Grampus* of the DUODECIMO the *Porpoise*

FOLIOS Among these I here include the following chapters —I The *Sperm Whale* II the *Right Whale* III the *Fin Back Whale* IV the *Hump-backed Whale* V *Ra or Back Whale* VI the *Sulphur Bottom Whale*

BOOK I (*Folio*) CHAPTER I (*Sperm Whale*) —This whale among the English of old vaguely known as the Trumpa whale and the Physeter whale and the Anvil Headed whale is the present Cachalot of the French and the Pottsfich of the Germans and the Macrocephalus of the Long Words He is without doubt the largest inhabitant of the globe the most formidable of all whales to encounter the most majestic in aspect and lastly by far the most valuable in commerce he being the only creature from which that valuable substance spermaceti is obtained All his peculiarities will in many other places be enlarged upon It is chiefly with his name that I now have to do Philologically considered it is absurd Some centuries ago when the sperm whale was almost wholly unknown in his own proper individuality and when his oil was only accidentally obtained from the stranded fish in those days spermaceti it would seem was popularly suppo ed to be derived from a creature identical with the one then known in England as the Greenland or Right Whale It was the idea also that this ame spermaceti was that quickening humor of the Greenland Whale which the first syllable of the word literally expresses In those times also spermaceti

ma y t ralist mong th wh les B t as th p g h h a n y co
mpt bl set mostly l k g i the m uths of rs d f d g w t h y
d esp c lly th y do t pout I d y th redent l as wh les and h
p ese ed th m w th th ir passp ts t q it th K gdom of C tology

headed whales bunched whales under jawed whales and rostrated whales are the fisherman s names for a few sorts

In connexion with this appellative of 'Whalebone whales' it is of great importance to mention, that however such a nomenclature may be convenient in facilitating allusions to some kind of whales, yet it is in vain to attempt a clear classification of the Leviathan founded upon either his baleen or hump or fin or teeth notwithstanding that those marked parts or features very obviously seem better adapted to afford the basis for a regular system of Cetology than any other detached bodily distinctions which the whale in his kinds presents How then? The baleen hump back fin and teeth these are things whose peculiarities are in discriminately dispersed among all sorts of whales without any regard to what may be the nature of their structure in other and more essential particulars Thus the sperm whale and the humpbacked whale each has a hump, but there the similitude ceases Then this same humpbacked whale and the Greenland whale each of these has baleen, but there again the similitude ceases And it is just the same with the other parts above mentioned In various sorts of whales they form such irregular combinations or, in the case of any one of them detached such an irregu lar isolation as utterly to defy all general methodization formed upon such a basis On this rock every one of the whale naturalists has split

But it may possibly be conceived that in the internal part of the whale in his anatomy—there at least we shall be able to hit the right classification Nay what thing for example is there in the Greenland whale s anatomy more striking than his baleen? Yet we have seen that by his baleen it is impossible correctly to classify the Green land whale And if you descend into the bowels of the various leviathans why there you will not find distinctions a fiftieth part as available to the systematizer as those ex ternal ones already enumerated What then remains? noth ing but to take hold of the whales bodily in their entire liberal volume and boldly sort them that way And this is the Bibliographical system here adopted and it is the only

one that can possibly succeed for it alone is practical[illegible]. To proceed

BOOK I (*Folio*) CHAPTER IV (*Hump Back*).—This whale is often seen on the northern American coast He has been frequently captured there and towed into harbor He has a great pack on him like a peddler, or you might call him the Elephant and Castle whale At any rate [illegible] popular name for him does not sufficiently distinguish [illegible] since the sperm whale also has a hump though [illegible] one His oil is not very valuable He has baleen [illegible] is the most gamesome and light hearted of all the [illegible] making more gay foam and white water [illegible] any other of them

BOOK I (*Folio*) CHAPTER V (*Razor Back*).—[illegible] whale little is known but his name I have seen [illegible] distance off Cape Horn Of a retiring nature, [illegible] both hunters and philo ophers Though no coward [illegible] never yet shown any part of him but his back, [illegible] in a long sharp ridge Let him go I know little [illegible] of him nor does anybody else

BOOK I (*Folio*) CHAPTER VI (*Sulphur [illegible]*).—[illegible] other retiring gentleman with a brimstone [illegible] got by scraping along the Tartarian tiles [illegible] profounder divings He is seldom een, [illegible] never seen him except in the remoter [illegible] then always at too great a distance to study [illegible] He is never chased he would run away [illegible] of line Prodigies are told of him [illegible] tom! I can say nothing more that is [illegible] the oldest Nantucketer

Thus ends BOOK I (*Folio*) and [illegible] II (*Octavo*)

OCTAVOES These embrace the [illegible] magnitude among which at present [illegible] I the *Grampus* II the *Black Fish* III, [illegible] IV the *Thrasher* V the *Killer*

1 Why th book of wh l t d m ted th[illegible] e se h l th whales [illegible] ord th gh [illegible] ord ev th less t pr po t t [illegible] bookb d Q rt l m its d m shed [illegible] of th Foli [illegible] b t th Oct vo lume [illegible]

BOOK II (*Octavo*), CHAPTER I (*Grampus*)—Though this fish, whose loud sonorous breathing or rather blowing has furnished a proverb to landsmen is so well known a denizen of the deep yet is he not popularly classed among whales But po sessing all the grand distinctive features of the leviathan most naturalists have recognised him for one He is of moderate octavo size varying from fifteen to twenty five feet in length and of corresponding dimensions round the waist He swims in herds he is never regularly hunted though his oil is considerable in quantity and pretty good for light By some fishermen his approach is regarded as premonitory of the advance of the great sperm whale

BOOK II (*Octavo*) CHAPTER II (*Black Fish*)—I give the popular fishermen s names for all these fish for generally they are the best Where any name happens to be vague or inexpressive I shall say so and suggest another I do so now touching the Black Fish so called because blackness is the rule among almost all whales So call him the Hyena Whale if you please His voracity is well known and from the circumstance that the inner angles of his lips are curved upwards he carries an everlasting Mephistophelean grin on his face This whale averages some sixteen or eighteen feet in length He is found in almost all latitudes He has a peculiar way of showing his dorsal hooked fin in swimming which looks something like a Roman nose When not more profitably employed, the sperm whale hunters ometimes capture the Hyena whale to keep up the supply of cheap oil for domestic employment—as some frugal hou ekeepers in the absence of company and quite alone by themselves burn unsavory tallow instead of odorous wax Though their blubber is very thin ome of these whales will yield you upwards of thirty gallons of oil

BOOK II (*Octavo*) CHAPTER III (*Narwhale*), that is *Nostril whale*—Another instance of a curiously named whale so named I suppose from his peculiar horn being originally mistaken for a peaked nose The creature is some ixteen feet in length while its horn averages five feet though some exceed ten and even attain to fifteen feet Strictly speaking this horn is but a lengthened tusk grow

ing out from the jaw in a line a little depressed from the horizontal But it is only found on the sinister side which has an ill effect giving its owner something analogous to the aspect of a clumsy left handed man What precise pur pose this ivory horn or lance answers it would be hard to say It does not seem to be used like the blade of the sword fish and bill fish though some sailors tell me that the Narwhale employs it for a rake in turning over the bot tom of the sea for food Charley Coffin said it was used for an ice piercer for the Narwhale rising to the surface of the Polar Sea and finding it sheeted with ice thrusts his horn up and so breaks through But you cannot prove either of these surmises to be correct My own opinion is, that however this one sided horn may really be used by the Narwhale—however that may be—it would certainly be very convenient to him for a folder in reading pamphlets The Narwhale I have heard called the Tusked whale the Horned whale and the Unicorn whale He is certainly a curious example of the Unicornism to be found in almost every kingdom of animated nature From certain cloistered old authors I have gathered that this same sea unicorn s horn was in ancient days regarded as the great antidote against poison and as such preparations of it brought im mense prices It was also distilled to a volatile salts for fainting ladies the same way that the horns of the male deer are manufactured into hartshorn Originally it was in itself accounted an object of great curiosity Black Letter tells me that Sir Martin Frobisher on his return from that voyage when Queen Bess did gallantly wave her jewelled hand to him from a window of Greenwich Palace as his bold ship sailed down the Thames when Sir Martin returned from that voyage saith Black Letter on bended knees he presented to her highness a prodigious long horn of the Narwhale which for a long period after hung in the castle at Windsor An Irish author avers that the Earl of Leicester on bended knees did likewise present to her highness another horn pertaining to a land beast of the unicorn nature

The Narwhale has a very picturesque leopard like look being of a milk white ground color, dotted with round and

oblong spots of black His oil is very superior, clear and fine but there is little of it and he is seldom hunted He is mostly found in the circumpolar seas

BOOK II (*Octavo*) CHAPTER IV (*Killer*) —Of this whale little is precisely known to the Nantucketer and nothing at all to the professed naturalists From what I have seen of him at a distance I should say that he was about the bigness of a grampus He is very savage—a sort of Feegee fish He sometimes takes the great Folio whales by the lip and hangs there like a leech till the mighty brute is worried to death The Killer is never hunted I never heard what sort of oil he has Exception might be taken to the name bestowed upon this whale on the ground of its indistinctness For we are all killers on land and on sea Bonapartes and Sharks included

BOOK II (*Octavo*) CHAPTER V (*Thrasher*) —This gentleman is famous for his tail which he uses for a ferule in thrashing his foes He mounts the Folio whale s back and as he swims he works his passage by flogging him as some schoolmasters get along in the world by a similar process Still less is known of the Thrasher than of the Killer Both are outlaws even in the lawless seas

Thus ends BOOK II (*Octavo*) and begins BOOK III (*Duodecimo*)

DUODECIMOES —These include the smaller whales I The Huzza Porpoise II The Algerine Porpoise III The Mealy mouthed Porpoise

To those who have not chanced specially to study the subject it may possibly seem strange that fishes not commonly exceeding four or five feet should be marshalled among WHALES—a word which in the popular sense always conveys an idea of hugeness But the creatures set down above as Duodecimoes are infallibly whales by the terms of my definition of what a whale is—i e a spouting fish, with a horizontal tail

BOOK III (*Duodecimo*) CHAPTER I (*Huzza Porpoise*) —This is the common porpoise found almost all over the globe The name is of my own bestowal for there are more than one sort of porpoises and something must be done to distinguish them I call him thus because he al

way swims in hilarious shoals which upon the broad sea keep tossing themselves to heaven like caps in a Fourth of July crowd Their appearance is generally hailed with delight by the mariner Full of fine spirits they invariably come from the breezy billows to windward They are the lads that always live before the wind They are accounted a lucky omen If you yourself can withstand three cheers at beholding these vivacious fish then heaven help ye the spirit of godly gamesomeness is not in ye A well fed plump Huzza Porpoise will yield you one good gallon of good oil But the fine and delicate fluid extracted from his jaws is exceedingly valuable It is in request among jewellers and watchmakers Sailors put it on their hones Porpoi e meat is good eating you know It may never have occurred to you that a porpoise spouts Indeed his pout is o small that it is not very readily discernible But the next time you have a chance watch him and you will then see the great Sperm whale himself in miniature

BOOK III (*Duodecimo*) CHAPTER II (*Algerine Porpoise*) —A pirate Very savage He is only found I think in the Pacific He is somewhat larger than the Huzza Porpoise but much of the same general make Provoke him and he will buckle to a shark I have lowered for him many times but never yet saw him captured

BOOK III (*Duodecimo*) CHAPTER III (*Mealy mouthed Porpoise*) —The largest kind of Porpoise and only found in the Pacific o far as it is known The only English name by which he has hitherto been designated is that of the fishers—Right Whale Porpoise from the circum stance that he is chiefly found in the vicinity of that Folio In shape he differs in some degree from the Huzza Porpoise being of a less rotund and jolly girth indeed he is of quite a neat and gentleman like figure He has no fins on his back (most other porpoises have) he has a lovely tail and sentimental Indian eyes of a hazel hue But his mealy mouth poils him Though his entire back down to his side fins is of a deep sable yet a boundary line distinct as the mark in a ship s hull called the bright waist that line streaks him from stem to stern with two separate colors black above and white below The white compri

part of his head and the whole of his mouth which makes him look as if he had just escaped from a felonious visit to a meal bag A most mean and mealy aspect! His oil is much like that of the common porpoise

* * * * *

Beyond the DUODECIMO this system does not proceed inasmuch as the Porpoise is the smallest of the whales Above you have all the Leviathans of note But there are a rabble of uncertain fugitive half fabulous whales which as an American whaleman, I know by reputation, but not personally I shall enumerate them by their fore castle appellations for possibly such a list may be valuable to future investigators who may complete what I have here but begun If any of the following whales shall hereafter be caught and marked then he can readily be in corporated into this System according to his Folio Octavo or Duodecimo magnitude —The Bottle Nose Whale the Junk Whale the Pudding Headed Whale the Cape Whale, the Leading Whale the Cannon Whale the Scragg Whale the Coppered Whale the Elephant Whale the Iceberg Whale the Quog Whale the Blue Whale &c From Ice landic Dutch and old English authorities there might be quoted other lists of uncertain whales blessed with all manner of uncouth names But I omit them as altogether obsolete and can hardly help suspecting them for mere sounds full of Leviathanism but signifying nothing

Finally It was stated at the outset that this system would not be here and at once perfected You cannot but plainly see that I have kept my word But I now leave my cetological System standing thus unfinished even as the great Cathedral of Cologne was left with the cranes still standing upon the top of the uncompleted tower For small erections may be finished by their first architects grand ones true ones ever leave the copestone to posterity God keep me from ever completing anything This whole book is but a draught—nay, but the draught of a draught Oh Time, Strength Cash, and Patience!

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE SPECKSYNDER

CONCERNING the officers of the whale-craft this seems as good a place as any to set down a little domestic peculiarity on ship-board arising from the existence of the harpooneer class of officers a class unknown of course in any other marine than the whale fleet

The large importance attached to the harpooneer s vocation is evinced by the fact that originally in the old Dutch Fishery *two centuries and more ago the command of a* whale-ship was not wholly lodged in the person now called the captain but was divided between him and an officer called the Specksynder Literally this word means Fat Cutter usage however in time made it equivalent to Chief Harpooneer In those days the captain s authority was restricted to the navigation and general management of the vessel while over the whale hunting department and all its concerns, the Specksynder or Chief Harpooneer reigned supreme In the British Greenland Fishery under the corrupted title of Specksioneer this old Dutch official is still retained but his former dignity is sadly abridged At present he ranks simply as senior Harpooneer and as such is but one of the captain s more inferior subalterns Nevertheless as upon the good conduct of the harpooneers the success of a whaling voyage largely depends and since in the American Fishery he is not only an important officer in the boat but under certain circumstances (night watches on a whaling ground) the command of the ship s deck is also his *therefore the grand political maxim of the sea* demands that he should nominally live apart from the men before the mast and be in some way distinguished as their professional superior though always by them familiarly regarded as their social equal

Now the grand distinction drawn between officer and man at sea is this—the first lives aft the last forward Hence in whale ships and merchantmen alike the mates have their quarters with the captain and so too in most of the American whalers the harpooneers are lodged in

after part of the ship That is to say, they take their meals in the captain s cabin and sleep in a place indirectly communicating with it

Though the long period of a Southern whaling voyage (by far the longest of all voyages now or ever made by man) the peculiar perils of it and the community of interest prevailing among a company all of whom, high or low, depend for their profits not upon fixed wages but upon their common luck together with their common vigilance intrepidity and hard work though all these things do in some cases tend to beget a less rigorous discipline than in merchantmen generally yet never mind how much like an old Mesopotamian family these whaleman may in some primitive instances live together for all that the punctilious externals at least of the quarter deck are seldom materially relaxed and in no instance done away Indeed many are the Nantucket ships in which you will see the skipper parading his quarter-deck with an elated grandeur not surpassed in any military navy nay extorting almost as much outward homage as if he wore the imperial purple and not the shabbiest of pilot-cloth

And though of all men the moody captain of the Pequod was the least given to that sort of shallowest assumption and though the only homage he ever exacted was implicit instantaneous obedience though he required no man to remove the shoes from his feet ere stepping upon the quarter deck and though there were times when owing to peculiar circumstances connected with events hereafter to be detailed he addressed them in unusual terms whether of condescension or *in terrorem* or otherwise yet even Captain Ahab was by no means unobservant of the paramount forms and usages of the sea

Nor perhaps will it fail to be eventually perceived that behind those forms and usages as it were he sometimes masked himself incidentally making use of them for other and more private ends than they were legitimately intended to subserve That certain sultanism of his brain which had otherwise in a good degree remained unmanifested, through those forms that same sultanism became incarnate in an irresistible dictatorship For be a man s in

tellectual superiority what it will it can never assume the practical available supremacy over other men without the aid of some sort of external arts and entrenchments always, in themselves more or less paltry and base This it is that for ever keeps God s true princes of the Empire from the world s hustings and leaves the highest honors that this air can give to those men who become famous more through their infinite inferiority to the choice hidden handful of the Divine Inert than through their undoubted superiority over the dead level of the mass Such large virtue lurks in these small things when extreme political superstitions invest them that in some royal instances even to idiot imbecility they have imparted potency But when as in the case of Nicholas the Czar the ringed crown of geographical empire encircles an imperial brain then the plebeian herds crouch abased before the tremendous centralization Nor will the tragic dramatist who would depict mortal indomitableness in its fullest sweep and direct swing ever forget a hint incidentally so important in his art as the one now alluded to

But Ahab my Captain still moves before me in all his Nantucket grimness and shagginess and in this episode touching Emperors and Kings I must not conceal that I have only to do with a poor old whale hunter like him and therefore all outward majestical trappings and housings are denied me Oh Ahab! what shall be grand in thee it must needs be plucked at from the skies and dived for in the deep, and featured in the unbodied air!

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE CABIN TABLE

It is noon and Dough Boy the steward thrusting his pale loaf of bread face from the cabin scuttle announces dinner to his lord and master who sitting in the lee quarter boat has just been taking an observation of the sun and is now mutely reckoning the latitude on the smooth medallion shaped tablet reserved for that daily purpose on

the upper part of his ivory leg From his complete in attention to the tidings, you would think that moody Ahab had not heard his menial But presently catching hold of the mizen hrouds he swings himself to the deck, and in an even unexhilarated voice saying ' Dinner, Mr Star buck disappears into the cabin

When the last echo of his sultan s step has died away and Starbuck the first Emir has every reason to suppose that he is seated then Starbuck rouses from his quietude, takes a few turns along the planks and after a grave peep into the binnacle says with some touch of pleasantness ' Dinner Mr Stubb and descends the scuttle The second Emir lounges about the rigging awhile, and then slightly shaking the main brace to see whether it will be all right with that important rope, he likewise takes up the old bur den and with a rapid Dinner, Mr Flask" follows after his predecessors

But the third Emir now seeing himself all alone on the quarter deck seems to feel relieved from some curious re straint for tipping all sorts of knowing winks in all sorts of directions and kicking off his shoes he strikes into a sharp but noiseless squall of a hornpipe right over the Grand Turk s head and then by a dexterous sleight, pitching his cap up into the mizentop for a shelf he goes down rollicking, so far at least as he remains visible from the deck reversing all other processions by bringing up the rear with music But ere stepping into the cabin doorway below he pauses ships a new face altogether and then independent hilari ous little Flask enters King Ahab s presence in the char acter of Abjectus or the Slave

It is not the least among the strange things bred by the intense artificialness of sea usages that while in the open air of the deck some officers will upon provocation bear themselves boldly and defyingly enough towards their com mander yet ten to one let those very officers the next moment go down to their customary dinner in that same commander s cabin and straightway their inoffensive not to say deprecatory and humble air towards him as he sits at the head of the table this is marvellous sometime most comical Wherefore this difference? A problem?

Perhaps not To have been Belshazzar, King of Babylon and to have been Belshazzar not haughtily but courteously, therein certainly must have been some touch of mundane grandeur But he who in the rightly regal and intelligent spirit presides over his own private dinner table of invited guests that man s unchallenged power and dominion of individual influence for the time, that man s royalty of state transcends Belshazzar s for Belshazzar was not the greatest Who has but once dined his friends has tasted what it is to be Cæsar It is a witchery of social czarship which there is no withstanding Now if to this consideration you super add the official supremacy of a ship master then by inference you will derive the cause of that peculiarity of sea life just mentioned

Over his ivory inlaid table Ahab presided like a mute maned sea lion on the white coral beach surrounded by his war like but still deferential cubs In his own proper turn each officer waited to be served They were as little children before Ahab and yet in Ahab there seemed not to lurk the smallest social arrogance With one mind their intent eyes all fastened upon the old man s knife as he carved the chief dish before him I do not suppose that for the world they would have profaned that moment with the slightest observation even upon so neutral a topic as the weather No! And when reaching out his knife and fork between which the slice of beef was locked Ahab thereby motioned Starbuck s plate towards him the mate received his meat as though receiving alms and cut it tenderly and a little started if perchance the knife grazed against the plate and chewed it noiselessly and swallowed it not without circumspection For like the Coronation banquet at Frankfort where the German Emperor profoundly dines with the even Imperial Electors so these cabin meals were somehow solemn meals eaten in awful silence and yet at table old Ahab forbade not conversation only he himself was dumb What a relief it was to choking Stubb when a rat made a sudden racket in the hold below And poor little Flask he was the youngest son and little boy of this weary family party His were the shin bones of the saline beef his would have been

the drumsticks For Flask to have presumed to help him self this must have seemed to him tantamount to larceny in the first degree Had he helped himself at the table, doubtless never more would he have been able to hold his head up in this honest world nevertheless strange to say, Ahab never forbade him And had Flask helped himself the chances were Ahab had never so much as noticed it Least of all, did Flask presume to help himself to butter Whether he thought the owners of the ship denied it to him, on account of its clotting his clear sunny complexion or whether he deemed that on so long a voyage in such marketless waters butter was at a premium and therefore was not for him a subaltern however it was, Flask alas! was a butterless man!

Another thing Flask was the last person down at the dinner, and Flask is the first man up Consider! For hereby Flask s dinner was badly jammed in point of time Starbuck and Stubb both had the start of him and yet they also have the privilege of lounging in the rear If Stubb even who is but a peg higher than Flask happens to have but a small appetite and soon shows symptoms of con cluding his repast then Flask must bestir himself he will not get more than three mouthfuls that day for it is against holy usage for Stubb to precede Flask to the deck There fore it was that Flask once admitted in private that ever since he had arisen to the dignity of an officer from that moment he had never known what it was to be otherwise than hungry more or less For what he ate did not so much relieve his hunger as keep it immortal in him Peace and satisfaction thought Flask have for ever departed from my stomach I am an officer but how I wish I could fish a bit of old fa hioned beef in the forecastle as I used to when I was before the mast There s the fruits of promo tion now there s the vanity of glory there s the insanity of life! Besides if it were so that any mere sailor of the Pequod had a grudge against Flask in Flask s official capacity all that sailor had to do in order to obtain ample vengeance was to go aft at dinner time and get a peep at Flask through the cabin sky light, sitting silly and dum foundered before awful Ahab

Now Ahab and his three mates formed what may be called the first table in the Pequod s cabin After their departure taking place in inverted order to their arrival the canvas cloth was cleared or rather was restored to some hurried order by the pallid steward And then the three harpooneers were bidden to the feast they being its residuary legatees They made a sort of temporary servants hall of the high and mighty cabin

In strange contrast to the hardly tolerable constraint and nameless invisible domineerings of the captain s table was the entire care free license and ease the almost frantic democracy of those inferior fellows the harpooneers While their masters the mates seemed afraid of the sound of the hinges of their own jaws the harpooneers chewed their food with such a relish that there was a report to it They dined like lords they filled their bellies like Indian ships all day loading with spices Such portentous appetites had Queequeg and Tashtego that to fill out the vacancies made by the previous repast often the pale Dough Boy was fain to bring on a great baron of salt junk seemingly quarried out of the solid ox And if he were not lively about it if he did not go with a nimble hop skip-and jump then Tashtego had an ungentlemanly way of accelerating him by darting a fork at his back harpoon wise And once Daggoo seized with a sudden humor assisted Dough Boy s memory by snatching him up bodily and thrusting his head into a great empty wooden trencher while Tashtego knife in hand began laying out the circle preliminary to scalping him He was naturally a very nervous shuddering sort of little fellow this bread faced steward the progeny of a bankrupt baker and a ho pital nurse And what with the standing spectacle of the black terrific Ahab and the periodical tumultuous visitations of these three savages Dough Boy s whole life was one continual lip-quiver Commonly after seeing the harpooneers furnished with all things they demanded he would escape from their clutches into his little pantry adjoining and fearfully peep out at them through the blinds of its door till all was over

It was a sight to see Queequeg seated over against T tego opposing his filed teeth to the Indian s crossw

them Daggoo seated on the floor, for a bench would have brought his hearse plumed head to the low carlines at every motion of his colossal limbs making the low cabin framework to shake, as when an African elephant goes passenger in a ship But for all this the great negro was wonderfully abstemious, not to say dainty It seemed hardly possible that by such comparatively small mouthfuls he could keep up the vitality diffused through so broad baronial and superb a per on But doubtless this noble savage fed strong and drank deep of the abounding element of air and through his dilated nostrils snuffed in the sublime life of the worlds Not by beef or by bread are giants made or nourished But Queequeg he had a mortal bar baric smack of the lip in eating—an ugly sound enough—so much so that the trembling Dough Boy almost looked to ee whether any marks of teeth lurked in his own lean arms And when he would hear Tashtego singing out for him to produce himself that his bones might be picked the simple witted Steward all but shattered the crockery hang ing round him in the pantry by his sudden fits of the palsy Nor did the whetstone which the harpooneers carried in their pockets for their lances and other weapons and with which whetstones at dinner they would ostentatiously sharpen their knives that grating sound did not at all tend to tran quillize poor Dough Boy How could he forget that in his Island days Queequeg for one must certainly have been guilty of some murderous convivial indiscretions Alas! Dough Boy! hard fares the white waiter who waits upon cannibals Not a napkin should he carry on his arm but a buckler In good time though to his great delight the three salt sea warriors would rise and depart to his credulous fable mongering ears all their martial bones jingling in them at every step like Moorish scimetars in scabbards

But, though the e barbarians dined in the cabin and nominally lived there still being anything, but sedentary in heir habits they were scarcely ever in it except at meal times and just before sleeping time, when they passed through it to their own peculiar quarters

In this one matter Ahab eemed no exception to most

American whale captains who as a set rather incline to the *opinion that by rights the ship s cabin belongs to them*, and that it is by courtesy alone that anybody else is at any time permitted there So that in real truth the mates and harpooneers of the Pequod might more properly be said to have lived out of the cabin than in it For when they did enter it it was something as a street-door enters a house turning inwards for a moment only to be turned out the next and as a permanent thing residing in the open air Nor did they lose much hereby in the cabin was no com panionship socially Ahab was inaccessible Though nom inally included in the census of Christendom he was still an alien to it He lived in the world as the last of the Grisly Bears lived in settled Missouri And as when Spring and Summer had departed that wild Logan of the woods, burying himself in the hollow of a tree lived out the winter there sucking his own paws so in his inclement howling old age Ahab s soul shut up in the caved trunk of his body, there fed upon the sullen paws of its gloom!

CHAPTER XXXV

THE MAST HEAD

It was during the more pleasant weather that in due rotation with the other seamen my first mast head came round

In most American whalemen the mast heads are manned almost simultaneously with the vessel s leaving her port even though she may have fifteen thousand miles and more to sail ere reaching her proper cruising ground And if after a three four or five years voyage she is drawing nigh home with anything empty in her—say an empty vial even —then her mast heads are kept manned to the last! and not till her skysail poles sail in among the spires of the port, does she altogether relinquish the hope of capturing one whale more

Now as the business of standing mast heads ashore or afloat is a very ancient and interesting one let us in some

measure expatiate here I take it that the earliest standers of mast heads were the old Egyptians, because in all my researches I find none prior to them For though their progenitors the builders of Babel, must doubtless by their tower have intended to rear the loftiest mast head in all Asia or Africa either yet (ere the final truck was put to it) as that great stone mast of theirs may be said to have gone by the board in the dread gale of God s wrath there fore we cannot give these Babel builders priority over the Egyptians And that the Egyptians were a nation of mast head standers is an assertion based upon the general belief among archæologists that the first pyramids were founded for astronomical purposes a theory singularly supported by the peculiar stair like formation of all four sides of those edifices whereby with prodigious long upliftings of their legs those old astronomers were wont to mount to the apex and sing out for new stars even as the look outs of a modern ship sing out for a sail or a whale just bearing in sight In Saint Stylites the famous Christian hermit of old times who built him a lofty stone pillar in the desert and spent the whole latter portion of his life on its summit hoisting his food from the ground with a tackle in him we have a remarkable instance of a dauntless stander of mast heads who was not to be driven from his place by fogs or frosts rain hail or sleet but valiantly facing everything out to the last literally died at his post Of modern standers of mast heads we have but a lifeless set mere stone iron and bronze men who though well capable of facing out a stiff gale are still entirely incompetent to the business of singing out upon discovering any strange sight There is Napoleon who upon the top of the column of Vendome stands with arms folded some one hundred and fifty feet in the air careless now who rules the decks below whether Louis Philippe Louis Blanc or Louis the Devil Great Washington too stands high aloft on his towering main mast in Baltimore and like one of Hercules pillars his column marks that point of human grandeur beyond which few mortals will go Admiral Nelson also, on a capstan of gun metal stands his mast head in Trafalgar Square and even when most obscured by that London

smoke token is yet given that a hidden hero is there, for where there is smoke must be fire But neither great Washington nor Napoleon nor Nelson, will answer a single hail from below however madly invoked to befriend by their counsels the distracted decks upon which they gaze however it may be surmised that their spirits penetrate through the thick haze of the future and descry what shoals and what rocks must be shunned

It may seem unwarrantable to couple in any respect the mast head standers of the land with those of the sea but that in truth it is not so is plainly evinced by an item for which Obed Macy the sole historian of Nantucket stands accountable The worthy Obed tells us that in the early times of the whale fishery ere ships were regularly launched in pursuit of the game the people of that island erected lofty spars along the sea-coast to which the look-outs ascended by means of nailed cleats something as fowls go upstairs in a hen house A few years ago this same plan was adopted by the Bay whalemen of New Zealand who upon descrying the game gave notice to the ready manned boats nigh the beach But this custom has now become obsolete turn we then to the one proper mast head that of a whale ship at sea The three ma t heads are kept manned from un rise to sun et the eamen taking their regular turns (as at the helm) and relieving each other every two hours In the serene weather of the tropics it is exceedingly pleasant the mast head nay to a dreamy meditative man it is delightful There you stand a hundred feet above the silent decks striding along the deep as if the masts were gigantic stilts while beneath you and between your legs as it were swim the hugest monsters of the sea even as ships once sailed between the boots of the famous Colo sus at old Rhodes There you stand lost in the infinite series of the sea with nothing ruffled but the waves The tranced ship indolently rolls the drowsy trade winds blow everything resolves you into languor For the most part in this tropic whaling life a sublime uneventfulness invest you you hear no news read no gazettes extras with startling accounts of commonplaces never delude you unnecessary excitements you hear of no domestic

tions, bankrupt securities fall of stocks are never troubled with the thought of what you shall have for dinner—for all your meals for three years and more are snugly stowed in casks and your bill of fare is immutable

In one of those southern whalesmen on a long three or four years voyage as often happens the sum of the various hours you spend at the mast head would amount to several entire months And it is much to be deplored that the place to which you devote so considerable a portion of the whole term of your natural life hould be so sadly destitute of anything approaching to a cosy inhabitiveness or adapted to breed a comfortable localness of feeling such as pertains to a bed a hammock a hearse a sentry box, a pulpit a coach or any other of tho e small and snug con trivances in which men temporarily isolate them elves Your most usual point of perch is the head of the t gallant mast where you stand upon two thin parallel sticks (almost peculiar to whalemen) called the t gallant cross trees Here tossed about by the sea the beginner feels about as cosy as he would tanding on a bull s horns To be sure, in cold weather you may carry your house aloft with you in the shape of a watch coat but properly peaking the thickest watch-coat is no more of a house than the unclad body for as the soul is glued inside of its fleshy tabernacle and cannot freely move about in it nor even move out of it without running great risk of perishing (like an ignorant pilgrim crossing the snowy Alps in winter) so a watch coat is not so much of a house as it is a mere envelope or addi tional kin encasing you You cannot put a shelf or chest of drawers in your body and no more can you make a con venience closet of your watch coat

Concerning all this it is much to be deplored that the mast heads of a southern whale ship are unprovided with those enviable little tents or pulpits called *crow s nests* in which the look-outs of a Greenland whaler are protected from the inclement weather of the frozen eas In the fireside narrative of Captain Sleet entitled A Voyage among the Icebergs, in quest of the Greenland Whale and incidentally for the re-discovery of the Lost Icelandic Colonies of Old G eenland,' in this admirable volume all standers of mast

heads are furnished with a charmingly circumstantial account of the then recently invented *crow's nest* of the Glacier, which was the name of Captain Sleet s good craft He called it the *Sleet s crow's nest* in honor of himself he being the original inventor and patentee and free from all ridiculous false delicacy and holding that if we call our own children after our own names (we fathers being the original inventors and patentees) so likewise should we denominate after ourselves any other apparatus we may beget In shape the Sleet s crow s nest is something like a large tierce or pipe it is open above however where it is furnished with a movable side screen to keep to windward of your head in a hard gale Being fixed on the summit of the mast you ascend into it through a little trap hatch in the bottom On the after side or side next the stern of the ship is a comfortable seat with a locker underneath for umbrellas comforters and coats In front is a leather rack in which to keep your speaking trumpet pipe telescope and other nautical conveniences When Captain Sleet in person stood his mast head in this crow s nest of his he tells us that he always had a rifle with him (also fixed in the rack together with a powder flask and shot for the purpose of popping off the stray narwhales or vagrant sea u... infesting those waters for you cannot successfully ... them from the deck owing to the resistance of the water but to shoot down upon them is a very different th... it was plainly a labor of love for Captain Sleet ... as he does all the little detailed conveniences o... nest but though he o enlarges upon many ... though he treats us to a very scientific accoun... ments in this crow s nest with a small ... there for the purpose of counteracting the ... from what is called the local attraction ... magnets an error ascribable to the ... the iron in the hip s planks and in the ... haps to there having been so many ... smiths among her crew I say that ... very discreet and cientific here ... binnacle deviations azimuth ... and approximate errors ' he know ...

that he was not so much immersed in those profound magnetic meditations as to fail being attracted occasionally towards that well replenished little case bottle so nicely tucked in on one side of his crow's nest within easy reach of his hand Though upon the whole I greatly admire and even love the brave, the honest, and learned Captain yet I take it very ill of him that he should so utterly ignore that case bottle seeing what a faithful friend and comforter it must have been, while with mittened fingers and hooded head he was studying the mathematics aloft there in that bird s nest within three or four perches of the pole

But if we Southern whale fishers are not so snugly housed aloft as Captain Sleet and his Greenlandmen were yet that disadvantage is greatly counter balanced by the widely contrasting serenity of those seductive seas in which we South fishers mostly float For one I used to lounge up the rigging very leisurely, resting in the top to have a chat with Queequeg or any one else off duty whom I might find there then ascending a little way further and throwing a lazy leg over the top sail yard take a preliminary view of the watery pastures and so at last mount to my ultimate destination

Let me make a clean breast of it here and frankly admit that I kept but sorry guard With the problem of the universe revolving in me how could I—being left completely to myself at such a thought engendering altitude—how could I but lightly hold my obligations to observe all whale ships standing orders Keep your weather eye open and sing out every time

And let me in this place movingly admonish you ye ship-owners of Nantucket! Beware of enlisting in your vigilant fisheries any lad with lean brow and hollow eye given to unseasonable meditativeness and who offers to ship with the Phædon instead of Bowditch in his head Beware of such an one I say your whales must be seen before they can be killed and this sunken eyed young Platonist will tow you ten wakes round the world and never make you one pint of sperm the richer Nor are these monitions at all unneeded For nowadays, the whale fishery furnishes an asylum for many romantic melancholy and absent minded young men, disgusted with the carking care of earth and

eeking sentiment in tar and blubber Childe Harold not infrequently perches himself upon the mast head of some uckless disappointed whale ship and in moody phrase jaculates —

Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean roll!
Ten thousand blubber hunters sweep over thee in vain

Very often do the captains of such ships take those absent minded young philo ophers to task upbraiding them with not feeling sufficient interest in the voyage half hinting hat they are so hopele sly lost to all honorable ambition as that in their secret souls they would rather not see whales than otherwise But all in vain those young Pla onists have a notion that their vision is imperfect they are short sighted what use then to strain the visual nerve? They have left their opera glas es at home

Why thou monkey " said a harpooneer to one of these lads we ve been cruising now hard upon three years and thou hast not raised a whale yet Whales are scarce as hen s teeth whenever thou art up here Perhaps they were or perhaps there might have been shoals of them in he far horizon but lulled into such an opium like listlessness of vacant unconscious reverie is this absent minded youth by the blending cadence of waves with thoughts that at last he loses his identity takes the mystic ocean at his feet for the visible image of that deep blue bottomless soul per vading mankind and nature and every strange half seen gliding beautiful thing that eludes him every dimly-dis covered uprising fin of some undiscernible form eems to him the embodiment of those elusive thoughts that only people the soul by continually flitting through it In this enchanted mood thy spirit ebbs away to whence it came becomes diffused through time and pace like Cranmer s sprinkled Pantheistic ashes forming at last a part of every shore the round globe over

There is no life in thee now except that rocking life imparted by a gentle rolling ship by her borrowed from the sea by the sea from the inscrutable tides of God But while this sleep this dream is on ye move your foot or hand an inch slip your hold at all and your identity comes back

While the mate was getting the hammer Ahab, without speaking was slowly rubbing the gold piece against the skirts of his jacket as if to heighten its lustre, and without using any words was meanwhile lowly humming to himself, producing a sound so strangely muffled and inarticulate that it seemed the mechanical humming of the wheels of his vitality in him

Receiving the top maul from Starbuck he advanced towards the main mast with the hammer uplifted in one hand exhibiting the gold with the other and with a high raised voice exclaiming Whosoever of ye raises me a white headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw whosoever of ye raises me that white headed whale, with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke—look ye whosoever of ye raises me that same white whale he shall have this gold ounce my boys!

'Huzza! huzza! cried the seamen as with swinging tarpaulins they hailed the act of nailing the gold to the mast

'It s a white whale I say resumed Ahab as he threw down the top maul a white whale Skin your eyes for him men look sharp for white water if ye see but a bubble sing out

All this while Tashtego Daggoo and Queequeg had looked on with even more intense interest and surprise than the rest and at the mention of the wrinkled brow and crooked jaw they had started as if each was separately touched by some specific recollection

Captain Ahab said Tashtego that white whale must be the same that some call Moby Dick

Moby Dick? shouted Ahab Do ye know the white whale then Tash?

"Does he fan tail a little curious sir, before he goes down? said the Gay Header deliberately

'And has he a curiou spout too said Daggoo very bushy even for a parmacetty and mighty quick Captain Ahab?

And he have one two tree—oh! good many iron in him hide too, Captain cried Queequeg disjointedly all twiske tee be twisk, like him—him— faltering hard for a

word and screwing his hand round and round as though uncorking a bottle— like him—him——"

Corkscrew! cried Ahab aye Queequeg the harpoons lie all twisted and wrenched in him aye Daggoo his spout is a big one like a whole shock of wheat and white as a pile of our Nantucket wool after the great annual sheep-shear ing aye Tashtego and he fan tails like a split jib in a squall Death and devils! men it is Moby Dick ye have seen—Moby Dick—Moby Dick!'

'Captain Ahab said Starbuck who with Stubb and Flask had thus far been eyeing his superior with increas ing urprise but at last seemed struck with a thought which somewhat explained all the wonder Captain Ahab I have heard of Moby Dick—but it was not Moby Dick that took off thy leg?

'Who told thee that? cried Ahab then pausing 'Aye Starbuck aye my hearties all round it was Moby Dick that dismasted me Moby Dick that brought me to this dead stump I stand on now Aye aye he shouted with a terrific loud animal sob like that of a heart stricken moose Aye aye! it was that accursed white whale that razeed me made a poor pegging lubber for me for ever and a day! Then tossing both arms with measureless im precations he shouted out Aye aye! and I'll chase him round Good Hope and round the Horn and round the Norway Maelstrom and round perdition s flames before I give him up And this is what ye have shipped for men! to chase that white whale on both sides of land and over all sides of earth till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out What say ye men will ye splice hands on it now? I think ye do look brave

Aye aye! shouted the harpooneers and seamen run ning closer to the excited old man A sharp eye for the white whale a sharp lance for Moby Dick!'

God bless ye he seemed to half sob and half shout God bless ye men Steward! go draw the great measure of grog But what s this long face about Mr Starbuck wilt thou not chase the white whale? art not game for Moby Dick?

I am game for his crooked jaw and for the jaws of

Death too Captain Ahab if it fairly comes in the way of the business we follow, but I came here to hunt whales not my commander s vengeance How many barrels will thy vengeance yield thee even if thou gettest it, Captain Ahab? it will not fetch thee much in our Nantucket market "

'Nantucket market! Hoot! But come closer, Starbuck thou requirest a little lower layer If money s to be the measurer man and the accountants have computed their great counting house the globe by girdling it with guineas one to every three parts of an inch then let me tell thee that my veangeance will fetch a great premium *here!*

'He smites his chest whispered Stubb ' what s that for? methinks it rings most vast, but hollow '

"Vengeance on a dumb brute! cried Starbuck that simply smote thee from blindest instinct! Madness! To be enraged with a dumb thing Captain Ahab seems blasphemous '

"Hark ye yet again—the little lower layer All visible objects man are but as pasteboard masks But in each event—in the living act the undoubted deed—there some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the mouldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask If man will strike strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall shoved near to me Sometimes I think there s naught beyond But tis enough He tasks me, he heap me I see in him outrageous strength with an inscrutable malice sinewing it That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate and be the white whale agent, or be the white whale principal I will wreak that hate upon him Talk not to me of blasphemy man I d strike the sun if it insulted me For could the sun do that then could I do the other, since there is ever a sort of fair play herein, jealousy presiding over all creations But not my master man is even that fair play Who s over me? Truth hath no confines Take off thine eye! more intolerable than fiends' glarings is a doltish stare! So so thou reddenest and palest my heat has melted thee to anger glow But look ye, Starbuck what is said in heat that thing unsays itself There are men from whom warm words are small

indignity I meant not to incense thee Let it go Look! see yonder Turkish cheeks of spotted tawn—living breath ing pictures painted by the sun The Pagan leopards—the unrecking and unworshipping things, that live and seek and give no reasons for the torrid life they feel! The crew man the crew! Are they not one and all with Ahab in this matter of the whale? See Stubb! he laughs! See yonder Chilian! he snorts to think of it Stand up amid the general hurricane thy one tost sapling cannot Starbuck! And what is it? Reckon it 'Tis but to help strike a fin no wondrous feat for Starbuck What is it more? From this one poor hunt then the best lance out of all Nantucket surely he will not hang back when every foremast hand has clutched a whetstone Ah! constrainings seize thee I see! the billow lifts thee! Speak but speak!—Aye aye! thy silence then *that* voices thee (*Aside*) Something shot from my dilated nostrils he has inhaled it in his lungs Starbuck now is mine cannot oppose me now without rebellion

God keep me!—keep us all! murmured Starbuck lowly

But in his joy at the enchanted tacit acquiescence of the mate Ahab did not hear his foreboding invocation nor yet the low laugh from the hold nor yet the presaging vibra tions of the winds in the cordage nor yet the hollow flap of the sails against the masts as for a moment their hearts sank in For again Starbucks downcast eyes lighted up with the stubbornness of life the subterranean laugh died away the winds blew on the sails filled out the ship heaved and rolled as before Ah ye admonitions and warnings! why stay ye not when ye come? But rather are ye predictions than warnings ye shadows! Yet not so much predictions from without as verifications of the fore going things within For with little external to constrain us the innermost necessities in our being these still drive us on

The measure! the measure! cried Ahab

Receiving the brimming pewter and turning to the har pooneers he ordered them to produce their weapons Then ranging them before him near the capstan with their

harpoons in their hands, while his three mates stood at his side with their lances, and the rest of the ship's company formed a circle round the group he stood for an instant searchingly eyeing every man of his crew But those wild eyes met his as the bloodshot eyes of the prairie wolves meet the eye of their leader ere he rushes on at their head in the trail of the bison but, alas! only to fall into the hidden snare of the Indian

Drink and pass! ' he cried handing the heavy charged flagon to the nearest seamen 'The crew alone now drink Round with it round! Short draughts– long swallows men 'tis hot as Satan's hoof So so it goes round excellently It spiralizes in ye forks out at the serpent snapping eye Well done almost drained That way it went, this way it comes Hand it me—here's a hollow! Men ye seem the years so brimming life is gulped and gone Steward refill!

Attend now my braves I have mustered ye all round this capstan and ye mates flank me with your lances, and ye harpooneers stand there with your irons and ye stout mariners ring me in that I may in some sort revive a noble custom of my fishermen fathers before me O men you will yet see that— Ha! boy come back? bad pennies come not sooner Hand it me Why now this pewter had run brimming again wer't not thou St Vitus imp—away thou ague!

Advance ye mates! Cross your lances full before me Well done! Let me touch the axis So saying with extended arm he grasped the three level radiating lances at their crossed centre while so doing suddenly and nervously twitched them meanwhile glancing intently from Starbuck to Stubb from Stubb to Flask It seemed as though by some nameless interior volition he would fain have shocked into them the same fiery emotion accumulated within the Leyden jar of his own magnetic life The three mates quailed before his strong sustained and mystic aspect Stubb and Flask looked sideways from him the honest eye of Starbuck fell downright

'In vain! cried Ahab but maybe tis well For did ye three but once take the full forced shock then mine own

electric thing *that* had perhaps expired from out me Perchance too it would have dropped ye dead Perchance ye need it not Down lances! And now ye mates I do appoint ye three cupbearers to my three pagan kinsmen there—yon three most honorable gentlemen and noblemen my valiant harpooneers Disdain the task? What when the great Pope washes the feet of beggars using his tiara for ewer? Oh my sweet cardinals! your own condescension *that* shall bend ye to it I do not order ye ye will it Cut your seizings and draw the poles ye harpooneers!

Silently obeying the order the three harpooneers now stood with the detached iron part of their harpoons some three feet long held barbs up before him

Stab me not with that keen steel! Cant them cant them over! Know ye not the goblet end? Turn up the socket! So so now ye cup-bearers advance The irons! take them hold them while I fill! Forthwith slowly going from one officer to the other he brimmed the harpoon sockets with the fiery waters from the pewter

Now three to three ye stand Commend the murderou chalices! Bestow them ye who are now made parties to this indissoluble league Ha! Starbuck! but the deed is done! Yon ratifying sun now waits to sit upon it Drink ye harpooneers! drink and swear ye men that man the deathful whaleboat s bow—Death to Moby Dick! God hunt us all if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death! The long barbed steel goblets were lifted and to cries and maledictions against the white whale the spirits were simultaneously quaffed down with a hiss Starbuck paled and turned and shivered Once more and finally the replenished pewter went the rounds among the frantic crew when waving his free hand to them they all dispersed and Ahab retired within his cabin

CHAPTER XXXVII

SUNSET

The cabin, by the stern windows Ahab sitting alone, and ga ing out

I LEAVE a white and turbid wake pale waters, paler cheeks where er I sail The envious billows sidelong swell to whelm my track let them but first I pass

Yonder, by the ever brimming goblet s rim the warm waves blush li e wine The gold brow plumbs the blue The diver sun—slow dived from noon—goes down my soul mounts up! she wearies with her endless hill Is then the crown too heavy that I wear? this Iron Crown of Lom bardy Yet is it bri ht with many a gem I the wearer, see not its far flashings but darkly feel that I wear that that dazzlingly confounds Tis iron—that I know—not gold Tis split too—that I feel the jagged edge galls me so my brain eems to beat against the solid metal aye steel skull mine the sort that needs no hemlet in the most brain battering fight!

Dry heat upon my brow? Oh! time was when as the sunrise nobly spurred me so the sunset soothed No more This lovely light it lights not me all loveliness is anguish to me since I can ne er enjoy Gifted with the high per ception I lack the low enjoying power damned most subtly and most malignantly! damned in the midst of Paradise! Good night—good night! *(waving his hand he moves from the window)*

Twas not so hard a task I thought to find one stubborn at the least but my one cogged circle fits into all their various wheels and they revolve Or if you will like so many ant hills of powder they all stand before me and I their match Oh hard! that to fire others the match itself must needs be wasting! What I ve dared I ve willed and what I ve willed I ll do! They think me mad—Starbuck does but I m demoniac I am madness maddened! That wild madness that s only calm to comprehend itself! The prophecy was that I should be dismembered and—Aye! I

lost this leg I now prophesy that I will dismember my dismemberer Now then, be the prophet and the fulfiller one That s more than ye ye great gods ever were I laugh and hoot at ye ye cricket players ye pugilists ye deaf Burkes and blinded Bendigoes! I will not say as schoolboys do to bullies—Take ome one of your own size don t pommel *me!* No ve ve knocked me down and I am up again but ye have run and hidden Come forth from behind your cotton bags! I have no long gun to reach ye Come Ahab s compliments to ye come and see if ye can swerve me Swerve me? ye cannot swerve me else ye swerve yourselves! man has ye there Swerve me? The path to my fixed purpo e is laid with iron rails whereon my soul is grooved to run Over unsounded gorges through the rifled hearts of mountains under torrents beds unerringly I rush! Naught s an obstacle naught s an angle to the iron way!

CHAPTER XXXVIII

DUSK

By the Mainmast Starbuck leaning against it

My soul is more than matched she s over manned and by a madman! Insufferable sting that sanity should ground arms on such a field But he drilled deep down and blasted all my reason out of me! I think I see his impious end but feel that I must help him to it Will I nill I the ineffable thing has tied me to him tows me with a cable I have no knife to cut Horrible old man! Who s over him he cries —aye he would be a democrat to all above look how he lords it over all below! Oh! I plainly see my miserable office—to obey rebelling and worse yet to hate with touch of pity! For in his eyes I read some lurid woe would shrivel me up had I it Yet is there hope Time and tide flow wide The hated whale has the round water world to swim in as the small gold fish has its glassy globe His heaven insulting purpo e God may wedge aside I would up heart were it not like lead But my whole clock s run

down my heart the all controlling weight I have no key to lift again

[*A burst of revelry from the forecastle*]

Oh God! to sail with such a heathen crew that have small touch of human mothers in them! Whelped somewhere by the sharkish sea The white whale is their demigorgon Hark! the infernal orgies! that revelry is forward! mark the unfaltering silence aft! Methinks it pictures life Fore most through the sparkling sea shoots on the gay embattled bantering bow but only to drag dark Ahab after it where he broods within his sternward cabin builded over the dead water of the wake and further on hunted by its wolfish gurglings The long howl thrills me through! Peace! ye revellers and set the watch! Oh life! tis in an hour like this with soul beat down and held to knowledge—as wild untutored things are forced to feed—Oh life! tis now that I do feel the latent horror in thee! but tis not me! that horror s out of me and with the soft feeling of the human in me yet will I try to fight ye ye grim phantom futures! Stand by me hold me bind me O ye blessed influences!

CHAPTER XXXIX

FIRST NIGHT WATCH

(*Stubb solus and mending a brace*)

HA! ha! ha! ha! hem! clear my throat!—I ve been thinking over it ever since and that ha ha s the final con sequence Why so? Becau e a laugh s the wisest easiest answer to all that s queer and come what will one com fort s always left—that unfailing comfort it it s all pre destinated I heard not all his talk with Starbuck but to my poor eye Starbuck then looked something as I the other evening felt Be sure the old Mogul has fixed him too I twigged it knew it had had the gift might readily have prophesied it—for when I clapped my eye upon his skull I saw it Well Stubb *wise* Stubb—that s my title—well Stubb what of it, Stubb? Here's a carcase I know not

all that may be coming but be it what it will I'll go to it laughing Such a waggish leering as lurks in all your horribles! I feel funny Fa la! lirra skirra! What s my juicy little pear at home doing now? Crying its eyes out?—Giving a party to the last arrived harpooneers I dare say gay as a frigate s pennant and so am I—fa, la! lirra skirra! Oh——

We'll drink to night with hearts as light
To love as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker s brim
And break on the lips while meeting

A brave stave that—who calls? Mr Starbuck? Aye aye sir—(*Aside*) he s my superior he has his too if I m not mistaken — Aye aye sir just through with this job—coming

CHAPTER XL

MIDNIGHT FORECASTLE

HARPOONEERS AND SAILORS

(Foresail rises and discovers the watch standing loung ing leaning and lying in various attitudes all singing in chorus)

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies!
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain!
Our captain s commanded —

1ST NANTUCKET SAILOR

Oh boys don t be sentimental it s bad for the digestion! Take a tonic follow me!

(Sings and all follow)

Our captain stood upon the deck
A spy glass in his hand
A viewing of those gallant whales
That blew at every strand

Oh your tubs in your boats my boys
And by your braces stand
And we ll have one of those fine whales
Hand boys over hand!
So be cheery my lads! may your hearts never fail!
While the bold harpooneer is striking the whale!

MATE'S VOICE FROM THE QUARTER DECK

Eight bells there, forward!

2ND NANTUCKET SAILOR

Avast the chorus! Eight bells there! d'ye hear, bell boy? Strike the bell eight thou Pip! thou blackling! and let me call the watch I ve the sort of mouth for that—the hogshead mouth So so (*thrusts his head down the scuttle*) Star—bo l e e n s a h o y! Eight bells there below! Tumble up!

DUTCH SAILOR

Grand snoozing to night maty fat night for that I mark this in our old Mogul s wine it s quite as deadening to some as filliping to others We sing they sleep—aye lie down there like ground t er butts At em again! There take this copper pump and hail em through it Tell 'em to avast dreaming of their la ses Tell em it s the resurrec tion they must kiss their last and come to judgment That s the way—*that s* it thy throat ain't spoiled with eating Amsterdam butter

FRENCH SAILOR

Hist, boys! let s have a jig or two before we ride to anchor in Blanket Bay What say ye? There comes the other watch Stand by all legs! Pip! little Pip! hurrah with you tambourine!

PIP

(*Sulky and sleepy*)

Don't know where it is

FRENCH SAILOR

Beat thy belly then and wag thy ears Jig it men I say merry s the word hurrah! Damn me won t you dance? Form now Indian file and gallop into the double shuffle? Throw yourselves! Legs! legs!

ICELAND SAILOR

I don't like your floor matv it s too springy to my taste I m u ed to ice floors I m sorry to throw cold water on the subject but excuse me

MALTESE SAILOR

Me too where s your girls? Who but a fool would take his left hand by his right and say to himself how d ye do? Partners! I must have partners!

SICILIAN SAILOR

Aye girls and a green!—then I ll hop with ye yea turn grasshopper!

LONG ISLAND SAILOR

Well well ye sulkies there s plenty more of us Hoe corn when you may say I All legs go to harvest soon Ah! here comes the music now for it!

AZORE SAILOR

(*Ascending and pitching the tambourine up the scuttle*)

Here you are, Pip and there s the windlass bits up you mount! Now boys!

(*The half of them dance to the tambourine some go below some sleep or lie among the coils of rigging Oaths a plenty*)

AZORE SAILOR

(*Dancing*)

Go it Pip! Bang it bell boy! Rig it dig it stig it quig it bell boy! Make fire flies, break the jinglers!

PIP

Jinglers you say?—there goes another, dropped off, I pound it so

CHINA SAILOR

Rattle thy teeth then and pound away, make a pagoda of thyself

FRENCH SAILOR

Merry mad! Hold up thy hoop Pip till I jump through it! Split jibs! tear yourselves!

TASHTEGO

(*Quietly smoking*)

That s a white man he calls that fun humph! I save my sweat

OLD MANX SAILOR

I wonder whether those jolly lads bethink them of what they are dancing over I ll dance over your grave, I will—that s the bitterest threat of your night women that beat head winds round corners O Christ! to think of the green navies and the green skulled crews! Well well belike the whole world s a ball as you cholars have it and so 'tis right to make one ball room of it Dance on, lads you re young, I was once

3D NANTUCKET SAILOR

Spell oh!—whew! thi is worse than pulling after whales in a calm—give us a whiff Tash

(*They cease dancing and gather in clusters Meantime the sky darkens—the wind rises*)

LASCAR SAILOR

By Brahma! boys it'll be douse sail oon The sky born high tide Ganges turned to wind! Thou showest thy black brow Seeva!

MALTESE SAILOR

(*Reclining and shaking his cap*)

Its the waves—the snows caps turn to jig it now They ll shake their tassels soon Now would all the waves were women then I d go drown and chassee with them evermore! There s naught o sweet on earth—heaven may not match it!—as those swift glances of warm wild bosoms in the dance when the over arboring arms hide such ripe bursting grapes

SICILIAN SAILOR

(*Reclining*)

Tell me not of it! Hark ye lad—fleet interlacings of the limbs—lithe swayings—coyings—flutterings! lip! heart! hip! all graze unceasing touch and go! not taste observe ye else come satiety Eh Pagan? (*Nudging*)

TAHITAN SAILOR

(*Reclining on a mat*)

Hail holy nakedness of our dancing girls!—the Heeva Heeva! Ah! low veiled high palmed Tahiti! I still rest me on thy mat but the oft soil has slid! I saw thee woven in the wood my mat! green the first day I brought ye thence now worn and wilted quite Ah me!—not thou nor I can bear the change! How then if so be transplanted to yon sky? Hear I the roaring streams from Pirohitee s peak of pears when they leap down the crags and drown the villages?—*The blast! the blast! Up spine and meet it!* (*Leaps to his feet*)

PORTUGUESE SAILOR

How the ea rolls swashing gainst the side! Stand by for reefing hearties! the winds are just cros ing swords, pell mell they ll go lunging presently

DANISH SAILOR

Crack crack old ship! o long as thou crackest thou holdest! Well done! The mate there holds ye to it

stiffly He s no more afraid than the isle fort at Cattegat put there to fight the Baltic with storm lashed guns on which the sea salt cakes!

4TH NANTUCKET SAILOR

He has his orders mind ye that I heard old Ahab tell him he must always kill a squall something as they burst a waterspout with a pistol—fire your ship right into it!

ENGLISH SAILOR

Blood! but that old man s a grand old cove! We are the lads to hunt him up his whale!

ALL

Aye! aye!

OLD MANX SAILOR

How the three pines shake! Pines are the hardest sort of tree to live when shifted to any other soil and here there s none but the crew s cursed clay Steady helms men! steady This is the sort of weather when brave hearts snap ashore and keeled hulls split at sea Our captain has his birthmark look yonder boys there s another in the sky—lurid like ye see all else pitch black

DAGGOO

What of that? Who s afraid of black s afraid of me! I m quarried out of it!

SPANISH SAILOR

(*Aside*) He wants to bully ah!—the old grudge makes me touchy (*Advancing*) Aye harpooneer thy race is the undeniable dark side of mankind—devilish dark at that No offence

DAGGOO (*grimly*)

None.

ST JAGO S SAILOR

That Spaniard s mad or drunk But that can t be or else in his one case our old Mogul s fire-waters are some what long in working

5TH NANTUCKET SAILOR

What s that I saw—lightning? Yes

SPANISH SAILOR

No Daggoo showing his teeth

DAGGOO (*springing*)

Swallow thine mannikin! White skin white liver!

SPANISH SAILOR (*meeting him*)

Knife thee heartily! big frame small spirit!

ALL

A row! a row! a row!

TASHTEGO (*with a whiff*)

A row a low and a row aloft—Gods and men—both brawlers! Humph!

BELFAST SAILOR

A row! arrah a row! The Virgin be blessed a row! Plunge in with ye!

ENGLISH SAILOR

Fair play! Snatch the Spaniard s knife! A ring a ring!

OLD MANX SAILOR

Ready formed There! the ringed horizon In that ring Cain struck Abel Sweet work right work! No? Why then, God mad st thou the ring?

MATE'S VOICE FROM THE QUARTER DECK

Hands by the halyards! in top-gallant sails! Stand by to reef topsails!

ALL

The squall! the squall! jump my jollies! (*They scatter*)

PIP (*shrinking under the windlass*)

Jollies? Lord help such jollies! Crish crash! there goes the jib stay! Blang whang! God! Duck lower, Pip here comes the royal yard! It s worse than being in the whirled woods, the last day of the year! Who d go climbing after chestnuts now? But there they go all cursing and here I don t Fine prospects to em, they re on the road to heaven Hold on hard! Jimmini what a squall! But those chaps there are worse yet—they are your white squalls, they White squalls? white whale shirr! shirr! Here have I heard all their chat just now and the white whale—shirr! shirr!—but spoken of once! and only this evening—it makes me jingle all over like my tambourine—that anaconda of an old man swore em in to hunt him! Oh thou big white God aloft there somewhere in yon darkness have mercy on this small black boy down here preserve him from all men that have no bowels to feel fear!

* * * * *

CHAPTER XLI

MOBY DICK

I ISHMAEL, was one of that crew my shouts had gone up with the rest my oath had been welded with theirs and stronger I shouted, and more did I hammer and clinch my oath, because of the dread in my soul A wild mystical sympathetical feeling was in me Ahab s quenchless feud seemed mine With greedy ears I learned the history

of that murderous monster against whom I and all the others had taken our oaths of violence and revenge

For some time past though at intervals only the un accompanied secluded White Whale had haunted tho e uncivilized seas mo tly frequented by the Sperm Whale fi hermen But not all of them knew of his existence only a few of them comparatively had knowingly seen him while the number who as yet had actually and knowingly given battle to him was mall indeed For owing to the large number of whale cruisers the disorderly way they were sprinkled over the entire watery circumfer ence many of them adventurously pushing their quest along solitary latitudes so as seldom or never for a whole twelvemonth or more on a stretch to encounter a single news telling sail of any sort the inordinate length of each separate voyage the irregularity of the times of sailing from home all these with other circumstances direct and indirect long obstructed the spread through the whole world wide whaling fleet of the pecu al individualiz ing tidings concerning Moby Dick It was hardly to be doubted that several vessels reported to have encountered at such or such a time or on such or such a meridian a Sperm Whale of uncommon magnitude and malignity which whale after doing great mischief to his assailants had completely escaped them to some minds it was not an un fair pre umption I say that the whale in question must have been no other than Moby Dick Yet as of late the Sperm Whale fishery had been marked by various and not unfrequent instances of great ferocity cunning and malice in the monster attacked therefore it was that those who by accident ignorantly gave battle to Moby Dick such hunters perhaps for the most part were content to ascribe the peculiar terror he bred more as it were to the perils of the Sperm Whale fishery at large than to the individual cause In that way mostly the disastrous encounter be tween Ahab and the whale had hitherto been popularly regarded

And as for those who previously hearing of the White Whale by chance caught sight of him in the beginning of the thing they had every one of them almost as boldly

and fearlessly lowered for him as for any other whale of that species But at length such calamities did ensue in these assaults—not restricted to sprained wrists and ankles, broken limbs or devouring amputations—but fatal to the last degree of fatality those repeated disastrous repulses all accumulating and piling their terrors upon Moby Dick, those things had gone far to shake the fortitude of many brave hunters to whom the story of the White Whale had eventually come

Nor did wild rumors of all sorts fail to exaggerate, and still the more horrify the true histories of these deadly encounters For not only do fabulous rumors naturally grow out of the very body of all surprising terrible events —as the smitten tree gives birth to its fungi but in maritime life far more than in that of terra firma wild rumors abound wherever there is any adequate reality for them to cling to And as the sea surpasses the land in this matter so the whale fishery surpasses every other ort of maritime life in the wonderfulness and fearfulness of the rumors which sometimes circulate there For not only are whalemen as a body unexempt from that ignor ance and superstitiousness hereditary to all sailors but of all sailors they are by all odds the most directly brought into contact with whatever is appallingly astonishing in the sea face to face they not only eye its greatest marvels, but hand to jaw give battle to them Alone, in such remotest waters that though you sailed a thou and miles, and passed a thousand shores you would not come to any chiselled hearth stone or aught hospitable beneath that part of the sun in such latitudes and longitudes pursuing too such a calling as he does the whaleman is wrapped by influences all tending to make his fancy pregnant with many a mighty birth

No wonder then that ever gathering volume from the mere transit over the wildest watery spaces the outblown umors of the White Whale did in the end incorporate with themselves all manner of morbid hints and half formed œtal suggestions of supernatural agencies which eventu ally invested Moby Dick with new terrors unborrowed from anything that visibly appears So that in many cases such

a panic did he finally strike that few who by those rumors, at least had heard of the White Whale few of those hunters were willing to encounter the perils of his jaw

But there were still other and more vital practical influences at work Not even at the present day has the original prestige of the Sperm Whale as fearfully distinguished from all other species of the leviathan died out of the minds of the whalemen as a body There are those this day among them who though intelligent and courageous enough in offering battle to the Greenland or Right whale would perhaps—either from professional inexperience or incompetency or timidity decline a contest with the Sperm Whale at any rate there are plenty of whalemen e pecially among those whaling nations not sailing under the American flag who have never hostilely encountered the Sperm Whale, but whose sole knowledge of the leviathan is restricted to the ignoble monster primitively pursued in the North seated on their hatches these men will hearken with a chil ish fire side interest and awe to the wild strange tales of Southern whaling Nor is the pre-eminent tremendous ness of the great Sperm Whale anywhere more feelingly comprehended than on board of those prows which stem him

And as if the now tested reality of his might had in former legendary times thrown its shadow before it we find ome book naturalists—Olassen and Povelson—de claring the Sperm Whale not only to be a consternation to every other creature in the sea but also to be so in credibly ferocious as continually to be athirst for human blood Nor even down to so late a time as Cuvier's were these or almost similar impressions effaced For in his Natural History the Baron himself affirms that at sight of the Sperm Whale all fish (sharks included) are struck with the most lively terrors and often in the precipitancy of their flight da h them elves against the rocks with uch violence as to cause instantaneous death And however the general experiences in the fishery may amend uch re ports as these yet in their full terribleness even to the bloodthirsty item of Povelson the superstitious belief in

them is, in some vicissitudes of their vocation, revived in the minds of the hunters

So that overawed by the rumors and portents concerning him not a few of the fishermen recalled, in reference to Moby Dick, the earlier days of the Sperm Whale fishery when it was oftentimes hard to induce long practised Right whalemen to embark in the perils of this new and daring warfare such men protesting that although other leviathans might be hopefully pursued yet to chase and point lances at such an apparition as the Sperm Whale was not for mortal man That to attempt it would be inevitably to be torn into a quick eternity On this head there are some remarkable documents that may be consulted

Nevertheles some there were who even in the face of these things were ready to give chase to Moby Dick, and a still greater number who chancing only to hear of him distantly and vaguely, without the specific details of any certain calamity and without superstitious accompaniments were sufficiently hardy not to flee from the battle if offered

One of the wild sugge tions referred to as at last coming to be linked with the White Whale in the minds of the superstitiously inclined was the unearthly conceit that Moby Dick was ubiquitous that he had actually been en countered in opposite latitudes at one and the same instant of time

Nor credulous as such minds must have been was this conceit altogether without some faint show of superstitious probability For as the secrets of the currents in the seas have never yet been divulged even to the most erudite research so the hidden ways of the Sperm Whale when beneath the surface remain in great part unaccountable to his pursuers and from time to time have originated the most curious and contradictory speculations regarding them especially concerning the mystic modes whereby after sounding to a great depth he transports him elf with such vast swiftness to the most widely distant points

It is a thing well known to both American and English whale ships, and as well a thing placed upon authoritative record years ago by Scoresby, that some whales have been

captured far north in the Pacific, in whose bodies have been found the barbs of harpoons darted in the Greenland seas Nor is it to be gainsaid that in some of these instances it has been declared that the interval of time between the two assaults could not have exceeded very many days Hence by inference, it has been believed by some whalemen that the Nor West Passage so long a problem to man was never a problem to the whale So that here in the real living experience of living men the prodigies related in old times of the inland Strello mountain in Portugal (near whose top there was said to be a lake in which the wrecks of ships floated up to the surface) and that still more wonderful story of the Arethusa fountain near Syracuse (whose waters were believed to have come from the Holy Land by an underground passage) these fabulous narrations are almost fully equalled by the realities of the whaleman

Forced into familiarity then with such prodigies as these and knowing that after repeated intrepid assaults the White Whale had escaped alive it cannot be much matter of surprise that some whalemen should go still further in their superstitions declaring Moby Dick not only ubiquitous but immortal (for immortality is but ubiquity in time) that though groves of spears should be planted in his flanks he would still swim away unharmed or if indeed he should ever be made to spout thick blood such a sight would be but a ghastly deception for again in unensanguined billows hundreds of leagues away, his unsullied jet would once more be seen

But even stripped of these supernatural surmisings there was enough in the earthly make and incontestable character of the monster to strike the imagination with unwonted power For it was not so much his uncommon bulk that so much distinguished him from other sperm whales but as was elsewhere thrown out—a peculiar snow white wrinkled forehead and a high pyramidical white hump These were his prominent features the tokens whereby even in the limitless uncharted seas he revealed his identity at a long distance to those who knew him

The rest of his body was so streaked and spotted, and

marbled with the same shrouded hue that, in the end he had gained his distinctive appellation of the White Whale a name indeed literally justified by his vivid aspect when seen gliding at high noon through a dark blue sea leaving a milky way wake of creamy foam, all spangled with golden gleamings

Nor was it his unwonted magnitude nor his remarkable hue nor yet his deformed lower jaw that so much invested the whale with natural terror as that unexampled intelligent malignity which according to specific accounts, he had over and over again evinced in his assaults More than all his treacherous retreats struck more of dismay than perhaps aught else For when swimming before his exulting pursuers with every apparent symptom of alarm, he had several times been known to turn round suddenly, and bearing down upon them either stave their boats to splinters or drive them back in consternation to their ship

Already several fatalities had attended his chase But though similar disasters however little bruited ashore were by no means unusual in the fishery yet in most instances such seemed the White Whale s infernal aforethought of ferocity that every dismembering or death that he caused was not wholly regarded as having been inflicted by an unintelligent agent

Judge then to what pitches of inflamed distracted fury the minds of his more desperate hunters were impelled when amid the chips of chewed boats and the sinking limbs of torn comrades they swam out of the white curds of the whale s direful wrath into the serene exasperating sunlight that smiled on as if at a birth or a bridal

His three boats stove around him and oars and men both whirling in the eddies one captain seizing the line knife from his broken prow had dashed at the whale, as an Arkansas duellist at his foe, blindly seeking with a six inch blade to reach the fathom deep life of the whale That captain was Ahab And then it was that suddenly sweeping his sickle shaped lower jaw beneath him Moby Dick had reaped away Ahab s leg as a mower a blade of grass in the field No turbaned Turk, no hired Venetian or Malay, could have smote him with more seeming malice

Small reason was there to doubt then, that ever since that almost fatal encounter Ahab had cherished a wild vindictiveness against the whale all the more fell for that in his frantic morbidness he at last came to identify with him not only all his bodily woes but all his intellectual and spiritual exasperations The White Whale swam before him as the monomaniac incarnation of all those malicious agencies which some deep men feel eating in them till they are left living on with half a heart and half a lung That intangible malignity which has been from the beginning to whose dominion even the modern Christians ascribe one half of the worlds which the ancient Ophites of the east reverenced in their statue devil —Ahab did not fall down and worship it like them but deliriously transferring its idea to the abhorred white whale he pitted himself all mutilated against it All that most maddens and torments all that stirs up the lees of things all truth with malice in it all that cracks the sinews and cakes the brain all the subtle demonisms of life and thought all evil to crazy Ahab were visibly personified and made practically assailable in Moby Dick He piled upon the whale s white hump the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down and then as if his chest had been a mortar he burst his hot heart shell upon it

It is not probable that this monomania in him took it instant rise at the precise time of his bodily dismemberment Then in darting at the monster knife in hand he had but given *loose to a sudden passionate corporal animosity* and when he received the stroke that tore him he probably but felt the agonizing bodily laceration but nothing more Yet when by this collision forced to turn towards home and for long months of days and weeks Ahab and anguish lay stretched together in one hammock rounding in mid winter that dreary howling Patagonian Cape then it was, that his torn body and gashed soul bled into one another and so interfusing made him mad That it was only then on the homeward voyage after the encounter that the final monomania seized him seems all but certain from the fact that at intervals during the passage he was a raving

lunatic and though unlimbed of a leg yet such vital strength yet lurked in his Egyptian chest and was more over intensified by his delirium that his mates were forced to lace him fast even there as he sailed raving in his hammock In a strait jacket he swung to the mad rockings of the gales And when running into more sufferable latitudes the ship with mild stun sails spread floated across the tranquil tropics and to all appearances the old man s delirium seemed left behind him with the Cape Horn swells and he came forth from his dark den into the blessed light and air even then when he bore that firm collected front however pale and issued his calm orders once again and hi mates thanked God the direful madness was now gone even then Ahab in his hidden self raved on Human madness is oftentimes a cunning and most feline thing When you think it fled it may have but become trans figured into ome still ubtler form Ahab s full lunacy subsided not but deepeningly contracted like the unabated Hud on when that noble Northman flows narrowly but unfathomably through the Highland gorge But, as in his narrow flowing monomania not one jot of Ahab s broad madness had been left behind so in that broad madness, not one jot of his great natural intellect had perished That before living agent now became the living instrument If such a furious trope may stand his special lunacy stormed his general sanity and carried it and turned all its concentred cannon upon its own mad mark so that far from having lost his strength Ahab to that one end did now possess a thousand fold more potency than ever he had sanely brought to bear upon any one reasonable object

This is much yet Ahab s larger darker deeper part re mains unhinted But vain to popularize profundities and all truth is profound Winding far down from within the very heart of this spiked Hotel de Cluny where we here stand—however grand and wonderful now quit it —and take your way ye nobler sadder souls to tho e vast Roman halls of Thermes where far beneath the fantastic towers of man's upper earth his root of grandeur his whole awful essence sits in bearded state, an antique buried be

neath antiquities and throned on torsoes! So with a broken throne the great gods mock that captive king so like a Caryatid he patient sits upholding on his frozen brow the piled entablatures of ages Wind ye down there ye prouder sadder souls! question that proud sad king! A family likeness! aye he did beget ye ye young exiled royalties and from your grim sire only will the old State secret come

Now, in his heart, Ahab had some glimpse of this, namely all my means are sane my motive and my object mad Yet without power to kill or change or shun the fact he likewise knew that to mankind he did long dissemble in some sort did still But that thing of his dissembling was only subject to his perceptibility not to his will determinate Nevertheless so well did he succeed in that dissembling that when with ivory leg he stepped ashore at last no Nantucketer thought him otherwise than but naturally grieved and that to the quick with the terrible casualty which had overtaken him

The report of his undeniable delirium at sea was likewise popularly ascribed to a kindred cause And so too, all the added moodiness which always afterwards to the very day of sailing in the Pequod on the present voyage sat brooding on his brow Nor is it so very unlikely that far from distrusting his fitness for another whaling voyage on account of such dark symptoms the calculating people of that prudent isle were inclined to harbor the conceit that for those very reasons he was all the better qualified and set on edge for a pursuit so full of rage and wildness as the bloody hunt of whales Gnawed within and scorched without with the infixed unrelenting fangs of some incurable idea such an one could he be found would seem the very man to dart his iron and lift his lance against the most appalling of all brutes Or if for any reason thought to be corporeally incapacitated for that yet such an one would seem superlatively competent to cheer and howl on his underlings to the attack But be all this as it may certain it is that with the mad secret of his unabated rage bolted up and keyed in him Ahab had purposely sailed upon the present voyage with the one only

and all engrossing object of hunting the White Whale Had any one of his old acquaintances on shore but half dreamed of what was lurking in him then how soon would their aghast and righteous souls have wrenched the ship from such a fiendish man! They were bent on profitable cruises the profit to be counted down in dollars from the mint He was intent on an audacious immitigable and super natural revenge

Here, then was this grey headed ungodly old man, chasing with curses a Job s whale round the world at the head of a crew, too chiefly made up of mongrel renegades and castaways and cannibals—morally enfeebled also by the incompetence of mere unaided virtue or right minded ness in Starbuck the invulnerable jollity of indifference and recklessness in Stubb and the pervading mediocrity in Flask Such a crew so officered seemed specially picked and packed by some infernal fatality to help him to his monomaniac revenge How it was that they so abound ingly responded to the old man s ire—by what evil magic their souls were possessed that at times his hate seemed almost theirs the White Whale as much their insuffer able foe as his how all this came to be—what the White Whale was to them or how to their unconscious under standings also in some dim unsuspected way he might have seemed the gliding great demon of the seas of life— all this to explain would be to dive deeper than Ishmael can go The subterranean miner that works in us all how can one tell whither leads his shaft by the ever shifting muffled sound of his pick? Who does not feel the irre sistible arm drag? What skiff in tow of a seventy four can stand still? For one I gave myself up to the abandonment of the time and the place but while yet all a rush to en counter the whale could see naught in that brute but the deadliest ill

CHAPTER XLII

THE WHITENESS OF THE WHALE

What the white whale was to Ahab, has been hinted what at times he was to me as yet remains unsaid

Aside from those more obvious considerations touching Moby Dick, which could not but occasionally awaken in any man s soul some alarm there was another thought or rather vague nameless horror concerning him which at times by its intensity completely overpowered all the rest and yet so mystical and well nigh ineffable was it that I almost despair of putting it in a comprehensible form It was the whiteness of the whale that above all things ap palled me But how can I hope to explain myself here and yet in some dim random way explain myself I must else all these chapters might be naught

Though in many natural objects whiteness refiningly en hances beauty as if imparting some special virtue of its own as in marbles japonicas and pearls and though various nations have in some way recognised a certain royal pre eminence in this hue even the barbaric grand old kings of Pegu placing the title Lord of the White Elephants above all their other magniloquent ascriptions of dominion and the modern kings of Siam unfurling the same now white quadruped in the royal standard and the Hanoverian flag bearing the one figure of a snow white charger and the great Austrian Empire Cæsarian heir to overlording Rome having for the imperial color the same imperial hue and though this pre eminence in it applies to the human race itself giving the white man ideal mas tership over every dusky tribe and though besides all this whiteness has been even made significant of gladness for among the Romans a white tone marked a joyful day and though in other mortal sympathies and symbolizings this same hue is made the emblem of many touching noble things—the innocence of brides the benignity of age though among the Red Men of America the giving of the white belt of wampum was the deepest pledge of honor though in many climes whiteness typifies the majesty of Justice in the ermine of the Judge and contributes to the daily state of kings and queens drawn by milk white steeds though even in the higher mysteries of the most augus religions it has been made the symbol of the divine spot lessness and power by the Persian fire worshippers the white forked flame being held the holiest on the altar,

and in the Greek mythologies Great Jove himself being made incarnate in a snow white bull and though to the noble Iroquois, the midwinter sacrifice of the sacred White Dog was by far the holiest festival of their theology, that spotless faithful creature being held the purest envoy they could send to the Great Spirit with the annual tiding of their own fidelity and though di ectly from the Latin word for white all Christian priests derive the name of one part of their sacred vesture the alb or tunic, worn beneath the cassock and though among the holy pomps of the Romish faith white is specially employed in the celebration of the Passion of our Lord though in the Vision of St John, white robes are given to the redeemed and the four and twenty elders stand clothed in white before the great white throne and the Holy One that sitteth there white like wool yet for all these accumulated associations with what ever is sweet and honorable and sublime there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood

This elusive quality it is which causes the thought of whiteness when divorced from more kindly as ociations, and coupled with any object terrible in itself to heighten that terror to the furthest bounds Witness the white bear of the poles and the white shark of the tropics what but their smooth, flaky whitene s makes them the transcendent horrors they are? That ghastly whiteness it is which im parts such an abhorrent mildness even more loath some than terrific to the dumb gloating of their aspect So that not the fierce fanged tiger in his heraldic coat can so stagger courage as the white shrouded bear or shark

1 With fe nc to th P la be t m y p ss bly b u ged by h m wh would f g t ll d ep t th matter th t t n t the wh t ess sep rat ly reg ded wi h h ght th t l b h d s es f that brute f a lysed th t h ght ed h d u ess t m ght be sa d only rise f m th ci c mst ce th t th j esp b e f oc s ss f th tu e t ds ested the fi e f el tial oce d l v d hen by bri g g tog the tw s h pposte m t ons n u m d the P l b fr ght u w th so u t r l c trast B t e a um g ll th to be t e yet w it t for th wh t s y u w uld t h th t i t fied terro

As fo the wh te h k the wh t gl d g ghostl nes f pose i th t e t re wh beb ld in h s ord ry moods trang ly t l es w th th s m q l ty i th P a qu druped Th pecul rity most ridly hit by th F h j th n me they bestow pon th t fi h The Romish ma f r th d d b g with R q m eternam (et nal re t) whenc Req em d nominati g the mass itself

Bethink thee of the albatross whence come those clouds of spiritual wonderment and pale dread in which that white phantom sails in all imaginations? Not Coleridge first threw that spell but God's great unflattering laureate Nature

Most famous in our Western annals and Indian traditions is that of the White Steed of the Prairies a magnificent milk white charger large-eyed small headed bluff-chested and with the dignity of a thousand monarchs in his lofty overscorning carriage He was the elected Xerxes of vast herds of wild horses whose pastures in those days were only fenced by the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies At their flaming head he westward trooped it like that chosen star which every evening leads on the hosts of light The flashing cascade of his mane the curving comet of his tail invested him with housings more resplendent than gold and silver beaters could have furnished him A most imperial and archangelical apparition of that unfallen western world which to the eyes of the old trappers and hunter

[illegible]

revived the glories of those primeval times when Adam walked majestic as a god bluff browed and fearless as this mighty steed Whether marching amid his aides and marshals in the van of countless cohorts that endlessly streamed it over the plains like an Ohio or whether with his circumambient subjects browsing all around at the horizon, the White Steed gallopingly reviewed them with warm nostrils reddening through his cool milkiness, in whatever aspect he presented himself always to the bravest Indians he was the object of trembling reverence and awe Nor can it be questioned from what stands on legendary record of this noble horse that it was his spiritual whiteness chiefly which o clothed him with divineness and that this divineness had that in it which though commanding worship at the same time enforced a certain nameless terror

But there are other instances where this whiteness loses all that accessory and strange glory which invests it in the White Steed and Albatross

What is it that in the Albino man so peculiarly repels and often shocks the eye as that sometimes he is loathed by own own kith and kin! It is that whiteness which invests him a thing expressed by the name he bears The Albino is as well made as other men—has no substantive deformity —and yet this mere aspect of all pervading whiteness makes him more strangely hideous than the ugliest abortion Why should this be so?

Nor in quite other aspects does Nature in her least palpable but not the less malicious agencies fail to enlist among her forces this crowning attribute of the terrible From its snowy aspect the gauntleted ghost of the Southern Seas has been denominated the White Squall Nor in some historic instances has the art of human malice omitted so potent an auxiliary How wildly it heightens the effect of that passage in Froi sart when masked in the snowy symbol of their faction the desperate White Hoods of Ghent murder their bailiff in the market place!

Nor in some thing does the common, hereditary ex perience of all mankind fail to bear witness to the super naturalism of this hue It cannot well be doubted, that

the one visible quality in the aspect of the dead which most appals the gazer is the marble pallor lingering there as if indeed that pallor were as much like the badge of consternation in the other world as of mortal trepidation here And from that pallor of the dead we borrow the expressive hue of the shroud in which we wrap them Nor even in our superstitions do we fail to throw the same snowy mantle round our phantoms all ghosts rising in a milk white fog—Yea while these terrors seize us let us add, that even the king of terrors when personified by the evangelist rides on his pallid horse

Therefore in his other moods symbolize whatever grand or gracious thing he will by whiteness no man can deny that in its profoundest idealized significance it calls up a peculiar apparition to the soul

But though without dissent this point be fixed how is mortal man to account for it? To analyze it would seem impossible Can we then by the citation of some of those instances wherein this thing of whiteness—though for the time either wholly or in great part stripped of all direct associations calculated to import to it aught fearful but nevertheless is found to exert over us the same sorcery however modified —can we thus hope to light upon some chance clue to conduct us to the hidden cause we seek?

Let us try But in a matter like this subtlety appeals to subtlety and without imagination no man can follow another into these halls And though doubtless some at least of the imaginative impressions about to be presented may have been shared by most men yet few perhaps were entirely conscious of them at the time and therefore may not be able to recall them now

Why to the man of untutored ideality who happens to be but loosely acquainted with the peculiar character of the day does the bare mention of Whitsuntide marshal in the fancy such long dreary speechless processions of slow pacing pilgrims down cast and hooded with new fallen snow? Or to the unread unsophisticated Protestant of the Middle American States why does the passing mention of a White Friar or a White Nun evoke such an eyeless statue in the soul?

Or what is there apart from the traditions of dungeoned warriors and kings (which will not wholly account for it) that makes the White Tower of London tell so much more strongly on the imagination of an untravelled American than those other storied structures, its neighbors—the Byward Tower or even the Bloody? And those sublimer towers the White Mountains of New Hampshire whence, in peculiar moods comes that gigantic ghostliness over the soul at the bare mention of that name while the thought of Virginia's Blue Ridge is full of a soft dewy, distant dreaminess? Or why irrespective of all latitudes and longitudes does the name of the White Sea exert such a spectralness over the fancy while that of the Yellow Sea lulls us with mortal thoughts of long lacquered mild afternoons on the waves followed by the gaudie t and yet sleepiest of sunsets? Or to choose a wholly unsubstantial instance, purely addressed to the fancy why, in reading the old fairy tales of Central Europe does the tall pale man of the Hartz forests whose changeless pallor unrustlingly glides through the green of the groves—why is this phantom more terrible than all the whooping imps of the Blocl burg?

Nor is it altogether the remembrance of her cathedral toppling earthquakes nor the stampedoes of her frantic seas nor the tearlessne s of arid kies hat never rain, nor the i ht of her wide field of l aning pires wrenched cone tones and c os es all adroop (like canted yards of anchored fleet) and her suburban avenues of house walls lying over upon each other as a tossed pa k of cards —it is not the e things alone which make tearless Lima the strangest saddest city thou can st see For Lima has taken the white veil and there is a higher horror in this whiteness of her woe O d as Pizarro this whiteness keeps her ruins for ever new admits not the cheerful greenness of complete decay preads over her broken ramparts the rigid pallor of an apoplexy that fixes its own di tortions

I know that to the common apprehension this phenomenon of whiteness is not confessed to be the prime agent in exaggerating the terror of objects otherwise terrible nor to the unimaginative mind is there aught of terror in tho e appearances whose awfulness to another mind almost solely

consists in this one phenomenon especially when exhibited under any form at all approaching to muteness or universality What I mean by these two statements may perhaps be respectively elucidated by the following examples

First The mariner when drawing nigh the coasts of foreign lands if by night he hear the roar of breakers starts to vigilance and feels just enough of trepidation to sharpen all his faculties but under precisely similar circumstances let him be called from his hammock to view his ship sailing through a midnight sea of milky whiteness—as if from encircling headlands shoals of combed white bears were swimming round him then he feels a silent superstitious dread the shrouded phantom of the whitened waters is horrible to him as a real ghost in vain the lead assures him he is still off soundings heart and helm they both go down he never rests till blue water is under him again Yet where is the mariner who will tell thee Sir it was not so much the fear of striking hidden rocks as the fear of that hideous whiteness that so stirred me?

Second To the native Indian of Peru the continual sight of the snow howdahed Andes conveys naught of dread except perhaps in the mere fancying of the eternal frosted desolateness reigning at such vast altitudes and the natural conceit of what a fearfulness it would be to lose oneself in such inhuman solitude Much the same is it with the backwood man of the West who with comparative indifference views an unbounded prairie sheeted with driven snow no shadow of tree or twig to break the fixed trance of whiteness Not so the sailor beholding the scenery of the Antarctic seas where at times by some infernal trick of legerdemain in the powers of frost and air he shivering and half shipwrecked instead of rainbows speaking hope and solace to his misery views what seems a boundless churchyard grinning upon him with its lean ice monuments and splintered crosses

But thou sayest methinks this white lead chapter about whiteness is but a white flag hung out from a craven soul thou surrenderest to a hypo Ishmael!

Tell me why this strong young colt foaled in some peaceful valley of Vermont, far removed from all beasts

prey—why is it that upon the sunniest day, if you but shake a fresh buffalo robe behind him, so that he cannot even see it but only smells its wild animal muskiness—why will he start snort and with bursting eyes paw the ground in phrensies of affright? There is no remembrance in him of any gorings of wild creatures in his green northern home so that the strange muskiness he mells cannot recall to him anything associated with the experience of former perils for what knows he this New England colt of the black bisons of distant Oregon?

No but here thou beholdest even in a dumb brute the instinct of the knowledge of the demonism in the world Though thousands of miles from Oregon still when he smells that savage musk the rending goring bison herds are as present as to the deserted wild foal of the prairies which this instant they may be trampling into dust

Thus then the muffled rollings of a milky sea the bleak rustlings of the festooned frosts of mountain the desolate shiftings of the windrowed snows of prairies all these to Ishmael are as the shaking of that buffalo robe to the frightened colt!

Though neither knows where lie the nameless things of which the mystic sign gives forth such hints yet with me as with the colt somewhere those things must exist Though in many of its aspects this visible world seems formed in love the invisible spheres were formed in fright

But not yet have we solved the incantation of this whitenes and learned why it appeals with such power to the soul and more trange and far more portentous—why as we have seen it is at once the most meaning symbol of spiritual things nay the very veil of the Christian s Deity and yet should be as it is the intensifying agent in things the most appalling to mankind

Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the univer e and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation when beho ding the white depths of the milky way? Or is it that as in es ence whitene s is not o much a color as the visible ab ence of color and at the same time the concrete of all colors is it for these rea ons that there is such a dumb

blankness full of meaning in a wide landscape of snows—a colorless all-color of atheism from which we shrink? And when we consider that other theory of the natural philosophers that all other earthly hues—every stately or lovely emblazoning—the sweet tinges of sunset skies and woods yea and the gilded velvets of butterflies and the butterfly cheeks of young girls all these are but subtile deceits not actually inherent in substances but only laid on from without so that all deified Nature ab olutely paints like the harlot whose allurements cover nothing but the charnel house within and when we proceed further and consider that the mystical cosmetic which produces every one of her hues the great principle of light for ever remains white or colorless in itself and if operating without medium upon matter would touch all objects even tulips and hoses with its own blank tinge—pondering all this the palsied universe lies before us a leper and like wilful travellers in Lapland who refuse to wear colored and coloring glasses upon their eyes so the wretched infidel gaze himself blind at the monumental white shroud that wraps all the prospect around him And of all these things the Albino whale was the symbol Wonder ye then at the fiery hunt?

CHAPTER XLIII

HARK!

HIST! Did you hear that noise Cabaco?

It was the middle watch a fair moonlight the seamen were standing in a cordon extending from one of the fresh water butts in the waist to the scuttle butt near the taffrail In this manner they passed the buckets to fill the scuttle butt Standing for the mo t part on the hallowed precincts of the quarter deck they were careful not to speak or rustle their feet From hand to hand the buckets went in the deepest silence only broken by the occasional flap of a sail and the steady hum of the unceas ngly advancing keel

It was in the midst of this repose that Archy one of

the cordon who e post was near the after hatches, whispered to his neighbor a Cholo the words above

Hist' did you hear that noise Cabaco?

Take the bucket will ye, Archy? what noise d ye mean?

There it is again—under the hatches—don t you hear it—*a cough—it sounded like a cough*

Cough be damned' Pass along that return bucket'

There again—there it is'—it sounds like two or three sleepers turning over now'

Caramba' have done shipmate will ye? It s the three soaked biscuits ye eat for supper turning over inside of ye—nothing else Look to the bucket'

Say what ye will shipmate I ve sharp ears

Aye you are the chap aint ye that heard the hum of the old Quakeress s knitting needles fifty miles at sea from Nantucket you re the chap

Grin away we'll see what turns up Hark ye Cabaco, *there is somebody down in the after hold that has not yet* been seen on deck and I suspect our old Mogul knows something of it too I heard Stubb tell Flask one morning watch that there was something of that sort in the wind'

Tish' the bucket'

CHAPTER XLIV

THE CHART

Had you followed Captain Ahab down into his cabin after the squall that took place on the night succeeding that wild ratification of his purpo e with his crew you would have seen him go to a locker in the transom and bringing out a large wrinkled roll of yellowish sea charts spread them before him on his crewed-down table Then seating him elf before it you would have seen him intently tudy the va ious lines and shadings which there met his eye and with slow but steady pencil trace additional courses over paces that before were blank At intervals he would refer to piles of old log books beside him wherein were set down the seasons and places in which on various former

voyages of various ships perm whales had been captured or seen

While thus employed the heavy pewter lamp suspended in chains over his head continually rocked with the motion of the ship and for ever threw shifting gleams and shadows of lines upon his wrinkled brow till it almost seemed that while he himself was marking out lines and courses on the wrinkled charts ome invisible pencil was also tracing lines and courses upon the deeply marked chart of his forehead

But t was not this night in particular that in the soli tude of his cabin Ahab thus pondered over his charts Al *most every night they were brought out almost* every night some pencil marks were effaced and others were sub stituted For with the charts of all four oceans before him Ahab was threading a maze of currents and eddies with a view to the more certain accomplishment of that mono maniac thought of his oul

Now to any one not fully acquainted with the ways of the leviathans it might seem an absurdly hopeless task thus to seek out one solitary creature in the unhooped oceans of this planet But not so did it seem to Ahab who knew the sets of all tides and currents and thereby calculating the driftings of the sperm whale s food and also calling to mind the regular ascertained seasons for hunting him in particular latitudes could arrive at rea sonable urmi es almost approaching to certainties con cerning the timeliest day to be upon this or that ground in search of his prey

So assured indeed is the fact concerning the periodical ne s of the sperm whale s re orting to given waters that many hunters believe that could he be closely observed and studied throughout the world were the logs for one voyage of the entire whale fleet carefully collated then the migra *tions of the sperm whale would be found to correspond in* invariability to those of the herring shoals or the flights of swallows On this hint attempts have been made to construct elaborate migratory charts of the sperm whale

1 S th bo w s writt th t t m t f h pp ly b rne t by an offi l c cul ed by Leuten t M ry f th N t l Ob rv t ry Wash ington April 16th 1851 By th t l it ppears th t p sely su h ch rt is ours of compl t d p rt ns of it re p ese ted in th circular Thus

Besides when making a passage from one feeding ground to another the sperm whales guided by some infallible instinct—say rather secret intelligence from the Deity—mostly swim in *veins* as they are called continuing their way along a given ocean line with such undeviating ex actitude, that no ship ever sailed her course by any chart with one tithe of such marvellous precision Though in these cases the direction taken by any one whale be straight as a surveyor s parallel and though the line of advance be strictly confined to its own unavoidable straight wake yet the arbitrary *vein* in which at these times he is said to swim generally embraces some few miles in width (more or less as the vein is presumed to expand or contract) but never exceeds the visual sweep from the whale ship s mast heads when circumspectly gliding along this magic zone The sum is that at particular seasons within that breadth and along that path migrating whales may with great confidence be looked for

And hence not only at substantiated times upon well known separate feeding grounds could Ahab hope to en counter his prey but in crossing the widest expanses of water between those grounds he could by his art so place and time himself on his way as even then not to be wholly without prospect of a meeting

There was a circum tance which at first sight seemed to entangle his delirious but still methodical scheme But not so in the reality perhaps Though the gregarious sperm whales have their regular seasons for particular grounds yet in general you cannot conclude that the herds which haunted such and such a latitude or longitude this year, say will turn out to be identically the same with tho e that were found there the preceding season though there are peculiar and unquestionable instances where the con trary of this has proved true In general the same re mark only within a le s wide limit applies to the soli taries and hermits among the matured aged sperm whales

chart d d the oce i to d tri t of fi e degrees of l t t d by f degr f t ngit de perp d l ly through h of wh ch di trict tw l m s for th t l months nd h i t lly thro gh e ch of wh h dist t a e th l es o e t show h mber f da th t ha e b sp t ch month in every district d th two oth s to show the numbe of d ys i wh ch wh les perm or right, ha e been seen

so that though Moby Dick had in a former year been seen for example on what is called the Seychelle ground in the Indian ocean or Volcano Bay on the Japanese Coast yet it did not follow that were the Pequod to visit either of those spots at any sub equent corre ponding season she would infallibly encounter him there So too, with some other feeding grounds where he had at times revealed him self But all these seemed only his casual stopping places and ocean inns so to speak not his places of prolonged abode And where Ahab s chances of accomplishing his object have hitherto been spoken of allusion has only been made to whatever way side antecedent extra prospects were his ere a particular set time or place were attained when all possibilities would become probabilities and as Ahab fondly thought every possibility the next thing to a certainty That particular set time and place were con joined in the one technical phrase—the Season on the Line For there and then for several consecutive years Moby Dick had been periodically descried lingering in those waters for awhile as the un in its annual round loiter for a predicted interval in any one sign of the Zodiac There it was, too that most of the deadly encounters with the white whale had taken place there the waves were storied with his deeds there also was that tragic pot where the monomaniac old man had found the awful mo tive to his vengeance But in the cautious comprehensive ness and unloitering vigilance with which Ahab threw his brooding soul into this unfaltering hunt he would not permit himself to rest all his hopes upon the one crowning fact above mentioned however flattering it might be to those hopes nor in the sleeplessness of his vow could he so tranquillize his unquiet heart as to postpone all inter vening quest

Now the Pequod had sailed from Nantucket at the very beginning of the Season-on the Line No possible endeavor then could enable her commander to make the great pas sage southwards double Cape Horn and then running down sixty degrees of latitude arrive in the equatorial Pacific in time to cruise there Therefore he must wait for the next ensuing season Yet the premature hour of

the Pequod's sailing had, perhaps been correctly selected by Ahab with a view to this very complexion of things Because an interval of three hundred and sixty five days and nights was before him an interval which instead of impatiently enduring ashore he would spend in a miscellaneous hunt if by chance the White Whale spending his vacation in seas far remote from his periodical feeding grounds should turn up his wrinkled brow off the Persian Gulf or in the Bengal Bay or China Seas or in any other waters haunted by his race So that Monsoons Pampas, Nor Westers Harmattans Trades any wind but the Levanter and Simoom might blow Moby Dick into the devious zig zag world-circle of the Pequod s circumnavigating wake

But granting all this yet regarded discreetly and coolly, seems it not but a mad idea this that in the broad boundless ocean one solitary whale even if encountered should be thought capable of individual recognition from his hunter even as a white bearded Mufti in the thronged thoroughfares of Constantinople? Yes For the peculiar snow white brow of Moby Dick and his snow white hump could not but be unmistakable And have I not tallied the whale Ahab would mutter to himself as after poring over his charts till long after midnight he would throw him elf back in reveries—tallied him and shall he escape? His broad fins are bored and scalloped out like a lost sheep s are! And here his mad mind would run on in a breathless race till a weariness and faintness of pondering came over him! and in the open air of the deck he would seek to recover his strength Ah God! what trances of torments does that man endure who is consumed with one unachieved revengeful desire He sleeps with clenched hands and wakes with his own bloody nails in his palms

Often when forced from his hammock by exhausting and intolerably vivid dreams of the night which resuming his own intense thoughts through the day carried them on amid a clashing of phrensies and whirled them round and round and round in his blazing brain till the very throbbing of his life spot became insufferable anguish and when as was sometimes the case these spiritual throes in him heaved his being up from its base, and a chasm seemed opening

in him from which forked flames and lightnings shot up and accursed fiends beckoned him to leap down among them, when this hell in himself yawned beneath him a wild cry would be heard through the ship and with glaring eyes Ahab would burst from his state room as though escaping from a bed that was on fire Yet these perhaps instead of being the unsuppressable symptoms of some latent weakness or fright at his own resolve were but the plainest tokens of its intensity For at such times crazy Ahab the scheming unappeasedly steadfast hunter of the white whale this Ahab that had gone to his hammock was not the agent that o caused him to burst from it in horror again The latter was the eternal living principle or soul in him and in sleep being for the time dissociated from the characterizing mind which at other times employed it for its outer vehicle or agent it spontaneously sought escape from the scorching contiguity of the frantic thing of which for the time it was no longer an integral But as the mind does not exist unless leagued with the soul, therefore it must have been that in Ahab s case yielding up all his thoughts and fancies to his one supreme purpose that purpose by its own sheer inveteracy of will forced itself against gods and devils into a kind of self assumed independent being of its own Nay could grimly live and burn while the common vitality to which it was conjoined fled horror stricken from the unbidden and unfathered birth Therefore the tormented pirit that glared out of bodily eyes when what seemed Ahab rushed from his room was for the time but a vacated thing a formless somnambulistic being a ray of living light to be sure but without an object to color and therefore a blankness in itself God help thee old man thy thoughts have created a creature in thee and he whose intense thinking thus makes him a Prometheus a vulture feeds upon that heart for ever, that vulture the very creature he creates

CHAPTER XLV

THE AFFIDAVIT

So far as what there may be of a narrative in this book and indeed as indirectly touching one or two very interesting and curious particulars in the habits of sperm whales the foregoing chapter in its earlier part is as important a one as will be found in this volume but the leading matter of it requires to be still further and more familiarly enlarged upon in order to be adequately understood and more over to take away any incredulity which a profound ignorance of the entire subject may induce in some minds, as to the natural verity of the main points of this affair

I care not to perform this part of my task methodically, but shall be content to produce the desired impression by separate citations of items practically or reliably known to me as a whaleman and from these citations I take it—the conclusion aimed at will naturally follow of itself

First I have personally known three instances where a whale after receiving a harpoon has effected a complete escape and after an interval (in one instance of three years) has been again struck by the same hand and slain when the two irons both marked by the same private cypher have been taken from the body In the instance where three years intervened between the flinging of the two harpoons and I think it may have been something more than that the man who darted them happening, in the interval, to go in a trading ship on a voyage to Africa went ashore there joined a discovery party and penetrated far into the interior where he travelled for a period of nearly two years often endangered by serpents savages tigers, poisonous miasmas with all the other common perils incident to wandering in the heart of unknown regions Meanwhile the whale he had struck must also have been on its travels no doubt it had thrice circumnavigated the globe brushing with its flanks all the coasts of Africa but to no purpose This man and this whale again came together and the one vanquished the other I say I myself have known three instances similar to this, that is in two of them I

saw the whales struck and upon the second attack, saw the two irons with the respective marks cut in them after wards taken from the dead fish In the three year instance it so fell out that I was in the boat both times, first and last and the last time distinctly recognized a peculiar sort of huge mole under the whale s eye which I had observed there three years previous I say three years but I am pretty sure it was more than that Here are three instances then which I personally know the truth of but I have heard of many other instances from persons whose veracity in the matter there is no good ground to impeach

Secondly It is well known in the Sperm Whale Fishery however ignorant the world ashore may be of it that there have been several memorable historical instances where a particular whale in the ocean has been at distant times and places popularly cognisable Why such a whale be came thus marked was not altogether and originally owing to his bodily peculiarities as di tinguished from other whales for however peculiar in that respect any chance whale may be they soon put an end to his peculiarities by killing him and boiling him down into a peculiarly valuable oil No the reason was this that from the fatal ex periences of the fishery there hung a terrible prestige of perilousness about such a whale as there did about Rinaldo Rinaldini insomuch that most fishermen were content to recognise him by merely touching their tarpaulin when he would be discovered lounging by them on the sea without seeking to cultivate a more intimate acquaint ance Like ome poor devils ashore that happen to know an irascible great man they make distant unobtrusive saluta tions to him in the street lest if they pursued the ac quaintance further they might receive a summary thump for their presumption

But not only did each of these famous whales enjoy great individual celebrity—nay you may call it an ocean wide renown not only was he famous in life and now is immortal in forecastle stories after death but he was ad mitted into all the rights, privileges and distinctions of a name had as much a name indeed as Cambyses or Cæsar Was it not so O Timor Tom! thou famed leviathan scarred

she settled down and fell over Not a surviving plank of her has been seen since After the severest exposure part of the crew reached the land in their boats Being re turned home at last Captain Pollard once more sailed for the Pacific in command of another ship but the gods ship wrecked him again upon unknown rocks and breakers for the second time his ship was utterly lost and forthwith forswearing the sea *he has never attempted it since* At this day Captain Pollard is a resident of Nantucket I have seen Owen Chace who was chief mate of the Essex at the time of the tragedy I have read his plain and faithful narrative I have conversed with his son and all this within a few miles of the scene of the catastrophe

Secondly The ship Union also of Nantucket was in the year 1807 totally lost off the Azores by a similar onset but the authentic particulars of this catastrophe I have never chanced to encounter though from the whale hunters I have now and then heard casual allusions to it

Thirdly Some eighteen or twenty years ago Commodore J—— then commanding an American sloop of war of the first class happened to be dining with a party of whaling captains on board a Nantucket ship in the harbor of Oahu Sandwich Islands Conversation turning upon whales the Commodore was pleased to be sceptical touching the amaz ing strength ascribed to them by the professional gentle

1 The f llowing a extracts f m Ch ce n rrat ve E ery fact s med to a t me in c n lud g th t t w s nyth g b t ch nce wh ch directed b operat ons he m d tw e r l att cks up n th ship t a sh rt nterv l betwee them both of wh ch c rd ng t the d recti n wer calculated to d us the most injury by be ng made h ad a d th eby mb g th peed of the two ob ect f th hock to eff t wh h th x t m hœ vr s wh ch he m d w necessary H s aspect was most horrible a d su h a ind ated r se tm t a d fu y H ca d ectl f om th hoal which we had just bef nte ed, a d in w ch we had truck th e of his comp i n as f fi ed w th v nge f th suff ngs Ag n At all e ents th wh l c msta ces take tog th r all h ppen g b f e my o yes nd p odu g at the t me mp essi s my mind of decided calcul t ng m ch f on th part of the wh l (m ny of wh h mp essi s I ca ot now r call) i duce m t b satisfied that I a n c rrect in my opin on

H e s e h s reflect ons some time ft quitt g the sh p during a black n ght in a open boat when almost desp iring of reach g y hosp t bl shor The dark oc an a d sw ll ng w t rs w n th g the f ars of be g sw ll wed up by som d adful tempest or da hed pon h dd n rock w th all th other ord n ry subjects f fea ful contempl t on, seemed scarc ly tled to a moment s th ght the d smal looking w eck and *th horri spect a d v ge f th whale* wholly ngr ssed my reflections unt l d y ag mad its ppeara e

In nother place—p 45—he speaks of *the my terious and mortal attack of th animal*

men present He peremptorily denied for example that any whale could so smite his stout sloop-of war as to cause her to leak so much as a thimbleful Very good but there is more coming Some weeks later the commodore set sail in this impregnable craft for Valparaiso But he was stopped on the way by a portly sperm whale that begged a few moments confidential busine s with him That business consisted in fetching the Commodore s craft such *a thwack that with all his pumps going he made straight* for the nearest port to heave down and repair I am not superstitious but I consider the Commodore s interview with that whale as providential Was not Saul of Tarsus converted from unbelief by a similar fright? I tell you the sperm whale will stand no nonsense

I will now refer you to Langsdorff s Voyages for a little circumstance in point peculiarly interesting to the writer hereof Langsdorff you must know by the way was attached to the Russian Admiral Krusenstern s famous Discovery Expedition in the beginning of the present century Captain Langsdorff thus begins his seventeenth chapter

By the thirteenth of May our ship was ready to sail and the next day we were out in the open ea on our way to Ochotsh The weather was very clear and fine but so intolerably cold that we were obliged to keep on our fur clothing For some days we had very little wind it was not till the nineteenth that a brisk gale from the north west sprang up An uncommon large whale the body of *which was larger than the ship itself, lay almost at the* surface of the water but was not perceived by any one on board till the moment when the ship which was in full sail was almost upon him so that it was impossible to prevent its striking against him We were thus placed in the most imminent danger as this gigantic creature setting up its back raised the hip three feet at least out of the water The masts reeled and the sails fell altogether while we who were below all sprang instantly upon the deck concluding that we had struck upon some rock, instead of this we saw the monster sailing off with the utmost gravity and solemnity Captain D'Wolf applied immediately to the pumps to examine whether or not the vessel

had received any damage from the shock but we found that very happily it had escaped entirely uninjured

Now the Captain D Wolf here alluded to as commanding the ship in question is a New Englander, who, after a long life of unusual adventures as a sea captain this day resides in the village of Dorchester near Boston I have the honor of being a nephew of his I have particularly questioned him concerning this passage in Langsdorff He substantiates every word The ship however was by no means a large one a Russian craft built on the Siberian coast and purchased by my uncle after bartering away the vessel in which he sailed from home

In that up and down manly book of old fashioned adventure so full too, of honest wonders—the voyage of Lionel Wafer one of ancient Dampier s old chums—I found a little matter set down so like that just quoted from Langsdorff that I cannot forbear inserting it here for a corroborative example if such be needed

Lionel it eem was on his way to John Ferdinando,' as he calls the modern Juan Fernandes In our way thither he says about four o clock in the morning, when we were about one hundred and fifty leagues from the Main of America our ship felt a terrible shock which put our men in such consternation that they could hardly tell where they were or what to think but every one began to prepare for death And indeed the shock was so sudden and violent that we took it for granted the ship had struck against a rock but when the amazement was a little over we cast the lead and sounded but found no ground * * * The suddenness of the shock made the guns leap in their carriages and several of the men were shaken out of their hammocks Captain Davis who lay with his head on a gun was thrown out of his cabin! ' Lionel them goes on to impute the shock to an earthquake and seems to substantiate the imputation by stating that a great earthquake somewhere about that time did actually do great mischief along the Spanish land But I should not much wonder if in the darkness of that early hour of the morning the shock was after all caused by an unseen whale vertically bumping the hull from beneath

I might proceed with several more examples one way or another known to me of the great power and malice at times of the sperm whale In more than one instance he has been known not only to chase the assailing boats back to their ships but to pursue the ship itself and long withstand all the lances hurled at him from its decks The English ship Pusie Hall can tell a story on that head and as for his strength, let me say, that there have been examples where the lines attached to a running sperm whale have in a calm been transferred to the ship and secured there! the whale towing her great hull through the water as a horse walks off with a cart Again it is very often observed that if the sperm whale once struck is allowed *time to rally* he then acts *not so often with blind rage,* as with wilful deliberate designs of destruction to his pursuers nor is it without conveying some eloquent indication of his character that upon being attacked he will frequently open his mouth and retain it in that dread expansion for several consecutive minutes But I must be content with only one more and a concluding illustration *a remarkable and most significant one* by which you *will* not fail to see that not only is the most marvellous event in this book corroborated by plain facts of the present day but that these marvels (like all marvels) are mere repetitions of the ages so that for the millionth time we say amen with Solomon—Verily there is nothing new under the sun

In the sixth Christian century lived Procopius a Christian magistrate of Constantinople in the days when Justinian was Emperor and Belisarius general As many know he wrote the history of his own times a work every way of uncommon value By the best authorities he has always been considered a most trustworthy and unexaggerating historian except in some one or two particulars not at all affecting the matter presently to be mentioned

Now in this history of his Procopius mentions that during the term of his prefecture at Constantinople a great sea monster was captured in the neighboring Propontis or Sea of Marmora after having destroyed vessels at intervals in those waters for a period of more than fifty years A

fact thus set down in substantial history cannot easily be gainsaid Nor is there any reason it should be Of what precise species this sea monster was is not mentioned But as he destroyed ships, as well as for other reasons he must have been a whale and I am strongly inclined to think a sperm whale And I will tell you why For a long time I fancied that the sperm whale had been always unknown in the Mediterranean and the deep waters connecting with it Even now I am certain that those seas are not and perhaps never can be in the present constitution of things a place for his habitual gregarious resort But further investigations have recently proved to me that in modern times there have been isolated instances of the presence of the sperm whale in the Mediterranean I am told on good authority that on the Barbary coast a Commodore Davis of the British navy found the skeleton of a sperm whale Now as a vessel of war readily passes through the Dardanelles hence a sperm whale could by the same route pass out of the Mediterranean into the Propontis

In the Propontis as far as I can learn none of that peculiar substance called *brit* is to be found the aliment of the right whale But I have every reason to believe that the food of the sperm whale—squid or cuttle fish—lurks at the bottom of that sea because large creatures but by no means the largest of that sort have been found at its surface If then you properly put these statements together and reason upon them a bit you will clearly perceive that according to all human reasoning Procopius's sea monster that for half a century stove the ships of a Roman Emperor, must in all probability have been a sperm whale

CHAPTER XLVI

SURMISES

THOUGH consumed with the hot fire of his purpose, Ahab in all his thoughts and actions ever had in view the ultimate capture of Moby Dick though he seemed ready to sacrifice all mortal interests to that one passion neverthe

less it may have been that he was by nature and long habituation far too wedded to a fiery whalemans ways altogether to abandon the collateral prosecution of the voyage Or at least if this were otherwise there were not wanting other motives much more influential with him It would be refining too much perhaps even considering his monomania to hint that his vindictiveness towards the White Whale might have possibly extended itself in some degree to all sperm whales and that the more monsters he slew by so much the more he multiplied the chances that each subsequently encountered whale would prove to be the hated one he hunted But if such an hypothesis be indeed exceptionable there were still additional considerations which though not so strictly according with the wildness of his ruling passion yet were by no means incapable of swaying him

To accomplish his object Ahab must use tools and of all tools used in the shadow of the moon men are most apt to get out of order He knew for example that however magnetic his ascendency in some respects was over Starbuck yet that ascendency did not cover the complete spiritual man any more than mere corporeal superiority involves intellectual mastership for to the purely spiritual the intellectual but stand in a sort of corporeal relation Starbucks body and Starbucks coerced will were Ahabs so long as Ahab kept his magnet at Starbucks brain still he knew that for all this the chief mate in his soul abhorred his captains quest and could he would joyfully disintegrate himself from it or even frustrate it It might be that a long interval would elapse ere the White Whale was seen During that long interval Starbuck would ever be apt to fall into open relapses of rebellion against his captains leadership unless some ordinary prudential circumstantial influences were brought to bear upon him Not only that but the subtle insanity of Ahab respecting Moby Dick was noways more significantly manifested than in his superlative sense and shrewdness in foreseeing that for the present the hunt should in some way be stripped of that strange imaginative impiousness which naturally invested it that the full terror of the voyage must be kept withdrawn into the obscure

background (for few men's courage is proof against protracted meditation unrelieved by action), that when they stood their long night watches his officers and men must have some nearer things to think of than Moby Dick For however eagerly and impetuously the savage crew had hailed the announcement of his quest yet all sailors of all sorts are more or less capricious and unreliable—they live in the varying outer weather and they inhale its fickleness—and when retained for any object remote and blank in the pursuit however promissory of life and passion in the end it is above all things requisite that temporary interests and employments should intervene and hold them healthily suspended for the final dash

Nor was Ahab unmindful of another thing In times of strong emotion mankind disdain all base considerations but such times are evanescent The permanent constitutional condition of the manufactured man thought Ahab, is sordidness Granting that the White Whale fully incites the hearts of this my savage crew and playing round their savageness even breeds a certain generous knight errantism in them still while for the love of it they give cha e to Moby Dick, they must also have food for their more common daily appetites For even the high lifted and chivalric Crusaders of old times were not content to traverse two thousand miles of land to fight for their holy sepulchre without committing burglaries picking pockets and gaining other pious perquisites by the way Had they been strictly held to their one final and romantic object—that final and romantic object, too many would have turned from in disgust I will not strip these men thought Ahab of all hopes of cash—aye cash They may scorn cash now, but let some months go by and no perspective promise of it to them and then this same quiescent cash all at once mutinying in them this same cash would soon cashier Ahab

Nor was there wanting still another precautionary motive more related to Ahab personally Having impulsively, it is probable, and perhaps somewhat prematurely revealed the prime but private purpose of the Pequod s voyage Ahab was now entirely conscious that, in so doing he had indirectly laid himself open to the unanswerable charge of

usurpation and with perfect impunity both moral and legal his crew if so disposed and to that end competent could refuse all further obedience to him and even violently wrest from him the command *From even the barely hinted* imputation of usurpation and the possible consequences of such a suppressed impression gaining ground Ahab must of course have been most anxious to protect himself That protection could only consist in his own predominating brain and heart and hand backed by a heedful closely calculating attention to every minute atmospheric influence which it was possible for his crew to be subjected to

For all these reasons then and others perhaps too analytic to be verbally developed here Ahab plainly saw that he must still in a good degree continue true to the natural nominal purpose of the Pequod s voyage observe all customary u ages and not only that but force himself to evince all his well known passionate interest in the general pursuit of his profession

Be all this as it may his voice was now often heard hailing the three mast heads and admonishing them to keep a bright look-out and not omit reporting even a porpoise This vigilance was not long without reward

CHAPTER XLVII

THE MAT MAKER

It was a cloudy sultry afternoon the seamen were lazily lounging about the decks or vacantly gazing over into the lead colored waters Queequeg and I were mildly employed weaving what is called a sword mat for an additional lash ing to our boat So still and subdued and yet somehow preluding was all the scene and such an incantation of revelry lurked in the air that each silent sailor seemed re solved into his own invisible self

I was the attendant or page of Queequeg while busy at the mat As I kept passing and repassing the filling or woof of marline between the long yarns of the warp using my own hand for the shuttle and as Queequeg standing

sideways ever and anon slid his heavy oaken sword between the threads, and idly looking off upon the water carelessly and unthinkingly drove home every yarn I say so strange a dreaminess did there then reign all over the ship and all over the sea only broken by the intermitting dull sound of the sword that it seemed as if this were the Loom of Time and I myself were a shuttle mechanically weaving and weaving away at the Fates There lay the fixed threads of the warp subject to but one single, ever returning, unchanging vibration and that vibration merely enough to admit of the crosswise interblending of other threads with its own This warp eemed necessity and here thought I with my own hand I ply my own shuttle and weave my own destiny into these unalterable threads Meantime Queequeg s impulsive indifferent sword sometimes hitting the woof lantingly or crookedly or strongly or weakly as the case might be and by this difference in the concluding blow producing a corresponding contra t in the final aspect of the completed fabric this savage s sword thought I which thus finally shapes and fashions both warp and woof this easy indifferent sword must be chance—aye chance free will and necessity—no wise incompatible—all interweavingly working together The straight warp of necessity not to be swerved from its ultimate course—its every alternating vibration indeed only tending to that free will till free to ply her shuttle between given threads and chance though restrained in its play within the right lines of necessity and sideways in its motions directed by free will though thus prescribed to by both, chance by turns rules either, and has the last featuring blow at events

* * * * *

Thus we were weaving and weaving away when I started at a sound so strange long drawn and musically wild and unearthly that the ball of free will dropped from my hand and I stood gazing up at the clouds whence that voice dropped like a wing High aloft in the cross trees was that mad Gay Header Tashtego His body was reaching eagerly forward, his hand stretched out like a wand and at brief sudden intervals he continued his cries To be sure the same sound was that very moment perhaps being heard all

over the seas, from hundreds of whalemen's look-outs perched as high in the air but from few of those lungs could that accustomed old cry have derived such a marvellous cadence as from Tashtego the Indian s

As he stood hovering over you half suspended in air so wildly and eagerly peering towards the horizon you would have thought him some prophet or seer beholding the shadows of Fate and by those wild cries announcing their coming

There she blows! there! there! there! she blows! she blows!

Where away?

'On the lee beam about two miles off! a school of them!

Instantly all was commotion

The Sperm Whale blows as a clock ticks with the same undeviating and reliable uniformity And thereby whale men distinguish this fish from other tribes of his genus

'There go flukes! was now the cry from Tashtego and the whales disappeared

"Quick steward! cried Ahab Time! time!

Dough Boy hurried below glanced at the watch and reported the exact minute to Ahab

The ship was now kept away from the wind and she went gently rolling before it Tashtego reporting that the whales had gone down heading to leeward we confidently looked to see them again directly in advance of our bows For that singular craft at times evinced by the Sperm Whale when sounding with his head in one direction he nevertheless *while concealed beneath the surface mills around and* swiftly swims off in the opposite quarter—this deceitfulness of his could not now be in action for there was no reason to suppose that the fish seen by Tashtego had been in any way alarmed or indeed knew at all of our vicinity One of the men selected for shipkeepers—that is those not appointed to the boats by this time relieved the Indian at the main mast head The sailors at the fore and mizzen had come down the line tubs were fixed in their places the cranes were thrust out the mainyard was backed and the three boats swung over the sea like three samphire baskets over

high cliffs Outside of the bulwarks their eager crews with one hand clung to the rail, while one foot was expectantly poised on the gunwale So look the long line of man-of war s men about to throw themselves on board an enemy s ship

But at this critical instant a sudden exclamation was heard that took every eye from the whale With a start all glared at dark Ahab who was surrounded by five dusky phantoms that eemed fresh formed out of air

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE FIRST LOWERING

THE phantoms for so they then seemed were flitting on the other side of the deck and with a noiseless celerity were casting loose the tackles and bands of the boat which swung there This boat had always been deemed one of the spare boats though technically called the captain s on account of its hanging from the starboard quarter The figure that now stood by its bows was tall and swart with one white tooth evilly protruding from its steel like lips A rumpled Chinese jacket of black cotton funereally invested him with wide black trowsers of the same dark stuff But strangely crowning this ebonness was a glistening white plaited turban, the living hair braided and coiled round and round upon his head Less swart in aspect the companions of this figure were of that vivid tiger yellow complexion peculiar to ome of the aboriginal natives of the Manillas —a race notorious for a certain diabolism of subtilty and by some honest white mariners supposed to be the paid spies and secret confiden tial agents on the water of the devil their lord whose counting room they suppose to be elsewhere

While yet the wondering ship s company were gazing upon these strangers Ahab cried out to the white turbaned old man at their head All ready there Fedallah?

'Ready ' was the half hissed reply

'Lower away then d ye hear? shouting across the deck "Lower away there, I say '

Such was the thunder of his voice that spite of their amazement the men sprang over the rail the sheaves whirled round in the blocks with a wallow the three boats dropped into the sea while with a dexterous off handed daring un known in any other vocation the sailors goat like leaped down the rolling ship s side into the tossed boats below

Hardly had they pulled out from under the ship s lee when a fourth keel coming from the windward side pulled round under the stern and showed the five strangers rowing Ahab, who standing erect in the stern loudly hailed Star buck, Stubb and Flask to spread themselves widely, so as to cover a large expan e of water But with all their eyes again riveted upon the swart Fedallah and his crew the *inmates of the other boats obeyed not the command*

Captain Ahab?— said Starbuck

Spread yourselves cried Ahab give way all four boats Thou Fla k pull out more to leeward!

'Aye aye sir cheerily cried little King Post sweeping round his great steering oar Lay back! addressing his crew There!—there!—there again! There she blows right ahead boys —lay back!

Never heed yonder yellow boys Archy

Oh I don t mind em, sir said Archy I knew it all before now Didn t I hear em in the hold? And didn t I tell Cabaco here of it? What say we Cabaco? They are stowaways Mr Flask

Pull pull my fine hearts alive pull my children pull my little ones drawlingly and soothingly sighed Stubb to his crew some of whom still showed signs of uneasiness 'Why don t you break your backbones my boys? What is it you stare at? Those chaps in yonder boat? Tut! They are only five more hands come to help us—never mind from where—the more the merrier Pull then do pull never mind the brim tone—devils are good fellows enough So so there you are now that s the stroke for a thousand pounds that s the trol e to sweep the stakes! Hurrah for the gold cup of sperm oil my heroes! Three cheers men—all hearts alive! Easy easy don t be in a hurry—don t be in a hurry Why don t you snap your oars you rascals? Bite something you dogs! So so so then —

softly softly! That's it—that's it! long and strong Give way there, give way! The devil fetch ye ye ragamuffin rapscallions ye are all asleep Stop snoring ye sleepers and pull Pull will ye? pull, can't ye? pull, won't ye? Why in the name of gudgeons and ginger cakes don't ye pull?—pull and break something! pull and start your eyes out! Here! whipping out the sharp knife from his girdle every mother's son of ye draw his knife and pull with the blade between his teeth That's it—that's it Now ye do something that looks like it my steel bits Start her—start her, my silverspoons! Start her marling spikes!

Stubb's exordium to his crew is given here at large, because he had rather a peculiar way of talking to them in general and especially in inculcating the religion of rowing But you must not suppose from this specimen of his sermonizings that he ever flew into downright passions with his congregation Not at all and therein consisted his chief peculiarity He would say the most terrific things to his crew in a tone so strangely compounded of fun and fury, and the fury seemed so calculated merely as a spice to the fun that no oarsman could hear such queer invocations without pulling for dear life and yet pulling for the mere joke of the thing Besides he all the time looked so easy and indolent himself so loungingly managed his steering oar, and so broadly gaped—open mouthed at times—that the mere sight of such a yawning commander by sheer force of contrast acted like a charm upon the crew Then again Stubb was one of those odd sort of humorists whose jollity is sometimes so curiously ambiguous as to put all inferiors on their guard in the matter of obeying them

In obedience to a sign from Ahab Starbuck was now pulling *obliquely across Stubb's bow and when for a minute or* so the two boats were pretty near to each other Stubb hailed the mate

Mr Starbuck! larboard boat there ahoy! a word with ye sir if ye please!

Halloa! returned Starbuck turning round not a single inch as he spoke still earnestly but whisperingly urging his crew his face set like a flint from Stubb's

'What think ye of those yellow boys, sir!

Smuggled on boird somehow before the ship sailed (Strong strong boysl) in a whisper to his crew then speaking out loud again 'A sad business Mr Stubb' *(seethe her seethe her my lads!) but never mind* Mr Stubb all for the best Let all your crew pull strong come what will (Spring my men spring!) Theres hogsheads of sperm ahead, Mr Stubb and thats what ye came for (Pull my boys!) Sperm sperms the play! This at least is duty duty and profit hand in hand

"Aye aye I thought as much soliloquized Stubb when the boats diverged as soon as I clapt eye on em I thought so Aye and thats what he went into the after hold for so often as Dough Boy long suspected They were hidden down there The White Whales at the bottom of it Well well so be it! Cant be helped! All right! Give way men! It aint the White Whale to day! Give way!

Now the advent of these outlandish strangers at such a critical instant as the lowering of the boats from the deck, this had not unreaonably awakened a ort of superstitious amazement in some of the ships company but Archy fancied discovery having some time previous got abroad among them though indeed not credited then this had in some small measure prepared them for the event It took off the extreme edge of their wonder and so what with all this and Stubbs confident way of accounting for their appearance they were for the time freed from superstitious surmisings though the affair still left abundant room for all manner of wild conjectu es as to dark Ahabs precise agency in the matter from the beginning For me I silently re called the mysterious shadows I had seen creeping on board the Pequod during the dim Nantucket dawn as well as the enigmatical hintings of the unaccountable Elijah

Meantime Ahab out of hearing of his officers having sided the furthest to windward was still ranging ahead of the other boats a circumstance bespeaking how potent a crew was pulling him Those tiger yellow creatures of his seemed all steel and whalebone like five trip hammers they rose and fell with regular strokes of strength which periodi cally started the boat along the water like a horizontal burst boiler out of a Mississippi steamer As for Fedallah

was seen pulling the harpooneer oar he had thrown aside his black jacket, and displayed his naked chest with the whole part of his body above the gunwale clearly cut against the alternating depressions of the watery horizon while at the other end of the boat Ahab, with one arm like a fencer's thrown half backward into the air as if to counterbalance any tendency to trip Ahab was seen steadily managing his steering oar as in a thousand boat lowerings ere the White Whale had torn him All at once the outstretched arm gave a peculiar motion and then remained fixed while the boat five oars were seen simultaneously peaked Boat and crew sat motionless on the sea Instantly the three spread boats in the rear paused on their way The whales had irregularly settled bodily down into the blue thus giving no distantly discernible token of the movement, though from his closer vicinity Ahab had observed it

Every man look out along his oars! cried Starbuck Thou Queequeg stand up!

Nimbly springing up on the triangular raised box in the bow, the savage stood erect there and with intensely eager eyes gazed off towards the spot where the chase had last been descried Likewise upon the extreme stern of the boat where it was also triangularly platformed level with the gunwale Starbuck himself was seen coolly and adroitly balancing him self to the jerking tossings of his chip of a craft and silently eyeing the vast blue eye of the sea

Not very far distant Flask s boat was also lying breath lessly still its commander recklessly standing upon the top of the loggerhead a stout sort of post rooted in the keel and rising some two feet above the level of the stern platform It is used for catching turns with the whale line Its top is not more spacious than the palm of a man s hand and stand ing upon such a ba e as that Flask seemed perched at the mast head of ome sh p which had sunk to all but her trucks But little King Post was small and short and at the same time little King Po t was full of a large and tall ambition to that this logger had stand point of his did by no means satisfy King Post

"I can t see three seas off tip us up an oar there and let me onto that'

Upon this, Daggoo with either hand upon the gunwale to steady his way swiftly slid aft and then erecting himself volunteered his lofty shoulders for a pedestal

"Good a mast head as any sir Will you mount?"

That I will and thank ye very much my fine fellow only I wish you fifty feet taller

Whereupon planting his feet firmly against two opposite planks of the boat the *gigantic negro stooping a little* presented his flat palm to Flask s foot and then putting Flask s hand on his hear e plumed head and bidding him spring as he himself should toss, with one dexterous fling landed the little man high and dry on his shoulders And here was Flask *now standing Daggoo with one lifted arm* furnishing him with a breastband to lean against and steady himself by

At any time it is *a* strange sight to the tyro to see with what wondrous habitude of unconscious skill the whaleman *will maintain an erect posture in his boat even when pitched* about by the most riotously perverse and cross running seas Still more strange to see him giddily perched upon the logger head itself under such circumstances But the sight of little Flask mounted upon gigantic Daggoo was yet more *curious for sustaining himself with a cool indifferent easy* unthought of barbaric majesty the noble negro to every roll of the sea harmoniously rolled his fine form On his broad back flaxen haired Flask seemed a snow flake The bearer looked nobler than the rider Though truly vivacious *tumultuous ostentatious little* Fla k would *now and then* stamp with impatience but not one added heave did he thereby give to the negro s lordly chest So have I seen Passion and Vanity stamping the living magnanimous earth but the earth did not alter her tides and her easons for that

Meanwhile Stubb *the* third mate betrayed no such far gazing solicitudes The whales might have made one of their regular soundings not a temporary dive from mere fright and if that were the case Stubb as his wont in such cases it seems was resolved to solace the languishing interval with his pipe He withdrew it from his hatband where he always wore it aslant like a feather He loaded it and rammed home the loading with his thumb-end but,

hardly had he ignited his match across the rough sandpaper of his hand when Tashtego, his harpooneer, whose eyes had been setting to windward like two fixed stars, suddenly dropped like light from his erect attitude to his seat, crying out in a quick phrensy of hurry 'Down, down all, and give way!—there they are!

To a landsman no whale nor any sign of a herring would have been visible at that moment nothing but a troubled bit of greenish white water and thin scattered puffs of vapor hovering over it and suffusingly blowing off to leeward like the confused scud from white rolling billows The air around suddenly vibrated and tingled as it were like the air over intensely heated plates of iron Beneath this atmospheric waving and curling and partially beneath a thin layer of water also the whales were swimming Seen in advance of all the other indications the puffs of vapor they spouted seemed their forerunning couriers and detached flying outriders

All four boats were now in keen pursuit of that one spot of troubled water and air But it bade fair to outstrip them it flew on and on a mass of interblending bubbles borne down a rapid stream from the hills

Pull pull my good boys said Starbuck in the lowest possible but inten est concentrated whi per to his men while the sharp fixed glance from his eyes darted straight ahead of the bow almost seemed as two visible needles in two unerring binnacle compasses He did not say much to his crew though nor did his crew say anything to him Only the silence of the boat was at intervals startlingly pierced by one of his peculiar whispers now harsh with command now soft with entreaty

How different the loud little King Post 'Sing out and say something my hearties Roar and pull my thunderbolts! Beach me beach me on their black backs boys only do that for me and I ll sign over to you my Martha s Vineyard plantation boys including wife and children boys Lay me on—lay me on! O Lord Lord! but I shall go stark, staring mad! See! ee that white water! And so shouting he pulled his hat from his head and stamped up and down on it then picking it up, flirted it far off upon

the sea and finally fell to rearing and plunging in the boat s stern like a crazed colt from the prairie

Look at that chap now philo ophically drawled Stubb who, with his unlighted short pipe mechanically retained between his teeth, at a short distance followed after— He s got fits that Flask has Fits? yes give him fits—that s the very word—pitch fits into em Merrily merrily hearts-alive *Pudding for supper you know —merry s the word* Pull babes—pull sucklings—pull all But what the devil are you hurrying about? Softly softly and steadily my men Only pull and keep pulling nothing more Crack all your backbones and bite your knives in two—that s all Take it easy—why don t ye take it easy I say and burst all your livers and lungs!

But what it was that inscrutable Ahab aid to that tiger yellow crew of his—these were words best omitted here for you live under the blessed light of the evangelical land Only the infidel sharks in the audacious seas may give ear to such words when with tornado brow and eyes of red murder and foam glued lips Ahab leaped after his prey

Meanwhile all the boats tore on The repeated specific allusions of Flask to that whale as he called the fictitious monster which he declared to be incessantly tantalizing his boat s bow with its tail—these allusions of his were at times so vivid and life like that they would cause some one or two of his men to snatch a fearful look over his shoulder *But this was against all rule for the oarsmen must put out* their eyes and ram a kewer through their necks usage pronouncing that they must have no organs but ears and no limb but arms in these critical moments

It was a sight full of quick wonder and awe! The vast swells of the omnipotent sea the surging hollow roar they made as they rolled along the eight gunwales, like gigantic bowls in a boundless bowling green the brief suspended agony of the boat as it would tip for an instant on the knife like edge of the sharper waves that almo t seemed threaten ing to cut it in two the sudden profound dip into the watery glens and hollows the keen spurrings and goadings to gain the top of the opposite hill the headlong sled like slide down its other side —all these with the cries of the heads

men and harpooneers, and the shuddering gasps of the oars men, with the wondrous sight of the ivory Pequod bearing down upon her boats with outstretched sails like a wild hen after her screaming brood —all this was thrilling Not the raw recruit, marching from the bosom of his wife into the fever heat of his first battle not the dead man s ghost encountering the first unknown phantom in the other world —neither of these can feel stranger and stronger emotions than that man does who for the first time finds himself pulling into the charmed churned circle of the hunted sperm whale

The dancing white water made by the chase was now becoming more and more visible, owing to the increasing darkness of the dun cloud shadows flung upon the sea The jets of vapor no longer blended but tilted everywhere to right and left the whales seemed separating their wakes The boats were pulled more apart Starbuck giving chase to three whales running dead to leeward Our sail was now set and with the still rising wind we rushed along, the boat going with such madness through the water that the lee oars could scarcely be worked rapidly enough to escape being torn from the row lock

Soon we were running through a suffusing wide veil of mist neither ship nor boat to be seen

Give way men whispered Starbuck drawing still further aft the sheet of his sail there is time to kill a fish yet before the squall comes There s white water again!—close to! Spring! '

Soon after two cries in quick succession on each side of us denoted that the other boats had got fast but hardly were they overheard, when with a lightning like hurtling whisper Starbuck said Stand up! and Queequeg harpoon in hand sprang to his feet

Though not one of the oarsmen was then facing the life and death peril so close to them ahead yet with their eyes on the intense countenance of the mate in the stern of the boat they knew that the imminent instant had come they heard too an enormous wallowing sound as of fifty elephants stirring in their litter Meanwhile the boat was

still booming through the mist the waves curling and hissing around us like the erected crests of enraged serpents

'That s his hump *There there* give it to him! whispered Starbuck

A short rushing sound leaped out of the boat it was the darted iron of Queequeg Then all in one welded commotion came an invisible push from astern while forward the boat seemed striking on a ledge the sail collapsed and exploded a gush of scalding vapor shot up near by something rolled and tumbled like an earthquake beneath us The whole crew were half suffocated as they were tossed helter skelter into the white curdling cream of the squall Squall whale and harpoon had all blended together and the whale merely grazed by the iron escaped

Though completely swamped the boat was nearly unharmed Swimming round it we picked up the floating oars and lashing them across the gunwale tumbled back to our places There we sat up to our knees in the sea the water covering every rib and plank so that to our downward gazing eyes the suspended craft seemed a coral boat grown up to us from the bottom of the ocean

The wind increased to a howl the waves dashed their bucklers together the whole squall roared forked and crackled around us like a white fire upon the prairie in which unconsumed we were burning immortal in these jaws of death! In vain we hailed the other boats as well roar to the live coals down the chimney of a flaming furnace as hail tho e boats in that storm Meanwhile the driving scud rack and mist grew darker with the shadows of night no sign of the ship could be seen The rising sea forbade all attempts to bale out the boat The oars were useless as propellers performing now the office of life preservers So cutting the lashing of the waterproof match keg after many failures Starbuck contrived to ignite the lamp in the lantern then stretching it on a waif pole handed it to Queequeg as the standard bearer of this forlorn hope There then he sat holding up that imbecile candle in the hea t of that almighty forlornne s There then he sat the sign and symbol of a man without faith hopelessly holding up hope in *the midst of despair*

Wet drenched through, and shivering cold despairing of ship or boat, we lifted up our eyes as the dawn came on The mist still spread over the sea, the empty lantern lay crushed in the bottom of the boat Suddenly Queequeg started to his feet hollowing his hand to his ear We all heard a faint creaking as of ropes and yards hitherto muffled by the storm The sound came nearer and nearer, the thick mists were dimly parted by a huge vague form Affrighted we all sprang into the sea as the ship at last loomed into view bearing right down upon us within a distance of not much more than its length

Floating on the waves we saw the abandoned boat, as for one instant it tossed and gaped beneath the ship s bows like a chip at the base of a cataract and then the vast hull rolled over it and it was seen no more till it came up weltering astern Again we swam for it were dashed against it by the seas and were at last taken up and safely landed on board Ere the squall came close to the other boats had cut loose from their fish and returned to the ship in good time The ship had given us up but was still cruising if haply it might light upon some token of our perishing —an oar or a lance pole

CHAPTER XLIX

THE HYENA

THERE are certain queer times and occasions in this strange mixed affair we call life when a man takes this whole universe for a vast practical joke though the wit thereof he but dimly discerns and more than suspects that the joke is at nobody s expense but his own However nothing dispirits and nothing seems worth while disputing He bolts down all events all creeds and beliefs and persuasions all hard things visible and invisible never mind how knobby as an ostrich of potent digestion gobbles down bullets and gun flints And as for small difficulties and worryings prospects of sudden disaster peril of life and limb all these and death itself seem to him only sly good natured hits and jolly punches in the side bestowed by the unseen and un

accountable old joker That odd sort of wayward mood I am speaking of comes over a man only in some time of extreme tribulation it comes in the very midst of his earnestness so that what just before might have seemed to him a thing most momentous now seems but a part of the general joke There is nothing like the perils of whaling to breed this free and easy sort of genial desperado philosophy and with it I now regarded this whole voyage of the Pequod and the great White Whale its object

Queequeg said I when they had dragged me the last man, to the deck and I was still shaking myself in my jacket to fling off the water Queequeg my fine friend does this sort of thing often happen? Without much emotion though soaked through just like me he gave me to understand that uch things did often happen

Mr Stubb said I turning to that worthy who but toned up in his oil jacket was now calmly smoking his pipe in the rain Mr Stubb I think I have heard you say that of all whalemen you ever met our chief mate Mr Starbuck, is by far the most careful and prudent I suppose then, that going plump on a flying whale with your sail set in a foggy squall is the height of a whaleman s discretion?

Certain I ve lowered for whales from a leaking ship in a gale off Cape Horn

Mr Flask said I turning to little King Post who was standing close by you are experienced in these things and I am not Will you tell me whether it is an unalterable law in this fishery Mr Fla k for an oarsmen to break his own back pulling himself back foremost into death s jaws?

Can t you twist that smaller? said Flask Yes that s the law I should like to see a boat s crew backing water up to a whale face foremost Ha ha! the whale would give them squint for squint mind that!

Here then from three impartial witnesses I had a deliberate tatement of the entire case Considering there fore that squalls and cap izings in the water and consequent bivouacks on the deep were matters of common occurrence in this kind of life considering that at the superlatively critical instant of going on to the whale I must resign my life into the hands of him who steered the boat—oftentimes

a fellow who at that very moment is in his impetuousness upon the point of scuttling the craft with his own frantic stampings; considering that the particular disaster to our own particular boat was chiefly to be imputed to Starbuck's driving on to his whale almost in the teeth of a squall; and considering that Starbuck, notwithstanding, was famous for his great heedfulness in the fishery; considering that I belonged to this uncommonly prudent Starbuck's boat; and finally considering in what a devil's chase I was implicated, touching the White Whale: taking all things together, I say, I thought I might as well go below and make a rough draft of my will. "Queequeg," said I, "come along, you shall be my lawyer, executor, and legatee."

It may seem strange that of all men sailors should be tinkering at their last wills and testaments, but there are no people in the world more fond of that diversion. This was the fourth time in my nautical life that I had done the same thing. After the ceremony was concluded upon the present occasion, I felt all the easier; a stone was rolled away from my heart. Besides, all the days I should now live would be as good as the days that Lazarus lived after his resurrection; a supplementary clean gain of so many months or weeks as the case may be. I survived myself; my death and burial were locked up in my chest. I looked round me tranquilly and contentedly, like a quiet ghost with a clean conscience sitting inside the bars of a snug family vault.

Now then, thought I, unconsciously rolling up the sleeves of my frock, here goes for a cool, collected dive at death and destruction, and the devil fetch the hindmost.

CHAPTER L

AHAB'S BOAT AND CREW. FEDALLAH

"Who would have thought it, Flask!" cried Stubb; "if I had but one leg you would not catch me in a boat, unless maybe to stop the plug-hole with my timber toe. Oh! he's a wonderful old man!"

"I don't think it so strange, after all, on that account," said Flask. "If his leg were off at the hip, now, it would

be a different thing That would disable him but he has one knee and good part of the other left you know

I don t know that my little man I never yet saw him kneel

* * * * *

Among whale wise people it has often been argued whether considering the paramount importance of his life to the success of the voyage, it is right for a whaling captain to jeopardize that life in the active perils of the chase So Tamerlane s soldiers often argued with tears in their eyes whether that invaluable life of his ought to be carried into the thickest of the fight

But with Ahab the question assumed a modified aspect. Considering that with two legs man is but a hobbling wight in all times of danger considering that the pursuit of whales is always under great and extraordinary difficulties, that every individual moment indeed then comprises a peril under these circumstances is it wise for any maimed man *to enter a whale boat in the hunt? As a general thing* the joint-owners of the Pequod must have plainly thought not

Ahab well knew that although his friends at home would think little of his entering a boat in certain comparatively harmless vicissitudes of the chase for the sake of being near the scene of action and giving his orders in person yet for *Captain Ahab to have a boat actually apportioned to him as* a regular headsman in the hunt—above all for Captain Ahab to be supplied with five extra men as that same boat s crew he well knew that such generous conceits never entered the heads of the owners of the Pequod Therefore he had not solicited a boat s crew from them nor had he in any way hinted his desires on that head Nevertheless he had taken private measures of his own touching all that matter Until Cabaco s published discovery, the sailors had little fore seen it though to be sure when after being a little while out of port all hands had concluded the customary business of fitting the whaleboats for service when some time after this Ahab was now and then found bestirring himself in the matter of making thole pins with his own hands for what was thought to be one of the spare boats and even

solicitously cutting the small wooden skewers which when the line is running out are pinned over the groove in the bow when all this was observed in him, and particularly his solicitude in having an extra coat of sheathing in the bottom of the boat, as if to make it better withstand the pointed pressure of his ivory limb and also the anxiety he evinced in exactly shaping the thigh board or clumsy cleat as it is sometimes called, the horizontal piece in the boat's bow for bracing the knee against in darting or stabbing at the whale when it was observed how often he stood up in that boat with his solitary knee fixed in the semi circular depression in the cleat and with the carpenter s chisel gouged out a little here and straightened it a little there all these things I say had awakened much interest and curiosity at the time But almost everybody supposed that this particular preparative heedfulness in Ahab must only be with a view to the ultimate chase of Moby Dick for he had already revealed hi intention to hunt that mortal monster in person But such a supposition did by no means *involve the remotest suspicion as to any boat* s crew being assigned to that boat

Now with the subordinate phantoms what wonder re mained soon waned away for in a whaler wonders soon wane Besides now and then such unaccountable odds and ends of strange nations come up from the unknown nooks and ash holes of the earth to man these floating outlaws of whalers and the ships themselves often pick up such queer castaway creatures found tossing about the open sea on planks bits of wreck oars whale boats canoes blown-off Japanese junks and what not that Beelzebub himself might climb up the side and step down into the cabin to chat with the captain and it would not create any unsub duable excitement in the forecastle

But be all this as it may certain it is that while the subordinate phantoms soon found their place among the crew though still as it were somehow distinct from them yet that hair turbaned Fedallah remained a muffled mystery to the last Whence he came in a mannerly world like this by what sort of unaccountable tie he soon evinced himself to be linked with Ahab s peculiar fortunes, nay, so far as to

have some sort of a half hinted influence Heaven knows, but it might have been even authority over him all this none knew but one cannot sustain an indifferent air concerning Fedallah He was such a creature as civilized domestic people in the temperate zone only see in their dreams and that but dimly but the like of whom now and then glide among the unchanging Asiatic communities especially the Oriental isles to the east of the continent—those insulated immemorial unalterable countries which even in these modern days still preserve much of the ghostly aboriginalness of earth s primal generations when the memory of the first man was a distinct recollection and all men his descendants unknowing whence he came eyed each other as real phantoms and asked of the sun and the moon why they were created and to what end when though according to Genesis the angels indeed consorted with the daughter of men the devils also add the uncanonical Rabbins indulged in mundane amours

CHAPTER LI

THE SPIRIT SPOUT

DAYS weeks passed and under easy sail the ivory Pequod had slowly swept across four several cruising grounds that off the Azores off the Cape de Verdes on *the Plate (so called) being off the mouth of the Rio de la* Plata and the Carrol Ground an unstaked watery locality southerly from St Helena 1

It was while gliding through these latter waters that one serene and moonlight night when all the waves rolled by like scrolls of silver and by their soft suffusing seethings made what seemed a silvery silence not a solitude on such a silent night a silvery jet was seen far in advance of the white bubbles at the bow Lit up by the moon it looked celestial seemed some plumed and glittering god uprising from the sea Fedallah first descried this jet For of these moonlight nights it was his wont to mount to the main mast head and stand a look out there with the same precision as if it had been day And yet though herds of whales were

seen by night, not one whaleman in a hundred would venture a lowering for them You may think with what emotions, then the seamen beheld this old Oriental perched aloft at such unusual hours, his turban and the moon companions in one sky But when after spending his uniform interval there for several successive nights without uttering a single sound, when after all this silence, his unearthly voice was heard announcing that silvery moon lit jet, every reclining mariner started to his feet as if some winged spirit had lighted in the rigging and hailed the mortal crew 'There she blows! Had the trump of judgment blown they could not have quivered more yet still they felt no terror rather pleasure For though it was a most unwonted hour yet so impressive was the cry and so deliriou ly exciting that almost every soul on board instinctively desired a lowering

Walking the deck with quick side lunging strides Ahab commanded the t gallant sails and royals to be set and every stunsail spread The best man in the ship must take the helm Then with every mast head manned the piled up craft rolled down before the wind The strange upheav ng lifting tendency of the taffrail breeze filling the hollows of so many sails made the buoyant hovering deck to feel like air beneath the feet while still she rushed along as if two antagonistic influences were struggling in her—one to mount direct to heaven the other to drive yawingly to some horizontal goal And had you watched Ahab s face that night you would have thought that in him also two different things were warring While his one live leg made lively echoes along the deck every stroke of his dead limb sounded like a coffin tap On life and death this old man walked But though the ship so swiftly sped and though from every eye like arrows the eager glances shot yet the silvery jet was no more seen that night Every sailor swore he saw it once but not a second time

This midnight spout had almost grown a forgotten thing when some days after lo! at the same silent hour it was again announced again it was descried by all but upon making sail to overtake it once more it disappeared as if it had never been And so it served us night after night till no one heeded it but to wonder at it Mysteriously jetted

into the clear moonlight or starlight as the case might be disappearing again for one whole day, or two days or three and somehow seeming at every distinct repetition to be advancing still further and further in our van this solitary jet seemed for ever alluring us on

Nor with the immemorial superstition of their race and in accordance with the preternaturalness as it seemed which in many things invested the Pequod were there wanting some of the seamen who swore that whenever and wherever descried at however remote times or in however far apart latitudes and longitudes that unnearable spout was cast by one self same whale and that whale Moby Dick For a time there reigned too a sense of peculiar dread at this flitting apparition as if it were treacherously beckoning us on and on in order that the monster might turn round upon us and rend us at last in the remotest and most savage seas

These temporary apprehensions so vague but so awful derived a wondrous potency from the contrasting serenity of the weather in which beneath all its blue blandness some thought there lurked a devilish charm as for days and days we voyaged along through seas so wearily lonesomely mild that all space in repugnance to our vengeful errand seemed vacating itself of life before our urn lil e prow

But at last when turning to the eastward the Cape winds began howling around us and we rose and fell upon the long troubled seas that are there when the ivory tusked Pequod sharply bowed to the blast and gored the dark waves in her madness till like showers of silver chips the foam flakes flew over her bulwarks then all this desolate vacuity of life went away but gave place to sights more dismal than before

Close to our bows strange forms in the water darted hither and thither before us while thick in our rear flew th inscrutable sea ravens And every morning perched on our stays rows of these birds were seen and spite of our hoot ings for a long time obstinately clung to the hemp as though they deemed our ship some drifting uninhabited craft a thing appointed to desolation and therefore fit roosting place fo their homeless selves And heaved and heaved still unrestingly heaved the black sea as if its vast

tides were a conscience and the great mundane soul were in anguish and remorse for the long sin and suffering it had bred

Cape of Good Hope do they call ye? Rather Cape Tormentoto as called of yore for long allured by the perfidious silences that before had attended us we found ourselves launched into this tormented sea where guilty beings transformed into those fowls and these fish seemed condemned to swim on overlastingly without any haven in store or beat that black air without any horizon But calm snow white and unvarying still directing its fountain of feathers to the sky still beckoning us on from before the olitary jet would at times be descried

During all this blacknes of the elements Ahab though assuming for the time the almost continual command of the drenched and dangerous deck manifested the gloomiest re erve and more seldom than ever addressed his mates In tempestuous times like these after everything above and aloft has been secured nothing more can be done but passively to await the issue of the gale Then Captain and crew become practical fatalists So with his ivory leg inserted into its accustomed hole and with one hand firmly grasping a shroud Ahab for hours and hours would stand gazing dead to windward while an occasional squall of sleet or snow would all but congeal his very eyelashes together Meantime the crew driven from the forward part of the ship by the perilous seas that burstingly broke over its bows stood in a line along the bulwarks in the waist and the better to guard against the leaping waves each man had slipped himself into a sort of bowline secured to the rail in which he swung as in a loosened belt Few or no words were spoken and the silent ship as if manned by painted sailors in wax day after day tore on through all the swift madness and gladness of the demoniac waves By night the same muteness of humanity before the shrieks of the ocean prevailed still in silence the men swung in the bowlines still wordless Ahab stood up to the bla t Even when wearied nature seemed demanding repose he would not seek that repose in his hammock Never could Starbuck forget the old man s aspect, when one night going down into

the cabin to mark how the barometer stood he saw him with closed eyes sitting straight in his floor screwed chair the rain and half melted sleet of the storm from which he had some time before emerged, still slowly dripping from the unremoved hat and coat On the table beside him lay unrolled one of those charts of tides and currents which have previously been spoken of His lantern swung from his tightly clenched hand Though the body was erect the head was thrown back so that the closed eyes were pointed towards the needle of the tell tale that swung from a beam in the ceiling [1]

Terrible old man! thought Starbuck with a shudder, sleeping in this gale still thou steadfastly eyest thy purpose

CHAPTER LII

THE ALBATROSS

SOUTH EASTWARD from the Cape off the distant Crozetts a good cruising ground for Right Whalemen a sail loomed ahead the Goney (Albatross) by name As she slowly drew nigh from my lofty perch at the fore mast head I had a good view of that sight so remarkable to a tyro in the far ocean fisheries—a whaler at sea and long absent from home

As if the waves had been fullers this craft was bleached like the skeleton of a stranded walrus All down her sides this spectral appearance was traced with long channels of reddened rust while all her spars and her rigging were like the thick branches of trees furred over with hoar frost Only her lower sails were set A wild sight it was to see her long bearded look-outs at those three mast heads. They seemed clad in the skins of beasts so torn and bepatched the raiment that had survived nearly four years of cruising Standing in iron hoops nailed to the mast they swayed and swung over a fathomless sea and though when the ship lowly glided close under our stern we six men in the air came o nigh to each other that we might almost have leaped

[1] The bin-compass is lled the t ll tal beca se w thout g g to th compass at th h lm th C pta whil below ca f m h mself f th rse of the sh p

from the mast heads of one ship to those of the other, yet those forlorn looking fishermen, mildly eyeing us as they passed said not one word to our own look outs, while the quarter deck hail was being heard from below

"Ship ahoy! Have ye seen the White Whale?

But as the strange captain leaning over the pallid bul warks was in the act of putting his trumpet to his mouth it somehow fell from his hand into the sea and the wind now rising amain he in vain strove to make himself heard with out it Meantime his ship was still increasing the distance between us While in various silent ways the seamen of the Pequod were evincing their observance of this ominous incident at the first mere mention of the White Whale s name to another ship Ahab for a moment paused it almost seemed as though he would have lowered a boat to board the stranger had not the threatening wind forbade But taking advantage of his windward position he again seized his trumpet and knowing by her aspect that the stranger ves el was a Nantucketer and shortly bound home, he loudly hailed— Ahoy there! This is the Pequod bound round the world! Tell them to address all future letters to the Pacific ocean! and this time three years if I am not at home tell them to addre s them to——

At that moment the two wakes were fairly crossed and instantly then in accordance with their singular ways shoals of small harmless fish that for some days before had been placidly swimming by our side darted away with what seemed shuddering fins and ranged themselves fore and aft with the stranger s flanks Though in the course of his continual voyagings Ahab must often before have noticed a similar sight yet to any monomaniac man the veriest trifles capriciously carry meanings

Swim away from me do ye? murmured Ahab gazing over into the water There seemed but little in the words but the tone conveyed more of deep helpless sadness than the insane old man had ever before evinced But turning to the steersman who thus far had been holding the ship in the wind to dimini h her headway, he cried out in his old lion voice, —' Up helm' Keep her off round the world!'

Round the world! There is much in that sound to inspire

proud feelings but whereto does all that circumnavigation conduct? Only through numberless perils to the very point whence we started where those that we left behind secure, were all the time before us

Were this world an endless plain and by sailing eastward we could for ever reach new distances and discover sights more sweet and strange than any Cyclades or Islands of King Solomon then there were promise in the voyage But in pursuit of those far mysteries we dream of or in tormented chase of that demon phantom that some time or other, swims before all human hearts while chasing such over this round globe they either lead us on in barren mazes or midway leave us whelmed

CHAPTER LIII

THE GAM

THE ostensible reason why Ahab did not go on board of the whaler we had spoken was this the wind and sea betokened storms But even had this not been the case he would not after all perhaps have boarded her—judging by his subsequent conduct on similar occasion —if so it had been that by the process of hailing he had obtained a negative answer to the question he put For as it eventually turned out he cared not to consort even for five minutes with any stranger captain except he could contribute some of that information he so absorbingly sought But all this might remain inadequately estimated were not something said here of the peculiar usages of whaling vessels when meeting each other in foreign seas and especially on a common cruising ground

If two strangers crossing the Pine Barrens in New York State or the equally desolate Salisbury Plain in England if casually encountering each other in such inhospitable wilds these twain for the life of them cannot well avoid a mutual salutation and stopping for a moment to interchange the news and perhaps sitting down for a while and resting in concert then how much more natural that upon the illimitable Pine Barrens and Salisbury Plains of the sea two

glory about it It sometimes ends in uncommon elevation, indeed but only at the gallows And besides when a man is elevated in that odd fashion, he has no proper foundation for his superior altitude Hence I conclude that in boasting himself to be high lifted above a whaleman in that assertion the pirate has no solid basis to stand on

But what is a *Gam?* You might wear out your index finger running up and down the columns of dictionaries and never find the word Dr Johnson never attained to that erudition Noah Webster's ark does not hold it Nevertheless this same expressive word has now for many years been in constant use among some fifteen thousand true born Yankees Certainly it needs a definition and should be incorporated into the Lexicon With that view, let me learnedly define it

GAM NOUN—*A social meeting of two (or more) Whaleships generally on a cruising ground when after exchanging hails they exchange visits by boats crews the two captains remaining for the time on board of one ship and the two chief mates on the other*

There is another little item about Gamming which must not be forgotten here All professions have their own little peculiarities of detail so has the whale fishery In a pirate man of war or slave ship when the captain is rowed anywhere in his boat he always sits in the stern sheets on a comfortable sometimes cushioned seat there and often steers himself with a pretty little milliner's tiller decorated with gay cords and ribbons But the whale boat has no seat astern no sofa of that sort whatever and no tiller at all High times indeed if whaling captains were wheeled about the water on castors like gouty old aldermen in patent chairs And as for a tiller the whale boat never admits of any such effeminacy and therefore as in gamming a complete boat's crew must leave the ship and hence as the boat steerer or harpooneer is of the number that subordinate is the steersman upon the occasion and the captain having no place to sit in is pulled off to his visit all standing like a pine tree And often you will notice that being conscious of the eyes of the whole visible world resting on him from the sides of the two ships this standing captain is all alive

proud feelings but whereto does all that circumnavigation conduct? Only through numberless perils to the very point whence we started where those that we left behind secure, were all the time before us

Were this world an endless plain and by sailing eastward we could for ever reach new distances and discover sights more sweet and strange than any Cyclades or Islands of King Solomon, then there were promise in the voyage But in pursuit of those far mysteries we dream of or in tor mented chase of that demon phantom that some time or other, swims before all human hearts while chasing such over this round globe they either lead us on in barren mazes or midway leave us whelmed

CHAPTER LIII

THE GAM

THE ostensible rea on why Ahab did not go on board of the whaler we had spoken was this the wind and sea be tokened storms But even had this not been the case he would not after all perhaps have boarded her—judging by his subsequent conduct on similar occasion —if o it had been that by the process of hailing he had obtained a negative answer to the que tion he put For as it even tually turned out he cared not to consort even for five minutes with any stranger captain except he could con tribute some of that information he so absorbingly sought But all this might remain inadequately estimated were not something said here of the peculiar usages of whaling vessels when meeting each other in foreign seas and especially on a common cruising ground

If two strangers crossing the Pine Barrens in New York State or the equally desolate Salisbury Plain in England if casually encountering each other in such inhospitable wilds these twain for the life of them cannot well avoid a mutual salutation and stopping for a moment to interchange the news and perhaps sitting down for a while and resting in concert then how much more natural that upon the illimitable Pine Barrens and Salisbury Plains of the sea two

whaling vessels descrying each other at the ends of the earth—off lone Fanning's Island or the far away King's Mills how much more natural I say that under such circumstances these ships should not only interchange hails, but *come into still closer more friendly and sociable contact* And especially would this seem to be a matter of course in the case of vessels owned in one seaport and whose captains officers and not a few of the men are personally known to each other and consequently have all sorts of dear domestic things to talk about

For the long absent ship the outward bounder perhaps has letters on board at any rate she will be sure to let her have some papers of a date a year or two later than the last one on her blurred and thumb worn files And in return for that courtesy the outward bound ship would receive the latest whaling intelligence from the cruising ground to which she may be destined a thing of the utmost importance to her And in degree all this will hold true concerning whaling vessels crossing each other's track on the cruising ground itself even though they are equally long absent from home For one of them may have received a transfer of letters from some third and now far remote vessels and some of those letters may be for the people of the ship she now meets Besides they would exchange the whaling news and have an agreeable chat For not only would they meet with all the sympathies of sailors but likewise with all the peculiar congenialities arising from a common pursuit and mutually shared privations and perils

Nor would difference of country make any very essential difference that is so long as both parties speak one language as is the case with Americans and English. *Though to be sure from the small* number of English whalers such meetings do not very often occur and when they do occur there is too apt to be a sort of shyness between them for your Englishman is rather reserved and your Yankee *he does not fancy that sort of thing in anybody but* himself Besides the English whalers sometimes affect a kind of metropolitan superiority over the American whalers regarding the long lean Nantucketer with his nondescript provincialisms as a sort of sea peasant But where this

superiority in the English whaleman does really consist, it would be hard to say seeing that the Yankees in one day, collectively kill more whales than all the English collectively in ten years But this is a harmless little foible in the English whale hunters, which the Nantucketer does not take much to heart probably because he knows that he has a few foibles himself

So, then we see that of all ships separately sailing the sea the whalers have most reason to be sociable—and they are so Whereas some merchant ships crossing each other s wake in the mid Atlantic will oftentimes pass on without so much as a single word of recognition mutually cutting each other on the high seas like a brace of dandies in Broadway and all the time indulging perhaps in finical criticism upon each other s rig As for Men-of War when they chance to meet at sea they first go through such a string of silly bowings and scrapings such a ducking of ensigns that there does not seem to be much right-down hearty good will and brotherly love about it at all As touching Slave ships meeting why they are in such a prodigious hurry they run away from each other as soon as possible And as for *Pirates when they chance to cross each other s cross bones* the first hail is— How many skulls? —the same way that whalers hail— How many barrels? And that question once answered pirates straightway steer apart for they are infernal villains on both sides and don t like to see over much of each other s villanous likenesses

But look at the godly honest unostentatious hospitable sociable free and easy whaler! What does the whaler do when she meets another whaler in any sort of decent weather? She has a *Gam* a thing so utterly unknown to all other ships that they never heard of the name even and if by chance they should hear of it they only grin at it and repeat gamesome stuff about spouters and blubber boilers and such like pretty exclamations *Why it is that* all Merchant seamen and also all Pirates and Man-of War s men and Slave ship sailors cherish such a scornful feeling towards Whale ships this is a question it would be hard to answer Because in the case of pirates say I should like to know whether that profession of theirs has any peculiar

glory about it It sometimes ends in uncommon elevation indeed but only at the gallows And besides when a man is elevated in that odd fashion he has no proper foundation for his superior altitude Hence I conclude that in boasting himself to be high lifted above a whaleman in that assertion the pirate has no solid basis to stand on

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to the importance of sustaining his dignity by maintaining his legs Nor is this any very easy matter for in his rear is the immense projecting steering oar hitting him now and then in the small of his back the after-oar reciprocating by rapping his knees in front He is thus completely wedged before and behind and can only expand himself sideways by settling down on his stretched legs but a sudden violent pitch of the boat will often go far to topple him because length of foundation is nothing without corresponding breadth Merely make a spread angle of two poles and you cannot stand them up Then again it would never do in plain sight of the world s riveted eyes it would never do I say, for this straddling captain to be seen steadying himself the slightest particle by catching hold of anything with his hands indeed as token of his entire buoyant self command he generally carries his hands in his trowsers pockets but perhaps being generally very large heavy hands he carries them there for ballast Nevertheless there have occurred instances well authenticated ones too where the captain has been known for an uncommonly critical moment or two in a sudden squall say—to seize hold of the nearest oarsman s hair and hold on there like grim death

CHAPTER LIV

THE TOWN HO S STORY

(As told at the Golden Inn)

THE Cape of Good Hope and all the watery region round about there is much like some noted four corners of a great highway where you meet more travellers than in any other part

It was not very long after speaking the Goney that another homeward bound whaleman the Town Ho was encountered She was manned almost wholly by Polynesians In the short gam that ensued she gave us strong news of

Th t wh -c y p first ight g wh l f m th mast h d used by wh l men h t g th f m Gall p gos te p

sword fish had stabbed her gentlemen But the captain having some unusual reason for believing that rare good luck awaited him in those latitudes and therefore being very averse to quit them and the leak not being then considered at all dangerous though indeed they could not find it after searching the hold as low down as was possible in rather heavy weather the ship still continued her cruisings the mariners working at the pumps at wide and easy intervals but no good luck came more days went by and not only was the leak yet undiscovered but it sensibly increased So much so that now taking some alarm the captain, making all sail stood away for the nearest harbor among the islands there to have his hull hove out and repaired

' Though no small passage was before her yet if the commonest chance favoured he did not at all fear that his ship would founder by the way because his pumps were of the best and being periodically relieved at them those six and thirty men of his could easily keep the ship free never mind if the leak should double on her In truth well nigh the whole of this passage being attended by very prosperous breezes the Town Ho had all but certainly arrived in perfect safety at her port without the occurrence of the least fatality had it not been for the brutal overbearing of Radney the mate a Vineyarder and the bitterly provoked vengeance of Steelkilt a Lakeman and desperado from Buffalo

" Lakeman!—Buffalo! Pray what is a Lakeman and where is Buffalo? said Don Sebastian rising in his swinging mat of grass

On the eastern shore of our Lake Erie Don but—I crave your courtesy—may be you shall soon hear further of all that Now gentlemen in square sail brigs and three masted ships well nigh as large and stout as any that ever sailed out of your old Callao to far Manilla this Lakeman in the land locked heart of our America had yet been nurtured by all those agrarian freebooting impressions popularly connected with the open ocean For in their interflowing aggregate those grand fresh water seas of ours — Erie and Ontario, and Huron, and Superior, and Michigan

—possess an ocean like expansiveness with many of the ocean's noblest traits with many of its rimmed varieties of races and of climes They contain round archipelagoes of romantic isles even as the Polynesian waters do in large part are shored by two great contrasting nations as the Atlantic is they furnish long maritime approaches to our numerous territorial colonies from the East dotted all round their banks here and there are frowned upon by batteries and by the goat like craggy guns of lofty Mackinaw they have heard the fleet thunderings of naval victories at intervals they yield their beaches to wild barbarians whose red painted faces flash from out their peltry wigwams for leagues and leagues are flanked by ancient and unentered forests where the gaunt pines stand like serried lines of kings in Gothic genealogies those same woods harboring wild Afric beasts of prey and silken creatures whose exported furs give robes to Tartar Emperors they mirror the paved capitals of Buffalo and Cleveland as well as Winnebago villages they float alike the full rigged merchant ship the armed cruiser of the State the steamer and the beech canoe they are swept by Borean and dismasting blasts as direful as any that lash the salted wave they know what shipwrecks are for out of sight of land however inland they have drowned full many a midnight ship with all its shrieking crew Thus gentlemen though an inlander Steelkilt was wild ocean born and wild ocean nurtured as much of an audacious mariner as any And for Radney though in his infancy he may have laid him down on the lone Nantucket beach to nurse at his maternal sea though in after life he had long followed our austere Atlantic and your contemplative Pacific yet was he quite as vengeful and full of social quarrel as the backwoods seaman fresh from the latitudes of buckhorn handled Bowie knives Yet was this Nantucketer a man with some good hearted traits and this Lakeman a mariner who though a sort of devil indeed might yet by inflexible firmness only tempered by that common decency of human recognition which is the meanest slave's right thus treated this Steelkilt had long been retained harmless and docile At all events, he had proved so thus far but Radney was

doomed and made mad and Steelkilt—but gentlemen you shall hear

It was not more than a day or two at the furthest after pointing her prow for her island haven that the Town Ho s leak seemed again increasing but only so as to require an hour or more at the pumps every day You must know that in a settled and civilized ocean like our Atlantic for example some skippers think little of pumping their whole way across it, though of a still sleepy night should the officer of the deck happen to forget his duty in that respect the prob ability would be that he and his shipmates would never again remember it on account of all hands gently subsiding to the bottom Nor in the solitary and savage seas far from you to the westward gentlemen is it altogether unusual for ships to keep clanging at their pump-handles in full chorus *even for a voyage of con iderable length' that is if it lie* along a tolerably accessible coast or if any other reasonable retreat is afforded them It is only when a leaky ves el is in some very out of the way part of those waters some really landless latitude that her captain begins to feel a little anxious

Much this way had it been with the Town Ho so when her leak was found gaining once more there was in truth some small concern manifested by several of her company especially by Radney the mate He commanded the upper sails to be well hoisted sheeted home anew and every way expanded to the breeze Now this Radney I suppose was as little of a coward and as little inclined to any sort of nervous apprehensiveness touching his own person as any fearless unthinking creature on land or on sea that you can conveniently imagine gentlemen Therefore when he be trayed this solicitude about the safety of the ship some of the seamen declared that it was only on account of his being a part owner in her So when they were working that even ing at the pumps there was on this head no small game-someness slily going on among them as they stood with their feet continually overflowed by the rippling clear water clear as any mountain spring gentlemen—that bubbling from the pumps ran across the deck and poured itself out in steady spouts at the lee scupper holes

Now as you well know it is not seldom the case in this conventional world of ours—watery or otherwise that when a person placed in command over his fellow men finds one of them to be very significantly his superior in general pride of manhood straightway against that man he conceives an unconquerable dislike and bitterness and if he have a chance he will pull down and pulverize that subaltern s tower and make a little heap of dust of it Be this conceit of mine as it may gentlemen at all events Steelkilt was a tall and noble animal with a head like a Roman and a flowing golden beard like the tasseled housings of your last viceroy s snorting charger and a brain and a heart and a soul in him gentlemen which had made Steelkilt Charlemagne had he been born son to Charlemagne s father But Radney the mate was ugly as a mule yet as hardy as stubborn as malicious He did not love Steelkilt and Steelkilt knew it

Espying the mate drawing near as he was toiling at the pump with the rest the Lakeman affected not to notice him but unawed went on with his gay banterings

Aye aye my merry lads it s a lively leak this hold a cannikin one of ye and let s have a taste By the Lord it s worth bottling! I tell ye what men old Rad s investment must go for it! he had best cut away his part of the hull and tow it home The fact is boys that sword fish only began the job he s come back again with a gang of ship-carpenters saw fish and file fish and what not and the whole posse of em are now hard at work cutting and slashing at the bottom making improvements I suppose If old Rad were here now I d tell him to jump overboard and scatter em They re playing the devil with his estate I can tell him But he s a simple old soul— Rad and a beauty too Boys they say the rest of his property is invested in looking glasses I wonder if he d give a poor devil like me the model of his nose

' Damn your eyes! what s that pump stopping for? roared Radney pretending not to have heard the sailors talk Thunder away at it!

Aye aye sir said Steelkilt merry as a cricket Lively boys lively now! And with that the pump clanged like fifty fire engines the men tossed their hats off to it and ere

long that peculiar gasping of the lungs was heard which denotes the fullest tension of life s utmost energies

Quitting the pump at last, with the rest of his band the Lakeman went forward all panting and sat himself down on the windlass his face fiery red his eyes bloodshot and wiping the profuse sweat from his brow Now what cozen ing fiend it was gentlemen, that posses ed Radney to meddle with such a man in that corporeally exasperated state I know not but so it happened Intolerably striding along the deck the mate commanded him to get a broom and sweep down the planks and al o a shovel and remove ome offensive matters consequent upon allowing a pig to run at large

Now gentlemen sweeping a ship s deck at sea is a piece of household work which in all times but raging gales is regularly attended to every evening it has been known to be done in the case of ships actually foundering at the time Such gentlemen is the inflexibility of sea usages and the instinctive love of neatness in seamen some of whom would not willingly drown without first washing their faces But in all vessels this broom business is the prescriptive province of the boys if boys there be aboard Besides it was the stronger men in the Town Ho that had been divided into gangs taking turns at the pumps and being the most athletic seaman of them all Steelkilt had been regularly assigned captain of one of the gangs consequently he should have been freed from any trivial business not connected with truly nautical duties such being the case with his comrades I mention all the e particulars so that you may understand exactly how this affair stood between the two men

But there was more than thi the order about the shovel was almost as plainly meant to sting and insult Steel kilt as though Radney had pat in his face Any man who has gone sailor in a whale ship will understand this and all this and doubtless much more the Lakeman fully compre hended when the mate uttered his command But as he sat still for a moment and as he steadfastly looked into the mate s malignant eye and perceived the stacks of powder casks heaped up in him and the slow match silently

along towards them as he instinctively saw all this that strange forbearance and unwillingness to stir up the deeper passionateness in any already ireful being—a repugnance most felt when felt at all by really valiant men even when aggrieved—this nameless phantom feeling gentlemen stole over Steelkilt

Therefore in his ordinary tone only a little broken by the bodily exhaustion he was temporarily in he answered him saying that sweeping the deck was not his business and he would not do it And then without at all alluding to the shovel he pointed to three lads as the customary sweepers who not being billeted at the pumps had done little or nothing all day To this Radney replied with an oath in a most domineering and outrageous manner unconditionally reiterating his command meanwhile advancing upon the still seated Lakeman with an unlifted cooper s club hammer which he had snatched from a cask near by

Heated and irritated as he was by his spasmodic toil at the pumps for all his first nameless feeling of forbearance the sweating Steelkilt could but ill brook this bearing in the mate but somehow still smothering the conflagration within him without speaking he remained doggedly rooted to his seat till at last the incensed Radney shook the hamme within a few inches of his face furiously commanding him to do his bidding

Steelkilt rose and slowly retreating round the windlass steadily followed by the mate with his menacing hammer deliberately repeated his intention not to obey Seeing however that his forbearance had not the slightest effect by an awful and unspeakable intimation with his twisted hand he warned off the foolish and infatuated man but it was to no purpose And in this way the two went once slowly round the windlass when resolved at last no longer to retreat bethinking him that he had now forborne as much as comported with his humor the Lakeman paused on the hatches and thus poke to the officer

Mr Radney I will not obey you Take that hammer away, or look to yourself But the predestinated mate coming still closer to him where the Lakeman stood fixed now shook the heavy hammer within an inch of his teeth

meanwhile *repeating a string of insufferable maledictions* Retreating not the thousandth part of an inch stabbing him in the eye with the unflinching poniard of his glance Steelkilt clenching his right hand behind him and creepingly drawing it back told his persecutor that if the hammer but grazed his cheek he (Steelkilt) would murder him But gentlemen the fool had been branded for the slaughter by the gods Immediately the hammer touched the cheek the next *instant the lower jaw of the mate was stove in his head* he fell on the hatch spouting blood like a whale

Ere the cry could go aft Steelkilt was shaking one of the back stays leading far aloft to where two of his comrades were standing their mast heads They were both Canallers

Canallers! cried Don Pedro *We have seen many* whaleships in our harbors but never heard of your Canallers Pardon who and what are they?

' Canallers Don are the boatmen belonging to our grand Erie Canal You must have heard of it

Nay Senor hereabouts in this dull warm most lazy and hereditary land we know but little of your vigorous North'

Aye? *Well then Don refill my cup* Your chicha's very fine and ere proceeding further I will tell ye what our Canaller are for such information may throw side light upon my story

'For three hundred and sixty miles gentlemen through the entire breadth of the state of New York through numerous populous cities and most thriving villages through long dismal uninhabited swamps and affluent cultivated fields *unrivalled for fertility* by billiard *room and* bar room through the holy-of holies of great forests, on Roman arches over Indian rivers through sun and shade by happy hearts or broken through all the wide contrasting scenery of those noble Mohawk counties and especially by rows of snow white chapels whose spires stand almost like milestones flows one continual stream of Venetianly corrupt and often lawless life There's your true Ashantee gentle men *there howl your pagans* where you ever find *them* next door to you under the long flung shadow and the snug patronizing lee of churches For by some curious fatality

as it is often noted of your metropolitan freebooters that they ever encamp around the halls of justice, so sinners gentlemen most abound in holiest vicinities

Is that a fair passing? said Don Pedro, looking down wards into the crowded plazza with humorous concern

Well for our northern friend Dame Isabella s Inquisi tion wanes in Lima laughed Don Sebastian Proceed Senor

A moment! Pardon! cried another of the company In the name of all us Limeese I but desire to express to you sir sailor that we have by no means overlooked your delicacy in not substituting present Lima for distant Venice in your corrupt comparison Oh! do not bow and look surprised you know the proverb all along this coast— Corrupt as Lima It but bears out your saying too churches more plentiful than billiard tables and for ever open—and Corrupt as Lima So too Venice I have been there the holy city of the ble ed evangelist St Mark!—St Dominic purge it! Your cup! Thanks here I refill now, you pour out again '

Freely depicted in his own vocation gentlemen the Canaller would make a fine dramatic hero so abundantly and picturesquely wicked he is Like Mark Antony for days and days along his green turfed flowery Nile he indolently floats openly toying with his red cheeked Cleopatra ripen ing his apricot thigh upon the sunny deck But ashore, all this effeminacy is dashed The brigandish guise which the Canaller so proudly sports his slouched and gaily ribboned hat betoken his grand features A terror to the smiling innocence of the village through which he floats his swart visage and bold swagger are not unshunned in cities Once a vagabond on his own canal I have received good turns from one of these Canallers I thank him heartily would fain be not ungrateful but it is often one of the prime redeeming qualities of your man of violence that at times he has as stiff an arm to back a poor stranger in a strait as to plunder a wealthy one In sum gentlemen what the wildness of this canal life is is emphatically evinced by this that our wild whale fishery contains so many of its most finished graduates and that scarce any race of man

kind except Sydney men are so much distrusted by our whaling captains Nor does it at all diminish the curious ness of this matter that to many thousands of our rural boys and young men born along its line the probationary life of the Grand Canal furnishes the sole transition between quietly reaping in a Christian corn field and recklessly ploughing the waters of the most barbaric seas

" I see! I see! impetuously exclaimed Don Pedro spill ing his chicha upon his silvery ruffles No need to travel! The world s one Lima I had thought now that at your temperate North the generations were cold and holy as the hills —But the story

I left off gentlemen where the Lakeman shook the back stay Hardly had he done so when he was surrounded by the three junior mates and the four harpooneers who all crowded him to the deck But sliding down the ropes like baleful comets the two Canallers rushed into the uproar and sought to drag their man out of it towards the forecastle Others of the sailors joined with them in this attempt and a twisted turmoil ensued while standing out of harm s way the valiant captain danced up and down with a whale pike calling upon his officers to manhandle that atrocious scoun drel and smoke him along to the quarter-deck At intervals he ran close up to the revolving border of the confusion and prying into the heart of it with his pike sought to prick out the object of his resentment But Steelkilt and his des peradoes were too much for them all they succeeded in gaining the forecastle deck where hastily slewing about three or four large casks in a line with the windlass these sea Parisians entrenched themselves behind the barricade

Come out of that ye pirates! roared the captain now menacing them with a pistol in each hand just brought to him by the steward Come out of that ye cut throats!

Steelkilt leaped on the barricade and striding up and down there defied the worst the pistols could do but gave the captain to understand distinctly that his (Steelkilt s) death would be the signal for a murderous mutiny on the part of all hands Fearing in his heart lest this might prove but too true the captain a little desisted but still com manded the insurgents instantly to return to their duty

As the Lakeman s bare head was just level with the planks the Captain and his posse leaped the barricade and rapidly drawing over the slide of the scuttle planted their group of hands upon it and loudly called for the steward to bring the heavy brass padlock belonging to the companion way Then opening the lide a little the Captain whispered something down the crack closed it and turned the key upon them—ten in number—leaving on deck some twenty or more who thus far had remained neutral

All night a wide awake watch was kept by all the officers forward and aft especially about the forecastle scuttle and fore hatchway at which last place it was feared the insurgents might emerge after breaking through the bulkhead below But the hours of darkness passed in peace the men who still remained at their duty toiling hard at the pumps whose clinking and clanking at intervals through the dreary night dismally resounded through the ship

At sunrise the Captain went forward and knocking on the deck summoned the prisoners to work but with a yell they refused Water was then lowered down to them and a couple of handfuls of biscuit were tossed after it when again turning the key upon them and pocketing it the Captain returned to the quarter deck Twice every day for three days this was repeated but on the fourth morning a confused wrangling and then a scuffling was heard as the customary summons was delivered and suddenly four men burst up from the forecastle aying they were ready to turn to The fetid clo eness of the air and a fami hing diet united perhaps to ome fears of ultimate retribution had constrained them to surrender at discretion Emboldened by this the Captain reiterated his demand to the rest but Steelkilt houted up to him a terrific hint to stop his babblin and betake himself where he belonged On the fifth morn ing three others of the mutineers bolted up into the air from the desperate arms below that sought to restrain them Only three were left

Better turn to, now? said the Captain w th a heartless jeer

' Shut us up again will ye! cried Steelkilt

Oh certainly said the Captain and the key clicked

'It was at this point gentlemen, that enraged by the defection of seven of his former associates, and stung by the mocking voice that had last hailed him and maddened by his long entombment in a place as black as the bowels of despair it was then that Steelkilt proposed to the two Canallers thus far apparently of one mind with him to burst out of their hole at the next summoning of the garrison and armed with their keen mincing knives (long crescentic heavy implements with a handle at each end) run a muck from the bowsprit to the taffrail and if by any devilishness of desperation possible seize the ship For himself he would do this he said whether they joined him or not That was the last night he should spend in that den But the scheme met with no opposition on the part of the other two they swore they were ready for that or for any other mad thing for anything in short but a surrender And what was more they each insisted upon being the first man on deck when the time to make the rush should come But to this their leader as fiercely objected reserving that priority for himself particularly as his two comrades would not yield the one to the other in the matter and both of them could not be first for the ladder would but admit one man at a time And here gentlemen the foul play of these miscreants must come out

'Upon hearing the frantic project of their leader each in his own separate soul had suddenly lighted it would seem upon the same piece of treachery namely to be the foremost in breaking out in order to be the first of the three though the last of the ten to surrender and thereby secure whatever small chance of pardon such conduct might merit But when Steelkilt made known his determination still to lead them to the last they in some way by some subtle chemistry of villainy mixed their before secret treacheries together and when their leader fell into a doze verbally opened their souls to each other in three sentences and bound the sleeper with cords and gagged him with cords and shrieked out for the Captain at midnight

Thinking murder at hand and smelling in the dark for the blood he and all his armed mates and harpooneers rushed for the forecastle In a few minutes the scuttle was

opened and bound hand and foot the still struggling ring leader was shoved up into the air by his perfidious allies who at once claimed the honor of securing a man who had been fully ripe for murder But all these were collared and dragged along the deck like dead cattle and side by side were seized up into the mizen rigging like three quarters of meat and there they hung till morning Damn ye' cried the Captain pacing to and fro before them the vultures would not touch ye ye villains!

'At sunrise he summoned all hands and separating those who had rebelled from those who had taken no part in the mutiny *he told the former that he had a good mind to flog* them all round—thought upon the while he would do so—he ought to—justice demanded it but for the present considering their timely surrender he would let them go with a reprimand which he accordingly administered in the vernacular

' But as for you ye carrion rogues turning to the three men in the rigging—for you I mean to mince ye up for the try pots and seizing a rope he applied it with all his might to the backs of the two traitors till they yelled no more but lifelessly hung their heads sideways as the two crucified thieves are drawn

' My wrist is sprained with ye' he cried at last but there is still rope enough left for you my fine bantam that wouldn t give up Take that gag from his mouth and let us hear what he can say for him elf

For a moment the exhausted mutineer made a tremulous motion of his cramped jaws and then painfully twisting round his head said in a sort of hi s What I say is thi —and mind it well—if you flog me I murder you!

Say ye o? then see how ye frighten me —and the Captain drew off with the rope to strike

Best not his ed the Lakeman

But I must —and the rope was once more drawn back for the stroke

Steelkilt here hissed out something inaudible to all but the Captain who to the amazement of all hands started back paced the deck rapidly two or three times and then

adopt this ort of passiveness in their conduct he kept his own counsel (at least till all was over) concerning his own proper and private revenge upon the man who had stung him in the ventricles of his heart He was in Radney the chief mate s watch, and as if the infatuated man sought to run more than half way to meet his doom after the scene at the rigging he insisted against the express counsel of the captain upon resuming the head of his watch at night Upon this and one or two other circumstances Steelkilt systematically built the plan of his revenge

During the night Radney had an unseaman like way of sitting on the bulwarks of the quarterdeck and leaning his arm upon the gunwale of the boat which was hoisted up there a little above the ship s side In this attitude it was well known he sometimes dozed There was a considerable vacancy between the boat and the ship and down between this was the sea Steelkilt calculated his time and found that his next trick it the helm would come round at two o clock in the morning of the third day from that in which he had been betrayed At his leisure he employed the interval in braiding something very carefully in his watches below

' What are you making there? said a shipmate

What do you think? what does it look like?

' Like a lanyard for your bag but it s an odd one seem to me '

' Yes rather oddish said the Lakeman holding it at arm s length before him but I think it will answer Shipmate I haven t enough twine—have you any?

But there was none in the forecastle

Then I must get some from old Rad and he rose to go aft

You don t mean to go a begging to *him!* said a sailor

Why not? Do you think he won t do me a turn when it s to help himself in the end shipmate? and going to the mate he looked at him quietly and asked him for some twine to mend his hammock It was given him—neither twine nor lanyard were seen again but the next night an iron ball closely netted partly rolled from the pocket of the Lakeman s monkey jacket as he was tucking the coat

men, a strange fatality pervades the whole career of these events as if verily mapped out before the world itself was charted The mutineer was the bowsman of the mate and when fast to a fish it was his duty to sit next him while Radney stood up with his lance in the prow and haul in or slacken the line at the word of command Moreover when the four boats were lowered the mate s got the start and none howled more fiercely with delight than did Steelkilt as he strained at his oar After a stiff pull their harpooneer got fast and spear in hand Radney sprang to the bow He was always a furious man it seems in a boat And now his bandaged cry was to beach him on the whale s topmost back Nothing loath his bowsman hauled him up and up through a blinding foam that blent two whitenesses together till of a sudden the boat struck as against a sunken ledge and keeling over spilled out the standing mate That instant as he fell on the whale s slippery back the boat righted and was dashed aside by the swell while Radney was tossed over into the sea on the other flank of the whale He struck out through the spray and for an instant was dimly seen through that veil wildly seeking to remove himself from the eye of Moby Dick But the whale rushed round in a sudden maelstrom seized the swimmer between his jaws and rearing high up with him plunged headlong again and went down

Meantime at the first tap of the boat s bottom the Lakeman had slackened the line so as to drop astern from the whirlpool calmly looking on he thought his own thoughts But a sudden terrific downward jerking of the boat quickly brought his knife to the line He cut it and the whale was free But at some distance Moby Dick rose again with some tatters of Radney s red woollen shirt caught in the teeth that had destroyed him All four boats gave chase again but the whale eluded them and finally wholly disappeared

In good time the Town Ho reached her port—a savage solitary place—where no civilized creature resided There headed by the Lakeman all but five or six of the foremast men deliberately deserted among the palms eventually, as

it turned out, seizing a large double war canoe of the savages and setting sail for some other harbor

The ship's company being reduced to but a handful the captain called upon the Islanders to assist him in the laborious business of heaving down the ship to stop the leak But to such unresting vigilance over their dangerous allies was this small band of whites necessitated both by night and by day and so extreme was the hard work they underwent that upon the vessel being ready again for sea they were in such a weakened condition that the captain durst not put off with them in so heavy a vessel After taking counsel with his officers he anchored the ship as far off shore as possible loaded and ran out his two cannon from the bows stacked his muskets on the poop and warning the Islanders not to approach the ship at their peril took one man with him and setting the sail of his best whaleboat, steered straight before the wind for Tahiti five hundred miles distant to procure a reinforcement to his crew

On the fourth day of the sail a large canoe was descried which seemed to have touched at a low isle of corals He teered away from it but the savage craft bore down on him and soon the voice of Steelkilt hailed him to heave to or he would run him under water The captain presented a pistol With one foot on each prow of the yoked war canoes the Lakeman laughed him to scorn assuring him that if the pistol so much as clicked in the lock he would bury him in bubbles and foam

What do you want of me? cried the captain

Where are you bound? and for what are you bound?' demanded Steelkilt no lies

I am bound to Tahiti for more men

' Very good Let me board you a moment—I come in peace With that he leaped from the canoe swam to the boat, and climbing the gunwale, stood face to face with the captain

' 'Cross your arms sir throw back your head Now, repeat after me As soon as Steelkilt leaves me I swear to beach this boat on yonder island and remain there six days If I do not may lightnings strike me!'

'A pretty scholar laughed the Lakeman 'Adios Senor! and leaping into the sea he swam back to his comrades

Watching the boat till it was fairly beached and drawn up to the roots of the cocoa nut trees Steelkilt made sail again and in due time arrived at Tahiti his own place of destination There luck befriended him two ships were about to sail for France and were providentially in want of precisely that number of men which the sailor headed They embarked and so for ever got the start of their former captain had he been at all minded to work them legal retribution

Some ten days after the French ships sailed the whale boat arrived and the captain was forced to enlist some of the more civilized Tahitians who had been somewhat used to the sea Chartering a small native schooner he returned with them to his vessel and finding all right there again resumed his cruisings

Where Steelkilt now is gentlemen none know but upon the island of Nantucket the widow of Radney still turns to the sea which refuses to give up its dead still in dreams sees the awful white whale that destroyed him * * *

'Are you through? said Don Sebastian quietly

I am Don

Then I entreat you tell me if to the best of your own convictions this your story is in substance really true? It is so passing wonderful! Did you get it from an unquestionable source? Bear with me if I seem to press

Also bear with all of us sir sailor for we all join in Don Sebastian s suit cried the company with exceeding interest

Is there a copy of the Holy Evangelists in the Golden Inn gentlemen?

Nay said Don Sebastian but I know a worthy priest near by who will quickly procure one for me I go for it but are you well advised? this may grow too serious

Will you be so good as to bring the priest also Don?

Though there are no Auto da Fes in Lima now said one of the company to another I fear our sailor friend runs risks of the archiepiscopacy Let us withdraw more out of the moonlight I see no need of this

" Excu e me for running after you Don Sebastian but m y I also beg that you will be particular in procuring the largest sized Evangelists you can

* * * * *

This is the priest he brings you the Evangelists' said Don Sebastian gravely returning with a tall and solemn figure

Let me remove my hat Now venerable priest further into the light and hold the Holy Book before me that I may touch it

So help me Heaven and on my honor the story I have told ye gentlemen is in substance and its great items, true I know it to be true it happened on this ball I trod the ship I knew the crew I have seen and talked with Steel kilt since the death of Radney

CHAPTER LV

OF THE MONSTROUS PICTURES OF WHALES

I SHALL ere long paint to you as well as one can without canvas something like the true form of the whale as he actually appears to the eye of the whaleman when in his own absolute body the whale is moored alongside the whale-ship so that he can be fairly stepped upon there It may be worth while therefore previously to advert to those curious imaginary portraits of him which even down to the present day confidently challenge the faith of the landsman It is time to set the world right in this matter by proving such pictures of the whale all wrong

It may b that the primal source of all those pictorial delusions will be found among the oldest Hindoo Egyptian and Grecian sculptures For ever since those inventive but unscrupulous times when on the marble panellings of temples the pedestals of statues and on shields medallions cups and coins the dolphin was drawn in scales of chain armor like Saladin s and a helmeted head like St George s, ever since then has something of the same sort of license prevailed not only in most popular pictures of the whale, but in many scientific presentations of him

Now by all odds, the most ancient extant portrait any ways purporting to be the whale's is to be found in the famous cavern pagoda of Elephanta in India The Brahmins maintain that in the almost endless sculptures of that immemorial pagoda all the trades and pursuits every conceivable avocation of man were prefigured ages before any of them actually came into being No wonder then that in some sort our noble profession of whaling should have been there shadowed forth The Hindoo whale referred to occurs in a separate department of the wall depicting the incarnation of Vishnu in the form of leviathan learnedly known as the Matse Avatar But though this sculpture is half man and half whale so as only to give the tail of the latter yet that small section of him is all wrong It looks more like the tapering of an anaconda than the broad palms of the true whale's majestic flukes

But go to the old Galleries and look now at a great Christian painter's portrait of this fish for he succeeds no better than the antediluvian Hindoo It is Guido's picture of Perseus rescuing Andromeda from the sea monster or whale Where did Guido get the model of such a strange creature as that? Nor does Hogarth in painting the same scene in his own Perseus Descending make out one whit better The huge corpulence of that Hogarthian monster undulates on the surface scarcely drawing one inch of water It has a sort of howdah on its back and its distended tusked mouth into which the billows are rolling might be taken for the Traitors Gate leading from the Thames by water into the Tower Then there are the Prodromus whales of old Scotch Sibbald and Jonah's whale as depicted in the prints of old Bibles and the cuts of old primers What shall be said of these? As for the book binder's whale winding like a vine stalk round the stock of a descending anchor—as stamped and gilded on the backs and title pages of many books both old and new—that is a very picturesque but purely fabulous creature imitated I take it from the like figures on antique vases Though universally denominated a dolphin I nevertheless call this book binder's fish an attempt at a whale because it was so intended when the device was first introduced It

was introduced by an old Italian publisher somewhere about the 15th century during the Revival of Learning, and in those days and even down to a comparatively late period dolphins were popularly suppo ed to be a species of the Leviathan

In the vignettes and other embellishments of some ancient books you will at times meet with very curious touches at the whale where all manner of spouts jets d eau hot springs and cold Saratoga and Baden Baden come bubbling up from his unexhausted brain In the title page of the original edition of the Advancement of Learning' you will find some curious whales

But quitting all these unprofessional attempts let us glance at those pictures of leviathan purporting to be sober scientific delineations by those who know In old Harris s collection of voyages there are some plates of whales extracted from a Dutch book of voyages A D 1671 entitled A Whaling Voyage to Spitzbergen in the ship Jonas in the Whale Peter Peterson of Friesland master In one of those plates the whales like great rafts of logs are represented lying among ice isles with white bears running over their living backs In another plate the prodigious blunder is made of representing the whale with perpendicular flukes

Then again there is an imposing quarto written by one Captain Colnett a Post Captain in the English navy entitled A Voyage round Cape Horn into the South Seas for the purpose of extending the Spermaceti Whale Fisheries In this book is an outline purporting to be a Picture of a Physeter or Spermaceti whale drawn by scale from one killed on the coast of Mexico August 1793, and hoisted on deck' I doubt not the captain had this veracious picture taken for the benefit of his marines To mention but one thing about it let me say that it has an eye which applied according to the accompanying scale to a full grown sperm whale would make the eye of that whale a bow window some five feet long Ah my gallant captain why did ye not give us Jonah looking out of that eye!

Nor are the most conscientious compilations of Natural History for the benefit of the young and tender free from the same heinousness of mistake Look at that popular

work Goldsmith s Animated Nature' In the abridged London edition of 1807 there are plates of an alleged "whale' and a narwhale I do not wish to seem inelegant, but this unsightly whale looks much like an amputated sow, and as for the narwhale one glimpse at it is enough to amaze one that in this nineteenth century such a hippo griff could be palmed for genuine upon any intelligent public of choolbovs

Then again in 1825 Bernard Germain Count de Lacepede a great naturalist published a scientific systemized whale book wherein are several pictures of the different species of the Leviathan All these are not only incorrect but the picture of the Mysticetus or Greenland whale (that is to say the Right whale) even Scoresby a long experienced man as touching that species declares not to have its counterpart in nature

But the placing of the cap sheaf to all this blundering business was reserved for the scientific Frederick Cuvier brother to the famous Baron In 1836 he published a Natural History of Whales in which he gives what he calls a picture of the Sperm Whale Before showing that picture to any Nantucketer you had best provide for your summary retreat from Nantucket In a word Frederick Cuvier s Sperm Whale is not a Sperm Whale but a squa h Of course he never had the benefit of a whaling voyage (such men seldom have) but whence he derived that picture who can tell? Perhaps he got it as his scientific predecessor in the same field De marest got one of his authentic abortions that is from a Chinese drawing And what sort of lively lads with the pencil those Chinese are many queer cups and saucers inform u

As for the sign painters whales seen in the streets hanging over the hops of oil dealers what shall be said of them? They are generally Richard III whales with dromedary bumps and very avage breakfasting on three or four sailor tarts that is whaleboats full of mariners their deformities floundering in seas of blood and blue paint

But these manifold mistakes in depicting the whale are not so very surprising after all Consider! Most of the scientific drawings have been taken from the stranded fish

Of the Right Whale the best outline pictures are in Scoresby but they are drawn on too small a scale to convey a desirable imp ession He has but one picture of whaling scenes and this is a sad deficiency because it is by such pictures only when at all well done, that you can derive anything like a truthful idea of the living whale as seen by his living hunters

But taken for all in all by far the finest though in some details not the most correct presentations of whales and whaling scenes to be anywhere found are two large French engravings well executed and taken from paintings by one Garnery Respectively they represent attacks on the Sperm and Right Whale In the first engraving a noble Sperm Whale is depicted in full majesty of might just risen beneath the boat from the profundities of the ocean and bearing high in the air upon his back the terrific wreck of the stoven planks The prow of the boat is partially un broken and is drawn just balancing upon the monster s spine and standing in that prow for that one single incom putable fla h of time you behold an oarsman half shrouded by the incensed boiling spout of the whale and in the act of leaping as if from a precipice The action of the whole thing is wonderfully good and true The half emptied line tub floats on the whitened sea the wooden poles of the spilled harpoons obliquely bob in it the heads of the swim ming crew are scattered about the whale in contrasting expres ions of affright while in the black stormy distance the ship is bearing down upon the scene Serious fault might be found with the anatomical details of this whale but let that pass since for the life of me I could not draw so good a one

In the second engraving the boat is in the act of drawing alongside the barnacled flank of a large running Right Whale that rolls his black weedy bulk in the sea like some mo sy rock lide from the Patagonian cliffs His jets are erect full and black like soot so that from so abounding a smoke in the chimney you would think there must be a brave supper cooking in the great bowels below Sea fowls are pecking at the small crabs shell fish and other sea candies and maccaroni, which the Right Whale sometimes

carries on his pestilent back And all the while the thick lipped leviathan is rushing through the deep leaving tons of tumultuous white curds in his wake and causing the slight boat to rock in the swells like a skiff caught nigh the paddle wheels of an ocean steamer Thus the fore ground is all raging commotion but behind in admirable artistic con trast is the glassy level of a sea becalmed the drooping unstarched sails of the powerless ship and the inert mass of a dead whale a conquered fortress with the flag of capture lazily hanging from the whale pole inserted into his spout hole

Who Garnery the painter is or was I know not But my life for it he was either practically conversant with his sub ject or else marvellously tutored by some experienced whaleman *The French are the lads for painting action* Go and gaze upon all the paintings of Europe and where will you find such a gallery of living and breathing commo tion on canvas as in that triumphal hall at Versailles where the beholder fights his way pell mell through the consecu tive great battles of France where every sword seems a flash of the Northern Lights and the successive armed kings and Emperors dash by like a charge of crowned centaurs? *Not wholly unworthy of a place in that gallery* are the e sea battle pieces of Garnery

The natural aptitude of the French for seizing the pictur esqueness of things seems to be peculiarly evinced in what paintings and engravings they have of their whaling scenes With not one tenth of England s experience in the fishery and not the thousandth part of that of the Americans they have nevertheless furnished both nations with the only *finished sketches at all capable of conveying the real spirit* of the whale hunt For the most part the English and American whale draughtsmen seem entirely content with presenting the mechanical outline of thing such as the vacant profile of the whale which so far as picturesque ness of effect is concerned is about tantamount to sketching the profile of a pyramid Even Scoresby the justly re nowned Right whaleman after giving us a stiff full length of *the Greenland whale* and three or four delicate minia tures of narwhales and porpoises treats us to a series of

clas ical engravings of boat hooks chopping knives, and grapnels and with the microscopic diligence of a Leuwen hoeck sub nits to the in pection of a shivering world ninety six fac similes of magnified Arctic snow crystals I mean no disparagement to the excellent voyager (I honor him for a veteran) but in o important a matter it was certainly an oversight not to have procured for every crystal a sworn affidavit taken before a Greenland Justice of the Peace

In addition to those fine engravings from Garnery there are two other French engravings worthy of note by some one who subscribes himself H Durand One of them though not precisely adapted to our present purpose, never theless deserves mention on other accounts It is a quiet noon scene among the isles of the Pacific a French whaler anchored inshore in a calm and lazily taking water on board the loosened sails of the ship and the long leaves of the palms in the background both drooping together in the breezeless air The effect is very fine when considered with reference to its presenting the hardy fishermen under one of their few aspects of oriental repose The other engraving is quite a different affair the ship hove to upon the open sea and in the very heart of the Leviathanic life with a Right Whale alongside the vessel (in the act of cutting in) hove over to the monster as if to a quay and a boat, hurriedly pushing off from this cene of activity, is about giving chase to whales in the distance The harpoons and lances lie levelled for u e three oarsmen are just setting the mast in its hole while from a sudden roll of the sea the little craft stands half erect out of the water like a rearing horse From that ship the smoke of the torments of the boiling whale is going up like the smoke over a village of smithies and to windward a black cloud rising up with earnest of squalls and rains eems to quicken the activity of the excited seamen

CHAPTER LVII

OF WHALES IN PAINT IN TEETH IN WOOD, IN SHEET IRON, IN STONE IN MOUNTAINS IN STARS

ON Tower hill as you go down to the London docks you may have seen a crippled beggar (or *kedger* as the sailors say) holding a painted board before him representing the tragic scene in which he lost his leg There are three whales and three boats and one of the boats (presumed to contain the missing leg in all its original integrity) is being crunched by the jaws of the foremost whale Any time these ten years they tell me has that man held up that picture and exhibited that stump to an incredulous world But the time of his justification has now come His three whales are as good whales as were ever published in Wapping at any rate, and his stump as unquestionable a stump as any you will find in the western clearings But though for ever mounted on that stump never a stump speech does the poor whaleman make but with downcast eyes stands ruefully contemplating his own amputation

Throughout the Pacific and also in Nantucket and New Bedford and Sag Harbor you will come across lively sketches of whales and whaling scenes graven by the fisher men themselves on Sperm Whale teeth or ladies busks wrought out of the Right Whale bone and other like skrim shander articles as the whalemen call the numerous little ingenious contrivances they elaborately carve out of the rough material in their hours of ocean leisure Some of them have little boxes of dentistical looking implements, specially intended for the skrimshandering business But, in general they toil with their jack knives alone and with that almost omnipotent tool of the sailor they will turn you out anything you please in the way of a mariner s fancy

Long exile from Christendom and civilization inevitably restores a man to that condition in which God placed him *i e* what is called savagery Your true whale hunter is as much a savage as an Iroquois I myself am a savage own ing no allegiance but to the King of the Cannibals and ready at any moment to rebel against him

Now one of the peculiar characteristics of the savage in his domestic hours is his wonderful patience of industry An ancient Hawaiian war-club or spear paddle in its full multiplicity and elaboration of carving is as great a trophy of human perseverance as a Latin lexicon For, with but a bit of broken sea shell or a shark s tooth that miraculous intricacy of wooden net work has been achieved and it has cost steady years of steady application

As with the Hawaiian savage so with the white sailor savage With the same marvellous patience and with the same single shark s tooth of his one poor jack knife he will carve you a bit of bone sculpture not quite as workman like but as close packed in its maziness of design as the Greek savage Achilles's shield and full of barbaric spirit and suggestiveness as the prints of that fine Dutch savage, Albert Durer

Wooden whales or whales cut in profile out of the small dark slabs of the noble South Sea war wood are frequently met with in the forecastles of American whalers Some of them are done with much accuracy

At some old gable roofed country houses you will see brass whales hung by the tail for knockers to the road side door When the porter is sleepy the anvil headed whale would be best But these knocking whales are eldom remarkable as faithful essays On the spires of some old fashioned churches you will see sheet iron whales placed there for weather cocks but they are so elevated and besides that are to all intents and purposes so labelled with *Hands off!* you cannot examine them closely enough to decide upon their merit

In bony ribby regions of the earth where at the base of high broken cliffs masses of rock lie strewn in fantastic groupings upon the plain you will often discover images as of the petrified forms of the Leviathan partly merged in grass which of a windy day breaks against them in a surf of green surges

Then again in mountainous countries where the traveller is continually girdled by amphitheatrical heights here and there from some lucky point of view you will catch passing glimpses of the profiles of whales defined along the undula

ting ridges But you must be a thorough whaleman to see these sights and not only that but if you wish to return to such a sight again you must be sure and take the exact intersecting latitude and longitude of your first stand point else so chance like are such ob ervations of the hills that your precise previous tand point would require a laborious re-discovery like the Soloma islands which till remain incognita though once high ruffled Mendanna trod them and old Figuera chronicled them

Nor when expandingly lifted by your subject can you fail to trace out great whales in the starry heavens and boats in pursuit of them as when long filled with thought of war the Eastern nations saw armies locked in battle among the clouds Thus at the North have I chased Levi athan round and round the Pole with the revolutions of the bright points that first defined him to me And beneath the effulgent Antarctic skies I have boarded the Argo Navis and joined the chase against the starry Cetus far beyond the utmost stretch of Hydrus and the Flying Fish

With a frigate s anchors for my bridle bitts and fasces of harpoons for spurs would I could mount that whale and leap the topmost kies to see whether the fabled heavens with all their countle s tents really lie encamped beyond my mortal sight!

CHAPTER LVIII

BRIT

Steering north-eastward from the Crozetts we fell in with va t meadows of brit the minute yellow substance upon which the Right Whale largely feeds For leagues and leagues it undulated round us so that we seemed to be ailing through boundless fields of ripe and golden wheat

On the econd day numbers of Right Whales were een who secure from the attack of a Sperm Whaler like the Pequod with open jaws luggishly swam through the brit which adhering to the fringing fibres of that wondrous Venetian blind in thei mouths was in that manner separated from the water that e caped at the lips

As morning mowers who side by side slowly and seeth ingly advance their scythes through the long wet grass of marshy meads even so these monsters swam, making a strange grassy cutting sound and leaving behind them endless swaths of blue upon the yellow sea [1]

But it was only the sound they made as they parted the brit which at all reminded one of mowers Seen from the mast heads especially when they paused and were stationary for a while their vast black forms looked more like lifeless masses of rock than anything else And as in the great hunting countries of India the stranger at a distance will sometimes pass on the plains recumbent elephants without knowing them to be such taking them for bare blackened elevations of the soil even so often with him who for the first time beholds this species of the leviathans of the sea And even when recognized at last their immense magnitude renders it very hard really to believe that such bulky masses of overgrowth can possibly be instinct in all parts with the same sort of life that lives in a dog or a horse

Indeed in other respcts you can hardly regard any creatures of the deep with the same feelings that you do those of the shore For though some old naturalists have maintained that all creatures of the land are of their kind in the sea and though taking a broad general view of the thing this may very well be yet coming to pecialities, where for example does the ocean furni h any fish that in disposition answers to the sagacious kindness of the dog? The accursed shark alone can in any generic respect be said to bear comparative anilogy to him

But though to landsmen in general the native inhabi tants of the seas have ever been regarded with emotions unspeakably un ocial and repelling though we know the sea to be an everlasting terra incognita so that Columbus sailed over numberless unknown worlds to discover his one superficial western one though by vast odds the most terrific of all mortal disasters have immemorially and indis-

1 That p t f the sea k w mo g whal m s the B a l B ks does not b ar that n m as th B k of Newf dla d d b se f th b g sh ll ws d so d g there b t b ca se of th em k bl mead w l k pp ce caused by th va t drifts f b t ontı lly float g n those lat t d wh r the R ght Wh l is often based

criminately befallen tens and hundreds of thousands of those who have gone upon the waters though but a moment s consideration will teach that however baby man may brag of his science and skill and however much, in a flattering future that science and skill may augment yet for ever and for ever, to the crack of doom the sea will insult and murder him and pulverize the stateliest stiffest frigate he can make, nevertheless by the continual repetition of these very impressions man has lost that sense of the full awful ness of the sea which aboriginally belongs to it

The first boat we read of floated on an ocean that with Portuguese vengeance had whelmed a whole world without leaving so much as a widow That same ocean rolls now, that same ocean destroyed the wrecked ships of last year Yea foolish mortals Noah s flood is not yet subsided two thirds of the fair world it yet covers

Wherein differ the sea and the land that a miracle upon one is not a miracle upon the other? Preternatural terrors rested upon the Hebrews when under the feet of Korah and his company the live ground opened and swallowed them up for ever yet not a modern sun ever sets but in precisely the same manner the live sea swallows up ships and crews

But not only is the sea such a foe to man who is an alien to it but it is also a fiend to its own off spring worse than the Persian host who murdered his own guests sparing not the creatures which it elf hath pawned Like a savage tigress that tossing in the jungle overlays her own cubs so the sea dashes even the mightiest whales against the rocks and leaves them there side by side with the split wrecks of ships No mercy no power but its own controls it Pant ing and snorting like a mad battle steed that has lost its rider the masterless ocean overruns the globe

Consider the subtleness of the sea how its most dreaded creatures glide under water unapparent for the most part *and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure* Consider also the devilish brilliance and beauty of many of its most remorseless tribes as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks Consider once more the universal cannibalism of the sea all whose creatures prey

upon each other, carrying on eternal war since the world began

Consider all this and then turn to this green, gentle, and most docile earth consider them both the sea and the land, and do you not find a strange analogy to something in your self? For as this appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land so in the soul of man there lies one insular Tahiti full of peace and joy but encompassed by all the horrors of the half known life God keep thee! Push not off from that isle thou canst never return!

CHAPTER LIX

SQUID

SLOWLY wading through the meadows of brit the Pequod still held on her way north eastward towards the island of Java a gentle air impelling her keel so that in the surrounding serenity her three tall tapering masts mildly waved to that languid breeze as three mild palms on a plain And still at wide intervals in the silvery night the lonely alluring jet would be seen

But one transparent blue morning when a stillness almost preternatural spread over the sea however unattended with any stagnant calm when the long burnished sun glade on the waters seemed a golden finger laid across them enjoining ome secrecy when the slippered waves whispered together as they softly ran on in this profound hush of the visible sphere a strange spectre was seen by Daggoo from the main mast head

In the distance a great white mass lazily rose, and rising higher and higher and distentangling itself from the azure at last gleamed before our prow like a snow slide, new slid from the hills Thus glistening for a moment as slowly it subsided and sank Then once more arose and silently gleamed It seemed not a whale and yet is this Moby Dick? thought Daggoo Again the phantom went down but on re appearing once more, with a stiletto like cry that startled every man from his nod the negro yelled out—

"There! there again! there she breaches! right ahead! The White Whale the White Whale!

Upon this the seamen rushed to the yard arms as in swarming time the bees rush to the boughs Bare headed in the sultry sun Ahab stood on the bowsprit and with one hand pushed far behind in readiness to wave his orders to the helmsman cast his eager glance in the direction indicated aloft by the outstretched motionless arm of Daggoo

Whether the flitting attendance of the one still and solitary jet had gradually worked upon Ahab so that he was now prepared to connect the ideas of mildness and repose with the first sight of the particular whale he pursued however this was or whether his eagerness betrayed him whichever way it might have been no sooner did he distinctly perceive the white mass than with a quick intensity he instantly gave orders for lowering

The four boats were soon on the water Ahab's in advance and all swiftly pulling towards their prey Soon it went down and while with oars suspended we were awaiting its reappearance lo! in the same spot where it sank once more it slowly rose Almost forgetting for the moment all thoughts of Moby Dick we now gazed at the most wondrous phenomenon which the secret sea have hitherto revealed to mankind A vast pulpy mass furlongs in length and breadth of a glancing cream-color lay floating on the water innumerable long arms radiating from its centre and curling and twisting like a nest of anacondas as if blindly to catch at any hapless object within reach No perceptible face or front did it have no conceivable token of either sensation or instinct but undulated there on the billows an unearthly formless chance like apparition of life

As with a low sucking sound it slowly disappeared again Starbuck still gazing at the agitated waters where it had sunk with a wild voice exclaimed— Almost rather had I seen Moby Dick and fought him than to have seen thee thou white ghost!

What was it Sir? said Flask

'The great live squid which they say few whale ships ever beheld and returned to their ports to tell of it

But Ahab said nothing, turning his boat he sailed back to the vessel the rest as silently following

Whatever superstitions the sperm whalemen in general have connected with the sight of this object certain it is that a glimp e of it being so very unusual that circum stance has gone far to invest it with portentousness So rarely is it beheld that though one and all of them declare it to be the largest animated thing in the ocean yet very few of them have any but the most vague ideas concern ing its true nature and form notwithstanding they believe it to furn h to the sperm whale his only food For though other species of whales find their food above water and may be seen by man in the act of feeding the spermaceti whale obtains his whole food in unknown zones below the surface, and only by inference is it that any one can tell of what precisely that food consists At times when closely pur sued he will disgorge what are upposed to be the detached arms of the squid ome of them thu exhibited exceeding twenty and thirty feet in length They fancy that the monster to which these arms belonged ordinarily clings by them to the bed of the ocean and that the sperm whale unlike other species is supplied with teeth in order to at tack and tear it

There eems some ground to imagine that the great Kraken of Bishop Pontoppodan may ultimately resolve it self into Squid The manner in which the Bishop describes it as alternately rising and sinking with some other par ticulars he narrates in all this the two correspond But much abatement is necessary with respect to the incredi ble bulk he assigns it

By ome naturalists who have vaguely heard rumors of the mysterious creature here spoken of it is included among the class of cuttle fish to which indeed in certain external respects it would seem to belong but only as the Anak of the tribe

CHAPTER LX

THE LINE

WITH reference to the whaling scene shortly to be described as well as for the better understanding of all similar scenes elsewhere presented I have here to speak of the magical sometimes horrible whale line

The line originally used in the fishery was of the best hemp lightly vapored with tar not impregnated with it, as in the case of ordinary ropes for while tar as ordinarily used makes the hemp more pliable to the rope maker and also renders the rope itself more convenient to the sailor for common ship use yet not only would the ordinary quantity too much stiffen the whale line for the close coiling to which it must be subjected but as most seamen are beginning to learn tar in general by no means adds to the rope s durability or strength however much it may give it compactness and gloss

Of late years the Manilla rope has in the American fishery almost entirely susperseded hemp as a material for whale lines for though not o durable as hemp it is stronger and far more soft and elastic and I will add (since there is an æsthetics in all things) is much more handsome and becoming to the boat than hemp Hemp is a dusky dark fellow a sort of Indian but Manilla is as a golden haired Circassian to behold

The whale line is only two thirds of an inch in thickness At first sight you would not think it so strong as it really is By experiment its one and fifty yarns will each suspend a weight of one hundred and twenty pounds so that the whole rope will bear a strain nearly equal to three tons In length the common sperm whale line measures something over two hundred fathoms Towards the stern of the boat it is spirally coiled away in the tub not like the worm pipe of a still though but so as to form one round cheese-shaped mass of densely bedded sheaves or layers of concentric spiralizations without any hollow but the heart or minute vertical tube formed at the axis of the cheese As the least tangle or kink in the coiling

would in running out infallibly take somebody s arm leg or entire body off the utmost precaution is used in stowing the line in its tub Some harpooneers will consume almost an entire morning in this business, carrying the line high aloft and then reeving it downwards through a block towards the tub o as in the act of coiling to free it from all pos sible wrinkles and twists

In the English boats two tubs are used instead of one the same line being continuously coiled in both tubs There is some advantage in this because these twin tubs being so small they fit more readily into the boat and do not strain it so much whereas the American tub nearly three feet in diameter and of proportionate depth makes a rather bulky freight for a craft whose planks are but one half inch in thicknes for the bottom of the whale boat is like critical ice which will bear up a considerable distributed weight but not very much of a concentrated one When the painted canvas cover is clapped on the American tub line the boat looks as if it were pulling off with a prodigious great wedding cake to pre ent to the whales

Both ends of the line are exposed the lower end ter minating in an eye splice or loop coming up from the bottom against the ide of the tub and hanging over its edge completely disengaged from everything This arrange ment of the lower end is necessary on two accounts First In order to facilitate the fastening to it of an additional line from a neighboring boat in ca e the stricken whale should ound so deep as to threaten to carry off the entire line o iginally attached to the harpoon In these instances the whale of course is hifted like a mug of ale as it were from the one boat to the other though the first boat al ways hovers at hand to assist its consort Second This ar rangement is indispensable for common safety s sake for were the lower end of the line in any way attached to the boat and were the whale then to run the line out to the end almo t in a single moking minute as he sometimes does he would not stop there for the doomed boat would infallibly be dragged down after him into the profundity of the sea and in that case no town-crier would ever find her again

Before lowering the boat for the chase the upper end of the line is taken aft from the tub and passing round the loggerhead there is again carried forward the entire length of the boat resting crosswise upon the loom or handle of every man s oar so that it jogs against his wrist in rowing and also passing between the men as they alternately sit at the opposite gunwales to the leaded chocks or grooves in the extreme pointed prow of the boat where a wooden pin or skewer the size of a common squill prevents it from slipping out From the chocks it hangs in a slight festoon over the bows and is then passed inside the boat again and some ten or twenty fathoms (called box line) being coiled upon the box in the bows it continues its way to the gun wale still a little further aft and is then attached to the short warp—the rope which is immediately connected with the harpoon but previous to that connexion the short warp goes through sundry mystifications too tedious to detail

Thus the whale line folds the whole boat in its com plicated coils twisting and writhing around it in almost every direction All the oarsmen are involved in its peril ous contortions so that to the timid eye of the landsman they seem as Indian jugglers with the deadliest snakes sportively festooning their limbs Nor can any son of mortal woman for the first time seat himself amid those hempen intricacies and while straining his utmost at the oar bethink him that at any unknown instant the harpoon may be darted and all these horrible contortions be put in play like ringed lightnings he cannot be thus circum stanced without a shudder that makes the very marrow in his bones to quiver in him like a haken jelly Yet habit—strange thing! what cannot habit accomplish?—Gayer sal lies more merry mirth better jokes and brighter repartees you never heard over your mahogany than you will hear over the half inch white cedar of the whale boat when thus hung in hangman s nooses and like the six burghers of Calais before King Edward the six men composing the crew pull into the jaws of death with a halter around every neck as you may say

Perhaps a very little thought will now enable you to

harpoon in the bow of his hoisted boat "then you quick see him parm whale

The next day was exceedingly still and sultry and with nothing special to engage them the Pequod s crew could hardly resist the spell of sleep induced by such a vacant sea For this part of the Indian Ocean through which we then were voyaging is not what whalemen call a lively ground that is it affords fewer glimpses of porpoises dolphins, flying fish and other vivacious denizens of more stirring waters than those off the Rio de la Plata or the in shore ground off Peru

It was my turn to stand at the foremast head and with my shoulders leaning against the slackened royal shrouds to and fro I idly swayed in what seemed an en chanted air No resolution could withstand it in that dreamy mood losing all consciousness at last my soul went out of my body though my body still continued to sway as a pendulum will long after the power which fir t moved it is withdrawn

Ere forgetfulness altogether came over me I had noticed that the eamen at the main and mizzen mast heads were already drowsy So that at last all three of us lifelessly swung from the spars and for every swing that we made there was a nod from below from the slumbering helmsman The waves too nodded their indolent crests and across the wide trance of the sea east nodded to west and the sun over all

Suddenly bubbles seemed bursting beneath my closed eyes like vices my hands grasped the shrouds ome in visible gracious agency preserved me with a shock I came back to life And lo! close under our lee not forty fathoms off a gigantic Sperm Whale lay rolling in the water like the capsized hull of a frigate his broad glossy back of an Ethiopian hue glistening in the sun s rays like a mirror But lazily undulating in the trough of the sea and ever and anon tranquilly spouting his vapory jet the whale looked like a portly burgher smoking his pipe of a warm afternoon But that pipe poor whale was thy last As if struck by ome enchanter s wand the sleepy ship and every sleeper in it all at once started into wakefulness

and more than a score of voices from all parts of the vessel simultaneously with the three notes from aloft, shouted forth the accustomed cry, as the great fish slowly and regularly spouted the sparkling brine into the air

Clear away the boats! Luff! ' cried Ahab And obey ing his own order he dashed the helm down before the helmsman could handle the spokes

The sudden exclamations of the crew must have alarmed the whale and ere the boats were down majestically turn ing he swam away to the leeward but with such a steady tranquillity and making so few ripples as he swam that thinking after all he might not as yet be alarmed Ahab gave orders that not an oar should be used and no man must speak but in whispers So seated like Ontario Indians on the gunwales of the boats we swiftly but silently paddled along the calm not admitting of the noiseless sails being set Presently as we thus glided in chase the monster per pendicularly flitted his tail forty feet into the air and then sank out of sight like a tower swallowed up

There go flukes! was the cry an announcement im mediately followed by Stubb s producing his match and igniting his pipe, for now a re pite was granted After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed the whale rose again and being now in advance of the smoker s boat and much nearer to it than to any of the others Stubb counted upon the honor of the capture It was obvious now, that the whale had at length become aware of his pursuers All silence of cautiousness was therefore no longer of use Paddles were dropped and oars came loudly into play And still puffing at his pipe Stubb cheered on his crew to the assault

Yes a mighty change had come over the fish All alive to his jeopardy he was going head out that part obliquely projecting from the mad yea t which he brewed

Start her start her my men! Don t hurry yourselves

1 It will be s n some ther pl ce f hat a ry l ght substan e the nt re (no f the sperm wha xn h d n ts Th h pp r t y th most mas e t by f th m t b y nt p rt b ut h m S th t w th ease h lev tes t n the a d n iably doe so wh n g g at h utmost peed Bes des s ch is the br adth f the upp r pa t f the f t f h h d a d uch the tap n g ut w t r f rm t n of th lowe pa t th t by bl q ly ele ati g h s h ad he th eby m y be sa d to t a fo m hims lf f m a bluff bowed sluggish ga.li t nto a sharp po ted New Yo k pilot boat

take plenty of time—but start her start her like thunder claps thats all cried Stubb spluttering out the smoke as he spoke Start her now give em the long and strong stroke Tashtego Start her, Tash my boy—start her all, but keep cool keep cool—cucumbers is the word—easy easy—only start her like grim death and grinning devils and raise the buried dead perpendicular out of their graves, boys—*thats all Start her!*

Woo hoo! Wa hee! screamed the Gay Header in reply, raising some old war whoop to the skies as every oarsman in the strained boat involuntarily bounced forward with the one tremendous leading stroke which the eager Indian gave

But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild Kee hee! Kee hee! yelled Daggoo straining for wards and backwards on his seat like a pacing tiger in his cage

'Ka la! Koo loo! howled Queequeg as if smacking his lips over a mouthful of Grenadiers steak And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea Meanwhile Stubb, retaining his place in the van still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained till the welcome cry was heard— Stand up Tashtego!—give it to him! The harpoon was hurled Stern all! The oars men backed water the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists It was the *magical line An instant before Stubb had swiftly caught* two additional turns with it round the loggerhead whence, by reason of its increased rapid circlings a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe As the line passed round and round the loggerhead o also just before reaching that point it blisteringly pas ed through and through both of Stubbs hands from which the hand cloths or squares of quilted canvas ometimes worn at these times had ac cidentally dropped It was like holding an enemys sharp two edged sword by the blade and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch

'Wet the line! wet the line! cried Stubb to the tub oars man (him eated by the tub) who natching off his

dashed sea water into it [1] More turns were taken so that the line began holding its place The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business truly in that rocking commotion

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat and from its now being more tight than a harpstring you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water the other the air—once A continual cascade played at the bows a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake and at the slightest motion from within even but of a little finger the vibrating cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea Thus they rushed each man with might and main clinging to his seat to prevent being tossed to the foam and the tall form of Ta htego at the steering oar crouching almost double in order to bring down his centre of gravity Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way 'ill at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight

Haul in—haul in! cried Stubb to the bowsman! and facing round towards the whale all hand began pulling the boat up to him while yet the boat was being towed on Soon ranging up by his flank Stubb firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat darted dart after dart into the flying fish at the word of command the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale s horrible wallow and then ranging up for another fling

The red tide now poured from all sides of the monster like brooks down a hill His tormented body rolled not in brine but in blood which bubbled and seethed for furlongs behind in their wal e The slanting sun playing upon this crimson pond in the sea sent back its reflection into every face o that they all glowed to each other like red men And all the while jet after jet of white smoke was agonizingly shot from the spiracle of the whale, and vehement puff after puff from the mouth of the excited heads-

[1] Partly to show th nd pensablenes of this act it may h r be t ted that in the o d Dutch fishery mop was used to dash th run g l w th w ter in many othe sh ps a woode piggin o ba l r is set apart fo that purpose. You hat howev r is th most con n ent

man, as at every dart hauling in upon his crooked lance (by the line attached to it), Stubb straightened it again and again by a few rapid blows against the gunwale, then again and again sent it into the whale

'Pull up—pull up! he now cried to the bowsman as the waning whale relaxed in his wrath Pull up!—close to! and the boat ranged along the fish s flank When reaching far over the bow Stubb slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish and kept it there carefully churning and churning as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed and which he was fearful of breaking ere he could hook it out But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish And now it is struck for starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his flurry the monster horribly wallowed in his blood overwrapped himself in impenetrable mad boiling pray so that the imperilled craft instantly dropping astern had much ado blindly to truggle out from that *phrensied twilight into the clear air of the day*

And now abating in his flurry the whale once more rolled out into view! surging from side to side spasmodically dilating and contracting his spout hole with sharp cracking agonized respirations At last gush after gush of clotted red gore as if it had been the purple lees of red wine shot into the frighted air and falling back again ran dripping *down his motionless flanks into the sea His heart had* burst!

He s dead Mr Stubb said Daggoo

Yes both pipes smoked out! and withdrawing his own from his mouth Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water and for a moment stood thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse he had made

CHAPTER LXII

THE DART

A WORD concerning an incident in the last chapter

According to the invariable usage of the fishery th whale boat pushes off from the ship with the h

stay in the bows from first to last he should both dart the harpoon and the lance and no rowing whatever should be expected of him, except under circumstances obvious to any fisherman I know that this would sometimes involve a slight loss of speed in the chase but long experience in various whalemen of more than one nation has convinced me that in the vast majority of failures in the fishery it has not by any means been so much the speed of the whale as the before described exhaustion of the harpooneer that has caused them

To insure the greatest efficiency in the dart the harpooneers of this world must start to their feet from out of idleness, and not from out of toil

CHAPTER LXIII

THE CROTCH

Out of the trunk the branches grow out of them the twigs So in productive subjects, grow the chapters

The crotch alluded to on a previous page deserves independent mention It is a notched stick of a peculiar form some two feet in length which is perpendicularly inserted into the starboard gunwale near the bow for the purpose of furnishing a rest for the wooden extremity of the harpoons whose other naked barbed end sloping projects from the prow Thereby the weapon is instantly at hand to its hurler who snatches it up as readily from its rest as a backwoodsman swings his rifle from the wall It is customary to have two harpoons reposing in the crotch respectively called the first and second irons

But these two harpoons each by its own cord are both connected with the line the object being this to dart them both if possible one instantly after the other into the same whale so that if in the coming drag one should draw out the other may still retain a hold It is a doubling of the chances But it very often happens that owing to the instantaneous violent convulsive running of the whale upon receiving the first iron it becomes impossible for the harpooneer however lightning like in his movements to pitch

in the sea and it eemed hardly to budge at all except at long intervals, good evidence was hereby furnished of the enormousness of the mass we moved For upon the great canal of Hang Ho or whatever they call it in China four or five laborers on the foot path will draw a bulky freighted junk at the rate of a mile an hour but this grand argosy we towed heavily forged along as if laden with pig lead in bulk

Darkness came on but three lights up and down in the Pequod s main rigging dimly guided our way till drawing nearer we saw Ahab dropping one of several more lanterns over the bulwarks Vacantly eyeing the heaving whale for a *moment, he issued the usual orders for securing it for* the night and then handing his lantern to a seaman went his way into the cabin and did not come forward again until morning

Though in overseeing the pursuit of this whale Captain Ahab had evinced his customary activity to call it so yet *now that the creature was dead some vague dissatisfaction* or impatience or despair seemed working in him as if the sight of that dead body reminded him that Moby Dick was yet to be slain and though a thousand other whales were brought to his ship all that would not one jot advance his grand monomaniac object Very soon you would have thought from the ound on the Pequod s decks that all hands were preparing to cast anchor in the deep for heavy chains are being dragged along the deck and thrust rattling out of the port holes But by tho e clanking links the vast corpse itself not the hip is to be moored Tied by the head to the stern and by the tail to the bows the whale now lies with its black hull close to the vessel s and seen through the darkne s of the night which obscured the pars and rigging aloft the two—ship and whale seemed yoked together li e colossal bullocks whereof one reclines while the other remains standing

If moody Ahab was now all quiescence at least so far

1 A l ttle t m m y as w ll b lated her Th t ongest d m st rel bl h ld wh ch th h p b p th whal wh moo ed longe d , is by th fl kes or ta l d as f m ts g ter de sity th t p rt is l t ly heavi r than y other (ex ept g th d fi) t flex b l ty en i death c uses t t sink low be th th fac so that w th th hand y ca t g t t t f th boat, m ord t p t th

as could be known on deck Stubb his second mate flushed with conquest betrayed an unusual but still good natured excitement Such an unwonted bustle was he in that the staid Starbuck his official superior quietly resigned to him for the time the sole management of affairs One small helping cause of all this liveliness in Stubb was soon made strangely manifest Stubb was a high liver he was somewhat intemperately fond of the whale as a flavorish thing to his palate

A steak a steak ere I sleep You Daggoo! overboard you go and cut me one from his small!

Here be it known that though these wild fishermen do not as a general thing and according to the great military maxim make the enemy defray the current expenses of the war (at least before realizing the proceeds of the voyage) yet now and then you find some of these Nantucketers who have a genuine relish for that particular part of the Sperm Whale designated by Stubb comprising the tapering extremity of the body

About midnight that steak was cut and cooked and lighted by two lanterns of sperm oil Stubb stoutly stood up to his spermaceti supper at the capstan head as if that capstan were a sideboard Nor was Stubb the only banqueter on whale s flesh that night Mingling their mumblings with his own mastications thousands on thousands of sharks swarming round the dead leviathan smackingly feasted on its fatness The few sleepers below in their bunks were often startled by the sharp slapping of their tails against the hull within a few inches of the sleepers hearts Peering over the side you could just see them (as before you heard them) wallowing in the sullen black waters and turning over on their backs as they scooped out huge globular pieces of the whale of the bigness of a human head This particular feat of the shark seems all but miraculous How at such an apparently unassailable surface they contrive to gouge out such symmetrical mouthfuls remains a

small stro g l pr p d w th a wood n fl t at ts out r nd nd a w ght l it m d1l h l th other d ed to th b p By d o t ma ag me t th wor l float m de t rise on th th sid f th mass so that w ha g g rdl d th bal th cha is d ly made to f l w t d be g l pped al g th body is t last lock d fast rou d the smallest part f the t l at th po t f jus t n w th ts b oad flukes or l bes

part of the universal problem of all things The mark they thus leave on the whale may best be likened to the hollow made by a carpenter in countersinking for a screw

Though amid all the smoking horror and diabolism of a sea fight sharks will be seen longingly gazing up to the ships decks, like hungry dogs round a table where red meat is being carved ready to bolt down every killed man that is tossed to them and though while the valiant butchers over the deck table are thus cannibally carving each others live meat with carving knives all gilded and tasselled the sharks also with their jewel hilted mouths are quarrel somely carving away under the table at the dead meat and though were you to turn the whole affair upside down it would still be pretty much the same thing that is to say a shocking sharkish business enough for all parties and though sharks also are the invariable outriders of all slave ships crossing the Atlantic systematically trotting alongside to be handy in case a parcel is to be carried anywhere or a dead slave to be decently buried and though one or two other like instances might be set down touching the set terms places and occasions when sharks do most socially congregate and most hilariously feast yet is there no con ceivable time or occasion when you will find them in such countless numbers and in gayer or more jovial spirits than around a dead sperm whale moored by night to a whale ship at sea If you have never seen that sight then sus pend your decision about the propriety of devil worship and the expediency of conciliating the devil

But as yet Stubb heeded not the mumblings of the ban quet that was going on so nigh him no more than the sharks heeded the smacking of his own epicurean lips

Cook cook!—wheres that old Fleece? he cried at length widening his legs still further as if to form a more secure base for his supper and at the same time darting his fork into the dish as if stabbing with his lance "cook you cook!—sail this way cook!

The old black not in any very high glee at having been previously roused from his warm hammock at a most un seasonable hour came shambling along from his galley for like many old blacks there was something the matter with

his knee pans which he did not keep well scoured like his other pans this old Fleece as they called him came shuffling and limping along assisting his step with his tongs which after a clumsy fashion were made of straightened iron hoops this old Ebony floundered along and in obedience to the word of command came to a dead stop on the opposite side of Stubb's sideboard when with both hands folded before him and resting on his two legged cane, he bowed his arched back still further over at the same time sideways inclining his head so as to bring his best ear into play

Cook said Stubb rapidly lifting a rather reddish morsel to his mouth don't you think this steak is rather over done? You've been beating this steak too much cook it's too tender Don't I always say that to be good a whale-steak must be tough? There are those sharks now over the side don't you see they prefer it tough and rare? What a shindy they are kicking up! Cook go and talk to em, tell em they are welcome to help themselves civilly and in moderation but they must keep quiet Blast me if I can hear my own voice Away cook and deliver my message Here take this lantern snatching one from his sideboard now then go and preach to them!

Sullenly taking the offered lantern old Fleece limped across the deck to the bulwarks and then with one hand dropping his light low over the sea so as to get a good view of his congregation with the other hand he solemnly flourished his tongs and leaning far over the side in a mumbling voice began addressing the sharks while Stubb softly crawling behind overheard all that was said

'Fellow-critters I'se ordered here to say dat you must stop dat dam noise dare You hear? Stop dat dam smackin ob de lips! Massa Stubb say dat you can fill your dam bellies up to de hatchings but by Gor! you must stop dat dam racket!

Cook here interposed Stubb, accompanying the word with a sudden slap on the shoulder — Cook! why damn your eyes you mustn't swear that way when you're preaching That's no way to convert sinners Cook!

'Who dat? Den preach to him yourself' sullenly turning to go

No Cook go on go on"

"Well den Belubed fellow critters"—

'Right' exclaimed Stubb approvingly coax 'em to it try that' and Fleece continued

'Do you is all harks and by natur wery woracious yet I zay to you fellow-critters dat dat woraciousness—top dat dam slappin ob de tail! How you tink to hear spose you keep up such a dam slapping and bitin dare?

Cook cried Stubb collaring him I wont have that swearing Talk to em gentlemanly

Once more the sermon proceeded

Your woraciousness fellow critters I dont blame ye so much for dat is natur and cant be helped but to gobern dat wicked natur dat is de pint You is sharks sartin but if you gobern de shark in you why den you be angel for all angel is noting more dan de shark well goberned Now look here bred ren just try wonst to be cibil a helping yourselbs from dat whale Dont be tearin de blubber out your neighbours mout I say Is not one shark dood right as toder to dat whale? And by Gor none on you has de right to dat whale dat whale belong to some one else I know some o you has berry brig mout brigger dan oders but then de brig mouts sometimes has de small bellies o dat de brigness of de mout is not to swaller wid but to bite off de blubber for de small fry ob sharks, dat cant get into de scrouge to help dem elves

Well done old Fleece! cried Stubb thats Christianity go on

No use goin on de dam willains will keep a scrougin and lappin each oder Massa Stubb dey dont hear one word no use a preaching to such dam g uttons as you call 'em till dare bellies is full and dare bellies is bottomless and when dey do get em full dey wont hear you den for den dey sink in the sea go fast to sleep on de coral and cant hear noting at all no more for eber and eber

Upon my soul I am about of the same opinion so give the benediction Fleece and I ll away to my supper

Upon this Fleece holding both hands over the fishy mob, raised his shrill voice, and cried—

Cussed fellow critters! Kick up de damndest row as ever you can fill your dam bellies 'till dey bust—and den die

Now cook said Stubb resuming his supper at the capstan stand just where you stood before there over against me and pay particular attention'

All dention said Fleece again stooping over upon his tongs in the desired position

Well said Stubb helping himself freely meanwhile I shall now go back to the subject of this steak In the first place how old are you cook?

What dat do wid de teak said the old black testily

Silence! How old are you cook?

Bout ninety dey say he gloomily muttered

And you have lived in this world hard upon one hundred years cook and don t know yet how to cook a whale steak?' rapidly bolting another mouthful at the last word so that that morsel seemed a continuation of the question Where were you born cook?

Hind de hatchway in ferry boat goin ober de Roanoke

Born in a ferry boat! That s queer too But I want to know what country you were born in cook?

'Didn t I say de *Roanoke country*? he cried *sharply*

No you didn t cook but I ll tell you what I m coming to cook You must go home and be born over again you don t know how to cook a whale steak yet'

Bress my soul if I cook noder one he growled, angrily turning round to depart

Come back here cook —here hand me those tongs — now take that bit of steak there and tell me if you think that steak cooked as it should be? Take it I say —holding the tongs towards him— take it and taste it'

Faintly smacking his withered lips over it for a moment the old negro muttered Best cooked teak I eber taste joosy berry joosy

'Cook' said Stubb squaring himself once more 'do you belong to the church?

"Passed one once in Cape Down said the old man sullenly

And you have once in your life passed a holy church in Cape Town where you doubtless overheard a holy par son addressing his hearers as his beloved fellow creatures have you cook! And yet you come here and tell me such a dreadful lie as you did just now eh? said Stubb Where do you expect to go to cook?

Go to bed berry soon he mumbled half turning as he spoke

Avast! heave to! I mean when you die cook It an awful question Now what s your answer?

When dis old brack man dies said the negro slowly changing his whole air and demeanor he hisself won t go nowhere but some bressed angel will come and fetch him

Fetch him? How? In a coach and four as they fetched Elijah? And fetch him where?

Up dere said Fleece holding his tongs straight over his head and keeping it there very solemnly

So then you expect to go into our main top do you cook when you are dead? But don t you know the higher you climb the colder it gets? Main top eh?

Didn t say dat t all said Fleece again in the sulks

You said up there didn t you? and now look yourself and ee where your tongs are pointing But perhaps you expect to get into heaven by crawling through the lubber s hole cook but no no cool you don t get there except you go the regular way round by the rigging It s a ticklish business but must be done or el e it s no go But none of us are in heaven yet Drop your tongs cook and hear my orders Do ye hear? Hold your hat in one hand and clap t other a top of your heart when I m giving my or ders cook What! that your heart there?—that s your gizzard! Aloft! aloft!—that s it—now you have it Hold it there now and pay attention

All dention said the old black with both hands placed *as desired vainly wriggling his grizzled head as if to get* both ears in front at one and the same time

Well then cook you see this whale steak of yours was so very bad that I have put it out of sight as soon as

possible you see that dont you? Well for the future, when you cook another whale steak for my private table here the capstan I ll tell you what to do so as not to spoil it by overdoing Hold the steak in one hand, and show a live coal to it with the other that done dish it d ye hear? And now to morrow cook when we are cutting in the fi h be sure you stand by to get the tips of his fins have them put in pickle As for the ends of the flukes have them soused cook There now ye may go'

But Fleece had hardly got three paces off when he was recalled

Cook give me cutlets for supper to morrow night in the mid watch D ye hear? away you sail then—Halloa! stop! make a bow before you go—Avast heaving again! Whale balls for breakfast—don t forget

Wish by gor! whale eat him stead of him eat whale I m bressed if he ain t more of shark dan Massa Shark his self muttered the old man limping away with which sage ejaculation he went to his hammock

CHAPTER LXV

THE WHALE AS A DISH

THAT mortal man should feed upon the creature that feeds his lamp and like Stubb eat him by his own light as you may say this seems so outlandish a thing that one must needs go a little into the history and philosophy of it

It is upon record that three centuries ago the tongue of the Right Whale was esteemed a great delicacy in France and commanded large prices there Also that in Henry VIIIth s time a certain cool of the court obtained a hand some reward for inventing an admirable sauce to be eaten with barbecued porpoises which you remember are a species of whale Porpoi es indeed are to this day con sidered fine eating The meat is made into balls about the size of billiard balls and being well sea oned and spiced might be taken for turtle balls or veal balls The

old monks of Dunfermline were very fond of them They had a great porpoise grant from the crown

The fact is that among his hunters at least, the whale would by all hands be considered a noble dish were there not o much of him but when you come to sit down before a meat pie nearly one hundred feet long it takes away your appetite Only the most unprejudiced of men like Stubb nowadays partake of cooked whales but the Esquimaux are not so fastidious We all know how they live upon whales and have rare old vintages of prime old train oil Zogranda one of their most famous doctors, recommends strips of blubber for infants as being exceed ingly juicy and nourishing And this reminds me that certain Englishmen who long ago were accidentally left in Greenland by a whaling vessel—that these men actually lived for several months on the mouldy scraps of whales which had been left ashore after trying out the blubber Among the Dutch whalemen these scraps are called 'frit ters which indeed they greatly resemble being brown and cri p and melling something like old Amsterdam hou e wives dough nuts or oly cooks when fresh They have such an eatable look that the most self denying stranger can hardly keep his hands off

But what further depreciates the whale as a civilized dish is his exceeding richne s He is the great prize ox of the sea too fat to be delicately good Look at his hump which would be as fine eating as the buffalo s (which is es teemed a rare dish) were it not such a solid pyramid of fat But the spermaceti itself how bland and creamy that i like the transparent half jellied white meat of a cocoanut in the third month of its growth yet far too rich to supply a substitute for butter Nevertheless many whalemen have a method of absorbing it into some other substance and then partaking of it In the long try watches of the night it is a common thing for the seamen to dip their ship biscuit into the huge oil pots and let them fry there awhile Many a good supper have I thus made

In the case of a mall Sperm Whale the brains are ac counted a fine dish The casket of the skill is broken into with an axe and the two plump whitish lobes bein with

did the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty of Ganders formally indite his circulars? It is only within the last month or two that that society passed a resolution to patronize nothing but steel pens

CHAPTER LXVI

THE SHARK MASSACRE

WHEN in the Southern Fishery a captured Sperm Whale, after long and weary toil is brought alongside late at night it is not as a general thing at least customary to proceed at once to the business of cutting him in For that business is an exceedingly laborious one is not very soon completed and requires all hands to set about it Therefore the common u age is to take in all sail lash the helm a'lee and then send every one below to his hammock till daylight with the reservation that until that time anchor watches shall be kept that is two and two for an hour each couple the crew in rotation shall mount the deck to ee that all goes well

But sometimes especially upon the Line in the Pacific this plan will not answer at all because such incalculable ho ts of sharks gather round the moored carcase that were he left so for six hours say on a stretch little more than the skeleton would be visible by morning In most other parts of the ocean however where these fish do not so largely abound their wondrous voracity can be at times considerably diminished by vigorously stirring them up with sharp whaling pades a procedure notwithstanding which in ome instances only eems to tickle them into still greater activity But it was not thus in the present case with the Pequod s harks though to be sure any man unaccustomed to such sights to have looked over her side that night would have almost thought the whole round ea was one huge cheese and those sharl s the maggots in it

Nevertheless upon Stubb setting the anchor watch after his supper was concluded and when accordingly Queequeg and a forecastle seaman came on deck no mall excitement

was created among the sharks for immediately suspending the cutting stages over the side and lowering three lanterns so that they cast long gleams of light over the turbid sea these two mariners darting their long whaling spades kept up an incessant murdering of the sharks[1] by striking the keen steel deep into their skulls seemingly their only vital part But in the foamy confusion of their mixed and struggling hosts the marksmen could not always hit their mark and this brought about new revelations of the incredible ferocity of the foe They viciously snapped not only at each other s disembowelments but like flexible bows bent round and bit their own till those entrails seemed swallowed over and over again by the same mouth to be oppositely voided by the gaping wound Nor was this all It was unsafe to meddle with the corpses and ghosts of these creatures A sort of generic or Pantheistic vitality seemed to lurk in their very joints and bones after what might be called the individual life had departed Killed and hoisted on deck for the sake of his skin one of these sharks almost took poor Queequeg s hand off when he tried to shut down the dead lid of his murderous jaw

Queequeg no care what god made him shark aid the savage agonizingly lifting his hand up and down wedder Fejee god or Nantucket god but de god wat made shark must be one dam Ingin

CHAPTER LXVII

CUTTING IN

It was a Saturday night and such a Sabbath as followed! Ex officio professors of Sabbath breaking are all whalemen The ivory Pequod was turned into what seemed a shamble every sailor a butcher You would have thought we were offering up ten thousand red oxen to the sea gods

In the first place the enormous cutting tackles among

1 The whal g-spade u ed f utt g n i mad of th v ry best teel abo t he b g es t a m n s p d h nd and in g al sh p rrespo d to th ga d n implem t after wh h t nam d ly i s d s a p fectly flat d its app r end n de ably n ow than th lowe Th w pon i lways kept as sharp as poss ble and wh n b g u d is occa ally h ed j t l ke a azo In its socket a stiff p le f om twenty t th rty f t long is i serted f r a ha dle

other ponderous things comprising a cluster of blocks generally painted green and which no single man can possibly lift—this vast bunch of grapes was swayed up to the main top and firmly lashed to the lower mast head the strongest point anywhere above a ship s deck The end of the hawser like rope winding through these intricacies was then conducted to the windlass and the huge lower block of the tackles was swung over the whale to this block the great blubber hook weighing some one hundred pounds was attached And now suspended in stages over the side Starbuck and Stubb the mates armed with their long spades began cutting a hole in the body for the insertion of the hook just above the nearest of the two side fins This done a broad semicircular line is cut round the hole the hook is inserted and the main body of the crew striking up a wild chorus now commence heaving in one dense crowd at the windlass When instantly the entire ship careens over on her side every bolt in her starts like the nail heads of an old house in frosty weather he trembles quivers and nods her frighted mast heads to the sky More and more she leans over to the whale while every gasping heave of the windlass is answered by a helping heave from the billows till at last a swift startling snap is heard with a great swash the ship rolls upwards and backwards from the whale and the triumphant tackle rises into ight dragging after it the disengaged semicircular end of the first strip of blubber Now as the blubber envelopes the whale precisely as the rind does an orange so is it stripped off from the body precisely as an orange is sometimes stripped by spiralizing it For the strain constantly kept up by the windlass continually keeps the whale rolling over and over in the water and as the blubber in one strip uniformly peels off along the line called the scarf' simultaneously cut by the spades of Starbuck and Stubb the mates and just as fast as it is thus peeled off and indeed by that very act itself it is all the time being hoisted higher and higher aloft till its upper end grazes the main top the men at the windlass then cease heaving for a moment or two the prodigious blood-dripping mass sways to and fro as if let down from the sky and every one present

must take good heed to dodge it when it swings else it may box his ears and pitch him headlong overboard

One of the attending harpooneers now advances with a long keen weapon called a boarding sword and watching his chance he dexterou ly slices out a considerable hole in the lower part of the swaying mass Into this hole the end of the second alternating great tackle is then hooked so as to retain a hold upon the blubber in order to prepare for what follows Whereupon this accomplished swords man warning all hands to stand off, once more makes a scientific dash at the mass and with a few sidelong des perate lunging slicings severs it completely in twain, o that while the short lower part is still fast the long upper strip called a blanket piece swings clear and is all ready for lowering The heavers forward now resume their song and while the one tackle is peeling and hoisting a second strip from the whale the other is slowly slackened away, and down goes the first strip through the main hatchway right beneath into an unfurnished parlor called the blubber room Into this twilight apartment sundry nimble hands keep coiling away the long blanket piece as if it were a great live mass of plaited serpents And thus the work proceeds the two tackles hoisting and lowering simultane ously both whale and windlass heaving the heavers sing ing the blubber room gentlemen coiling the mates scarfing the ship straining and all hands swearing occasionally, by way of assuaging the general friction

CHAPTER LXVIII

THE BLANKET

I HAVE given no small attention to that not unvexed sub ject the kin of the whale I have had controversies about it with experienced whalemen afloat and learned naturalists ashore My original opinion remains unchanged, but it i only an opinion

The question is what and where is the skin of the whale? Already you know what his blubber is That blub ber is something of the consistence of firm close grained

beef but tougher, more elastic and compact and ranges from eight or ten to twelve and fifteen inches in thickness

Now however preposterous it may at first seem to talk of any creature s skin as being of that sort of consistence and thicknes , yet in point of fact these are no arguments against such a presumption becau e you cannot raise any other den e enveloping layer from the whale s body but that same blubber and the outermost enveloping layer of any an mal if rea onably dense what can that be but the skin? True from the unmarred dead body of the whale, you may scrape off with your hand an infinitely thin trans parent substance somewhat resembling the thinnest shreds of isinglass only it is almost as flexible and soft as satin that is previous to being dried when it not only contracts and thickens but becomes rather hard and brittle I have several such dried bits which I use for marks in my whale books It is transparent as I said before and being laid upon the printed page I have sometimes pleased myself with fancying it exerted a magnifying influence At any rate it is pleasant to read about whales through their own spectacles as you may say But what I am driving at here is this That same infinitely thin isinglass substance which I admit invests the entire body of the whale is not so much to be regarded as the skin of the creature as the skin of the skin so to speak for it were simply ridiculous to say that the proper skin of the tremendous whale is thinner and more tender than the skin of a new born child But no more of this

Assuming the blubber to be the skin of the whale then when this skin as in the case of a very large Sperm Whale will yield the bulk of one hundred barrels of oil and when it is considered that in quantity or rather weight that oil in its expre sed state is only three fourths and not the en tire substance of the coat some idea may hence be had of the enormousness of that animated mass a mere part of whose mere integument yields such a lake of liquid as that Reckoning ten barrels to the ton you have ten tons for the net weight of only three quarters of the stuff of the whale s skin

In life the visible surface of the Sperm Whale is not

the least among the many marvels he presents Almost invariably it is all over obliquely crossed and re-crossed with numberless straight marks in thick array, something like those in the finest Italian line engravings But these marks do not seem to be impressed upon the isinglass substance above mentioned but seem to be seen through it, as if they were engraved upon the body itself Nor is this all In some instances to the quick, observant eye, those linear marks as in a veritable engraving but afford the ground for far other delineations These are hieroglyphical that is if you call those mysterious cyphers on the walls of pyramids hieroglyphics then that is the proper word to use in the present connexion By my retentive memory of the hieroglyphics upon one Sperm Whale in particular, I was much struck with a plate representing the old Indian characters chiselled on the famous hieroglyphic palisades on the banks of the Upper Mississippi Like those mystic rocks too the mystic marked whale remains undecipherable This allusion to the Indian rocks reminds me of another thing Besides all the other phenomena which the exterior of the Sperm Whale presents he not seldom displays the back and more especially his flanks effaced in great part of the regular linear appearance by reason of numerous rude scratches altogether of an irregular random aspect I should say that those New England rocks on the sea coast which Agassiz imagines to bear the marks of violent scraping contact with vast floating icebergs—I should say that those rocks must not a little resemble the Sperm Whale in this particular It also seems to me that such scratches in the whale are probably made by hostile contact with other whales for I have most remarked them in the large, full grown bulls of the species

A word or two more concerning this matter of the skin or blubber of the whale It has already been said that it is stript from him in long pieces called blanket pieces Like most sea terms this one is very happy and significant For the whale is indeed wrapt up in his blubber as in a real blanket or counterpane or still better an Indian poncho slipt over his head and skirting his extremity It is by reason of this cosy blanketing of his body that the whale

is enabled to keep himself comfortable in all weathers in all seas times and tides What would become of a Greenland whale say in those shuddering icy seas of the North if unsupplied with his cosy surtout? True other fish are found exceedingly brisk in tho e Hyperborean waters, but these be it observed are your cold blooded lungless fish whose very bellies are refrigerators creatures that warm themselves under the lee of an iceberg as a traveller in winter would bask before an inn fire whereas like man the whale has lungs and warm blood Freeze his blood and he dies How wonderful is it then—except after explanation—that this great monster to whom corporeal warmth is as indispensable as it is to man how wonderful that he should be found at home immersed to his lips for life in those Arctic waters! where when seamen fall overboard they are sometimes found months afterwards perpendicularly frozen into the hearts of fields of ice as a fly is found glued in amber But more surprising is it to know as has been proved by experiment that the blood of a Polar whale is warmer than that of a Borneo negro in summer

It does seem to me that herein we see the rare virtue of a strong individual vitality and the rare virtue of thick walls and the rare virtue of interior spaciousness Oh man! admire and model thyself after the whale! Do thou too remain warm among ice Do thou too live in this world without being of it Be cool at the equator keep thy blood fluid at the Pole Like the great dome of St Peter s and like the great whale retain O man! in all seasons a temperature of thine own

But how easy and how hopeless to teach these fine things! Of erections how few are domed like St Peter s! of creatures how few vast as the whale!

CHAPTER LXIX

THE FUNERAL

'Haul in the chains! Let the carcase go astern!

The vast tackles have now done their duty The peeled

Are you a believer in ghosts my friend? There are other ghosts than the Cock Lane one and far deeper men than Doctor Johnson who believe in them

CHAPTER LXX

THE SPHYNX

It should not have been omitted that previous to completely stripping the body of the leviathan he was beheaded Now the beheading of the Sperm Whale is a scientific anatomical feat upon which experienced whale surgeons very much pride themselves and not without reason

Consider that the whale has nothing that can properly be called a neck on the contrary where his head and body seem to join there in that very place is the thickest part of him Remember also that the surgeon must operate from above some eight or ten feet intervening between him and his subject and that subject almost hidden in a discolored rolling and oftentimes tumultuous and bursting sea Bear in mind too that under these untoward circumstances he has to cut many feet deep in the flesh and in that subterraneous manner without so much as getting one single peep into the ever contracting gash thus made he must skillfully steer clear of all adjacent interdicted parts and exactly divide the spine at a critical point hard by its insertion into the skull Do you not marvel then at Stubb s boast that he demanded but ten minutes to behead a sperm whale?

When first severed the head is dropped astern and held there by a cable till the body is stripped That done if it belong to a small whale it is hoisted on deck to be deliberately disposed of But with a full grown leviathan this is impossible for the sperm whale s head embraces nearly one third of his entire bulk and completely to suspend such a burden as that even by the immense tackles of a whaler this were as vain a thing as to attempt weighing a Dutch barn in jewellers scales

The Pequod s whale being decapitated and the b stripped the head was

half way out of the sea so that it might yet in great part be buoyed up by its native element And there with the strained craft steeply leaning over it by reason of the enormous downward drag from the lower mast head and every yard arm on that side projecting like a crane over the waves there that blood-dripping head hung to the Pequod s waist like the giant Holofernes s from the girdle of Judith

When this last task was accomplished it was noon and the seamen went below to their dinner Silence reigned over the before tumultuous but now deserted deck An intense copper calm like a universal yellow lotus was more and more unfolding its noiseless measureless leaves upon the sea

A short space elapsed and up into this noiselessness came Ahab alone from his cabin Taking a few turns on the quarter-deck he paused to gaze over the side then slowly getting into the main-chains he took Stubb s long spade—still remaining there after the whale s decapitation—and striking it into the lower part of the half suspended mass placed its other end crutch wise under one arm and so stood leaning over with eyes attentively fixed on this head

It was a black and hooded head and hanging there in the midst of so intense a calm it seemed the Sphynx s in the desert Speak thou vast and venerable head muttered Ahab which though ungarnished with a beard yet here and there lookest hoary with mosses speak mighty head and tell us the secret thing that is in thee Of all divers thou hast dived the deepest That head upon which the upper sun now gleams has moved amid this world s foundations Where unrecorded names and navies rust and untold hopes and anchors rot where in her murderous hold this frigate earth is ballasted with bones of millions of the drowned there in that awful water land there was thy most familiar home Thou hast been where bell or diver never went, hast slept by many a sailor's side, where sleepless mothers would give their lives to lay them down Thou saw st the locked lovers when leaping from their flaming ship, heart to heart they sank beneath the exulting wave true to each other, when heaven seemed false to them

Thou saw'st the murdered mate when tossed by pirates from the midnight deck for hours he fell into the deeper mid night of the insatiate maw and his murderers still sailed on unharmed—while swift lightnings shivered the neighbor ing ship that would have borne a righteous husband to out stretched longing arms O head! thou hast seen enough to split the planets and make an infidel of Abraham and not one syllable is thine!

'Sail ho! cried a triumphant voice from the main mast head

Aye? Well now that's cheering cried Ahab sud denly *erecting himself while whole thunder-clouds swept* aside from his brow That lively cry upon this deadly calm might almo t convert a better man—Where away?

Three points on the starboard bow sir and bringing down her breeze to us!

Better and better man Would now St Paul would come along that way and to my breezelessness bring his breeze! O Nature and O soul of man! how far beyond all utterance are your linked analogies not the smallest atom stirs or lives on matter but has its cunning duplicate in mind

CHAPTER LXXI

THE JEROBOAM'S STORY

HAND in hand ship and bleeze blew on but the breeze came faster than the ship and soon the Pequod began to rock

By and by through the gla s the stranger's boat and manned mast heads proved her a whale ship But as she was so far to windward and shooting by apparently mak ing a passage to some other ground the Pequod could not hope to reach her So the signal was set to see what re sponse would be made

Here be it said that like the vessels of military marines the ships of the American Whale Fleet have each a private signal all which signals being collected in a book with the

names of the respective vessels attached, every captain is provided with it Thereby the whale commanders are enabled to recognise each other upon the ocean even at considerable distance and with no small facility

The Pequod s signal was at last responded to by the stranger s setting her own which proved the ship to be the Jeroboam of Nantucket Squaring her yards she bore down ranged abeam under the Pequod s lee and lowered a boat it soon drew nigh but as the side ladder was being rigged by Starbuck s order to accommodate the visiting captain the stranger in question waved his hand from his boat s stern in token of that proceeding being entirely unnecessary It turned out that the Jeroboam had a malignant epidemic on board and that Mayhew her captain was fearful of infecting the Pequod s company For though himself and the boat s crew remained untainted and though his ship was half a rifle shot off and an incorruptible sea and air rolling and flowing between yet conscientiously adhering to the timid quarantine of the land he peremptorily refused to come into direct contact with the Pequod

But this did by no means prevent all communications Preserving an interval of some few yards between itself and the ship the Jeroboam s boat by the occasional use of its oars contrived to keep parallel to the Pequod as she heavily forged through the sea (for by this time it blew very fresh) with her main topsail aback though indeed at times by the sudden onset of a large rolling wave the boat would be pushed some way ahead but would be soon skilfully brought to her proper bearings again Subject to this and other the like interruptions now and then a conversation was sustained between the two parties but at intervals not without still another interruption of a very different sort

Pulling an oar in the Jeroboam s boat was a man of a singular appearance even in that wild whaling life where individual notabilities make up all totalities He was a small short youngish man sprinkled all over his face with freckles and wearing redundant yellow hair A long skirted cabalistically-cut coat of a faded walnut tinge enveloped him the overlapping sleeves of which were rolled

up on his wrists A deep ettled, fanatic delirium was in his eyes

So oon as this figure had been first descried Stubb had exclaimed— That s he! that s he!—the long togged scara mouch the Town Ho s company told us of! Stubb here alluded to a strange story told of the Jeroboam and a certain man among her crew ome time previous when the Pequod spoke the Town Ho According to this account and what was subsequently learned it seemed that the scaramouch in question had gained a wonderful ascendency over almo t everybody in the Jeroboam His story was this

He had been originally nurtured among the crazy o ciety of Neskyeuna Shakers where he had been a great prophet in their cracked secret meetings having several times descended from heaven by the way of a trap door announcing the speedy opening of the seventh vial which he carried in his vest pocket but which instead of containing gunpowder was suppo ed to be charged with laudanum A strange apostolic whim having seized him he had left *Neskyeuna* for *Nantucket* where with that cunning peculiar to craziness he assumed a steady common sense exterior and offered himself as a green hand candidate for the Jeroboam s whaling voyage They engaged him but straightway upon the ship s getting out of sight of land his insanity broke out in a freshet He announced himself as the archangel Gabriel and commanded the captain to jump overboard He published his manifesto whereby he set himself forth as the deliverer of the isles of the ea and vicar general of all Oceanica The unflinching earnestness with which he declared these things —the dark daring play of his sleepless excited imagination and all the preternatural terrors of real delirium united to invest this Gabriel in the minds of the majority of the ignorant crew with an atmo phere of sacredness Moreover they were afraid of him As such a man however was not of much practical use in the ship especially as he refused to work except when he plea ed the incredulous captain would fain have been rid of him but apprised that that individual intention was to land him in the first convenient port the archangel forthwith opened all his seals and vials—devoting

the ship and all hands to unconditional perdition in case this intention was carried out So strongly did he work upon his disciples among the crew that at last in a body they went to the captain and told him if Gabriel was sent from the ship not a man of them would remain He was therefore forced to relinquish his plan Nor would they permit Gabriel to be any way maltreated say or do what he would so that it came to pass that Gabriel had the complete freedom of the ship The consequence of all this was that the archangel cared little or nothing for the captain and mates and since the epidemic had broken out he carried a higher hand than ever declaring that the plague as he called it was at his sole command nor should it be stayed but according to his good pleasure The sailors mostly poor devils cringed and some of them fawned before him in obedience to his instructions sometimes rendering him personal homage as to a god Such things may seem incredible but however wondrous they are true Nor is the history of fanatics half so striking in respect to the measureless self-deception of the fanatic himself as his measureless power of deceiving and bedevilling so many others But it is time to return to the Pequod

I fear not thy epidemic man said Ahab from the bulwarks to Captain Mayhew who stood in the boat s stern come on board

But now Gabriel started to his feet

Think think of the fevers yellow and bilious! Beware of the horrible plague!

Gabriel! Gabriel! cried Captain Mayhew thou must either—— But that instant a headlong wave shot the boat far ahead and its seethings drowned all speech

Hast thou seen the White Whale? demanded Ahab when the boat drifted back

'Think think of thy whale boat stoven and sunk! Beware of the horrible tail!'

I tell thee again Gabriel that—— But again the boat tore ahead as if dragged by fiends Nothing was said for some moments while a succession of riotous waves rolled by which by one of those occasional caprices of the seas were tumbling not heaving it Meantime the hoisted sperm

whale s head jogged about very violently and Gabriel was seen eyeing it with rather more apprehensiveness than his archangel nature seemed to warrant

When this interlude was over Captain Mayhew began a dark story concerning Moby Dick not however, without frequent interruptions from Gabriel whenever his name was mentioned and the crazy sea that seemed leagued with him

It seemed that the Jeroboam had not long left home when upon peaking a whale ship her people were reliably appri ed of the existence of Moby Dick and the havoc he had made Greedily sucking in this intelligence Gabriel solemnly warned the captain against attacking the White Whale in case the monster should be seen in his gibbering insanity pronouncing the White Whale to be no less a being than the Shaker God incarnated the Shakers receiv ing the Bible But when some year or two afterwards Moby Dick was fairly sighted from the mast heads Macey the chief mate burned with ardor to encounter him and the captain himself being not unwilling to let him have the opportunity despite all the archangel s denunciations and forewarnings Macey succeeded in persuading five men to man his boat With them he pushed off and after much weary pulling and many perilous unsuccessful onsets he at last succeeded in getting one iron fast Meantime Gabriel ascending to the main royal mast head was tossing one arm in frantic gestures and hurling forth prophecies of speedy doom to the sacrilegious assailants of his divinity Now while Macey the mate was standing up in his boat bow and with all the reckless energy of his tribe was vent ing his wild exclamations upon the whale and essaying to get a fair chance for his poised lance lo! a broad white shadow rose from the sea by its quick fanning motion temporarily taking the b eath out of the bodies of the oars men Next instant the luckless mate so full of furious life was smitten bodily into the air and making a long arc in his descent fell into the sea at the distance of about fifty yards Not a chip of the boat was harmed nor a hair o any oarsman s head but the mate for ever sank

It is well to parenthesize here that of the fatal accident in the Sperm Whale Fishery, this kind is perhaps

of the cabin Of such a letter Death himself might well have been the post boy

Can st not read it? cried Ahab Give it me man Aye aye it s but a dim scrawl —what s this? As he was studying it out Starbuck took a long cutting spade pole, and with his knife slightly split the end to insert the letter there and in that way hand it to the boat without it coming any closer to the ship

Meantime Ahab holding the letter muttered Mr Har —yes Mr Harry—(a woman s pinny hand —the man s wife, I ll wager)—Aye—Mr Harry Macey Ship Jeroboam why it s Macey and he s dead!

'Poor fellow! poor fellow! and from his wife' sighed Mayhew but let me have it

Nay keep it thyself cried Gabriel to Ahab thou ar soon going that way

Curses throttle thee! yelled Ahab *Captain Mayhew* stand by now to receive it and taking the fatal mis ive from Starbuck s hands he caught it in the slit of the pole and reached it over towards the boat But as he did so the oarsmen expectantly desisted from rowing the boat drifted a little towards the ship s stern so that as if by magic the letter suddenly ranged along with Gabriel s eager hand He clutched it in an instant seized the boat knife and impaling the letter on it sent it thus loaded back into the ship It fell at Ahab s feet Then Gabriel shrieked out to his comrades to give way with their oars and in that manner the mutinous boat rapidly shot away from the Pequod

As after this interlude the seamen resumed their work upon the jacket of the whale many strange things were hinted in reference to this wild affair

CHAPTER LXXII

THE MONKEY ROPE

IN the tumultuous business of cutting in and attending to a whale there is much running backwards and forwards among the crew Now hands are wanted here and then again hands are wanted there There is no staying in any one

own inseparable twin brother nor could I any way get rid of the dangerous liabilities which the hempen bond entailed

So strongly and metaphysically did I conceive of my situation then that while earnestly watching his motions I *seemed distinctly to perceive that my own individuality was* now merged in a joint stock company of two that my free will had received a mortal wound and that another s mis*take or misfortune might plunge innocent me into unmerited* disaster and death Therefore I saw that here was a sort of interregnum in Providence for its even handed equity never could have sanctioned so gross an injustice And yet still further pondering—while I jerked him now and then from between the whale and the ship which would threaten to jam him—still further pondering I say I saw that this situation of mine was the precise situation of every mortal that breathes only in most cases he one way or other has this Siamese connexion with a plurality of other mortals If your banker breaks you snap if your apothecary by *mistake sends you poison in your pills you die* True you may say that by exceeding caution you may possibly escape these and the multitudinous other evil chances of life But handle Queequeg s monkey rope heedfully as I would sometimes he jerked it so that I came very near *sliding overboard Nor could I possibly forget that do what* I would I only had the management of one end of it [1]

I have hinted that I would often jerk poor Queequeg from between the whale and the ship—where he would occasionally fall from the incessant rolling and swaying of both But this was not the only jamming jeopardy he was exposed to Unappalled by the massacre made upon them during the night the sharks now freshly and more keenly allured by the before pent blood which began to flow from the carcase—the rabid creatures swarmed round it like bees in a beehive

And right in among those sharks was Queequeg who often pushed *them aside* with his floundering feet A thing

[1] Th m k y op i f d in ll wh l rs b t it was l the P q od th t th m k y a d h h l l w t ed togeth Th s mprov me t po th ig l sag w trod ed by o less m th St bb d r t aff rd t th mp lled h poon th t ongest poss bl gu a t for the faithf l ess and g l f hi monk y rope hold

while he calmly walked towards the astonished steward slowly saying Ginger? ginger? and will you have the goodness to tell me Mr Dough Boy where lies the virtue of ginger? Ginger! is ginger the sort of fuel you use Dough boy, to kindle a fire in this shivering cannibal? Ginger!—what the devil is ginger?—sea-coal?—fire wood?—lucifer matches?—tinder?—gunpowder?—what the devil is ginger, I ay that you offer this cup to our poor Queequeg here"

There is some sneaking Temperance Society movement about this business he suddenly added now approaching Starbuck who had just come from forward Will you look at that kannakin sir smell of it if you please Then watching the mate s countenance he added The steward Mr Starbuck had the face to offer that calomel and jalap to Queequeg there this instant off the whale Is the steward an apothecary sir? and may I ask whether this is the sort of bitters by which he blows back the life into a half drowned man?

I trust not said Starbuck it is poor stuff enough

'Aye aye steward cried Stubb we ll teach you to drug a harpooneer none of your apothecary s medicine here you want to poison us do ye? You have got out insurances on our lives and want to murder u all and pocket the proceeds do ye?

It was not me cried Dough Boy it was Aunt Charity that brought the ginger on board and bade me never give the harpooneers any spirits but only this ginger jub—so she called it

Ginger jub! you gingerly rascal! take that! and run along with ye to the lockers and get something better I hope I do no wrong Mr Starbuck It is the captain s orders—grog for the harpooneer on a whale

'Enough replied Starbuck only don t hit him again but——

Oh I never hurt when I hit except when I hit a whale or something of that sort and this fellow s a weazel W were you about saying sir?

Only this go down with him, and get what thyself

When Stubb reappeared he came with a dark flask in one hand and a sort of tea caddy in the other The first contained strong spirits and was handed to Queequeg the second was Aunt Charity s gift and that was freely given to the waves

CHAPTER LXXIII

STUBB AND FLASK KILL A RIGHT WHALE AND THEN HAVE A TALK OVER HIM

It must be borne in mind that all this time we have a Sperm Whale s prodigious head hanging to the Pequod s side But we must let it continue hanging there a while till we can get a chance to attend to it For the present other matters press and the best we can do now for the head is to pray heaven the tackles may hold

Now during the past night and forenoon the Pequod had gradually drifted into a sea which by its occasional patches of yellow brit gave unusual tokens of the vicinity of Right Whales a species of the Leviathan that but few supposed to be at this particular time lurking anywhere near And though all hands commonly disdained the capture of those inferior creatures and though the Pequod was not commissioned to cruise for them at all and though she had passed numbers of them near the Crozetts without lowering a boat yet now that a Sperm Whale had been brought alongside and beheaded to the surprise of all the announcement was made that a Right Whale should be captured that day, if opportunity offered

Nor was this long wanting Tall spouts were seen to leeward and two boats Stubb s and Flask s were detached in pursuit Pulling further and further away they at last became almost invisible to the men at the mast head But suddenly in the distance they saw a great heap of tumultuous white water and soon after news came from aloft that one or both the boats must be fast An interval passed and the boats were in plain sight in the act of being dragged right towards the ship by the towing whale So close did

the monster come to the hull that at first it seemed as if he meant it malice but suddenly going down in a maelstrom, within three rods of the planks he wholly disappeared from view as if diving under the keel Cut cut! was the cry from the ship to the boats which for one instant seemed on the point of being brought with a deadly dash against the vessel s side But having plenty of line yet in the tubs and the whale not sounding very rapidly they paid out abundance of rope and at the same time pulled with all their might so as to get ahead of the ship For a few minutes the struggle was intensely critical for while they still slacked out the tightened line in one direction and still plied their oars in another the contending strain threatened to take them under But it was only a few feet advance they sought to gain And they stuck to it till they did gain it when instantly a swift tremor was felt running like lightning along the keel as the strained line scraping beneath the ship suddenly rose to view under her bows snapping and quivering and so flinging off its drippings that the drops fell like bits of broken glass on the water while the whale beyond also rose to sight and once more the boats were free to fly But the fagged whale abated his speed and blindly altering his course went round the stern of the ship towing the two boats after him so that they performed a complete circuit

Meantime they hauled more and more upon their lines till close flanking him on both sides Stubb answered Flask with lance for lance *and thus round and round the Pequod* the battle went while the multitudes of sharks that had before swum round the Sperm Whale s body rushed to the fresh blood that was spilled thirstily drinking at every new gash as the eager I raelites did at the new bursting fountains that poured from the smitten rock

At last his spout grew thick and with a frightful roll and vomit he turned upon his back a corpse

While the two headsmen were engaged in making fast cords to his flukes and in other ways getting the mass in readiness for towing some conversation ensued between them

I wonder what the old man wants with this lump of foul

Pooh! Stubb, you are skylarking how can Fedallah do that?

I don t know Flask but the devil is a curious chap and a wicked one I tell ye Why they say as how he went a sauntering into the old flag ship once switching his tail about devilish easy and gentlemanlike and inquiring if the old governor was at home Well he was at home and asked the devil what he wanted The devil switching his hoofs, up and says I want John What for? says the old governor What business is that of yours says the devil getting mad — I want to u e him Take him says the governor —and by the Lord Flask if the devil didn t give John the Asiatic cholera before he got through with him I ll eat this whale in one mouthful But look sharp—ain t you all ready there? Well then pull ahead and let s get the whale alongside

I think I remember some such story as you were telling said Flask when at last the two boats were slowly advancing with their burden towards the ship but I can t remember where

Three Spaniards? Adventures of those three bloody minded oladoes? Did ye read it there Flask? I guess ye did?

No never saw such a book heard of it though But now tell me Stubb do you suppose that that devil you was speaking of just now was the same you say is now on board the Pequod?

Am I the same man that helped kill this whale? Doesn t the devil live for ever who ever heard that the devil was dead? Did you ever see any parson a wearing mourning for the devil? And if the devil has a latch key to get into the admiral s cabin don t you suppose he can crawl into a port hole? Tell me that Mr Flask? '

How old do you suppose Fedallah is Stubb?

Do you see that mainmast there? pointing to the ship well that s the figure one now take all the hoops in the Pequod s hold and string em along in a row with that mast for oughts do you see well that wouldn t begin to be Fedallah s age Nor all the coopers in creation couldn t show hoops enough to make oughts enough '

'But see here Stubb I thought you a little boasted just now that you meant to give Fedallah a sea toss if you got a good chance Now if he s so old as all those hoops of yours come to and if he is going to live for ever what good will it do to pitch him overboard—tell me that?

Give him a good ducking anyhow

But he d crawl back

Duck him again and keep ducking him

Suppose he should take it into his head to duck you, though—yes and drown you—what then?

I should like to see him try it I d give him such a pair of black eyes that he wouldn t dare to show his face in the admiral s cabin again for a long while let alone down in the orlop there where he lives and hereabouts on the upper decks where he sneaks so much Damn the devil Fla k ,o you suppose I m afraid of the dev l? Who s afraid of him except the old governor who daresn t catch him and put him in double darbies as he deserves but lets him go about kidnapping people aye and signed a bond with him that all the people the devil kidnapped he d roast for him? There s a governor!

Do you suppose Fedallah wants to kidnap Captain Ahab?

Do I suppose it? You ll know it before long Flask But I am going now to keep a sharp look-out on him and if I see anything very suspicious going on I ll just take hir by the nape of his neck and say—Look here Beelze bub you don t do it and if he makes any fuss by the Lord I ll make a grab into his pocket for his tail take it to the capstan and give him such a wrenching and heaving that his tail will come short off at the stump—do you see and then I rather gue s when he finds himself docked in that queer fashion he ll neak off without the poor satisfaction of feeling his tail between his legs

And what will you do with the tail Stubb?

Do with it? Sell it for an ox whip when we get home —what el e?

Now do you mean what you say and have been saying all along Stubb?

Mean or not mean here we are at the ship'

The boats were here hailed to tow the whale on the lar board side where fluke chains and other necessaries were already prepared for securing him

Didn t I tell you so? said Flask yes you'll soon see this right whale s head hoisted up opposite that parma cetti s

In good time Flask s saying proved true As before the Pequod steeply leaned over towards the sperm whale s head now by the counterpoise of both heads she regained her even keel though sorely strained you may well believe So when on one side you hoist in Locke s head you go over that way but now on the other side hoist in Kant s and you come back again but in very poor plight Thus some minds for ever keep trimming boat Oh ye foolish! throw all these thunder heads overboard and then you will float light and right

In dispo ing of the body of a right whale when brought alongside the ship the same preliminary proceedings com monly take place as in the case of a sperm whale only in the latter instance the head is cut off whole but in the former the lips and tongue are separately removed and hoisted on deck with all the well known black bone attached to what is called the crown piece But nothing like this in the pre ent case had been done The carcases of both whales had dropped astern and the head laden ship not a little resembled a mule carrying a pair of overburdening panniers

Meantime Fedallah was calmly eyeing the right whale s head and ever and anon glancing from the deep wrinkles there to the lines in his own hand And Ahab chanced so to stand that the Parsee occupied his shadow while if the Parsee s shadow was there at all it seemed only to blend with and lengthen Ahab s As the crew toiled on Laplandish speculations were bandied among them concerning all these passing things

CHAPTER LXXIV

THE SPERM WHALE'S HEAD—CONTRASTED VIEW

HERE now are two great whales laying their heads together let us join them and lay together our own

Of the grand order of folio leviathans the Sperm Whale and the Right Whale are by far the most noteworthy They are the only whales regularly hunted by man To the Nan tucketer they present the two extremes of all the known varieties of the whale As the external difference between them is mainly observable in their heads and as a head of each is this moment hanging from the Pequod s side and as we may freely go from one to the other by merely stepping across the deck —where I should like to know will you obtain a better chance to study practical cetology than here?

In the first place you are struck by the general contrast between these heads Both are massive enough in all con science but there is a certain mathematical symmetry in the Sperm Whale s which the Right Whale s sadly lacks There is more character in the Sperm Whale s head As you behold it you involuntarily yield the immense super iority to him in point of pervading dignity In the present instance too this dignity is heightened by the pepper and salt color of his head at the summit giving token of ad vanced age and large experience In short he is what the fishermen technically call a grey headed whale

Let us now note what is least dissimilar in these heads—namely the two most important organs the eye and the ear Far back on the side of the head and low down near the angle of either whale s jaw if you narrowly search you will at last ee a lashless eye which you would fancy to be a young colt s eye so out of all proportion is it to the magni tude of the head

Now from thi peculiar sideway position of the whale's eyes it is plain that he can never see an object which is exactly ahead no more than he can one exactly astern In a word, the position of the whale s eyes corresponds to that of a man s ear and you may fancy for yourself how it would fare with you did you sideways survey objects through your ears You would find that you could only

command some thirty degrees of vision in advance of the straight side line of sight and about thirty more behind it If your bitterest foe were walking straight towards you with dagger uplifted in broad day you would not be able to see him any more than if he were stealing upon you from behind In a word you would have two backs so to speak but at the same time also two fronts (side fronts) for what is it that makes the front of a man—what indeed but *his eyes?*

Moreover while in most other animals that I can now think of the eyes are so planted as imperceptibly to blend their visual power so as to produce one picture and not two to the brain the peculiar position of the whale's eyes effectually divided as they are by many cubic feet of solid head, which towers between them like a great mountain separating two lakes in valleys this of course must wholly separate the impressions which each independent organ imparts The whale therefore must see one distinct picture on this side, and another distinct picture on that side while all between must be profound darkness and nothingness to him Man may in effect be said to look out on the world from a sentry box with two joined sashes for his window But with the whale these two sashes are separately inserted making two distinct windows but sadly impairing the view This peculiarity of the whale's eyes is a thing always to be borne in mind in the fishery and to be remembered by the reader in some subsequent scenes

A curious and most puzzling question might be started concerning this visual matter as touching the Leviathan But I must be content with a hint So long as a man's eyes are open in the light the act of seeing is involuntary that is he cannot then help mechanically seeing whatever objects are before him Nevertheless any one's experience will teach him that though he can take in an undiscriminating sweep of things at one glance it is quite impossible for him, attentively and completely to examine any two things—however large or however small—at one and the same instant of time never mind if they lie side by side and touch each other But if you now come to separate these two objects and surround each by a circle of profound

darkness then in order to see one of them, in such a manner as to bring your mind to bear on it, the other will be utterly excluded from your contemporary consciousness How is it then with the whale? True both his eyes in themselves must simultaneously act but is his brain so much more comprehensive combining, and subtle than man s that he can at the same moment of time attentively examine two distinct prospects one on one side of him and the other in an exactly opposite direction? If he can then is it as marvellous a thing in him as if a man were able simultaneously to go through the demonstrations of two distinct problems in Euclid Nor, strictly investigated, is there any incongruity in this comparison

It may be but an idle whim but it has always seemed to me that the extraordinary vacillations of movement dis played by some whales when beset by three or four boats the timidity and liability to queer frights so common to such whales I think that all this indirectly proceeds from the helpless perplexity of volition in which their divided and diametrically opposite powers of vision must involve them

But the ear of the whale is full as curious as the eye If you are an entire stranger to their race you might hunt over these two heads for hours and never discover that organ The ear has no external leaf whatever and into the hole itself you can hardly insert a quill o wondrously minute is it It is lodged a little behind the eye With respect to their ears this important difference is to be observed between the sperm whale and the right While the ear of the former has an external opening that of the latter is entirely and evenly covered over with a membrane o as to be quite im perceptible from without

Is it not curious that so vast a being as the whale should see the world through so small an eye and hear the thunder through an ear which is maller than a hare s? But if his eyes were broad as the lens of Her chel s great telescope and his ears capacious as the porches of cathedrals would that make him any longer of sight or sharper of hearing? Not at all —Why then do you try to enlarge your mind? Subtilize it

Let us now with whatever levers and steam engines we have at hand, cant over the sperm whale s head so that it may lie bottom up then ascending by a ladder to the sum mit have a peep down the mouth and were it not that the body is *now completely separated from it with a lantern* we might descend into the great Kentucky Mammoth Cave of his stomach But let us hold on here by this tooth and look about us where we are What a really beautiful and chaste looking mouth! from floor to ceiling lined or rather papered with a glistening white membrane glossy as bridal satins

But come out now and look at this portentou lower jaw which seems like the long narrow lid of an immense snuff box with the hinge at one end instead of one side If you pry it up so as to get it overhead and expo e its rows of teeth it seems a terrific portcullis and such alas! it proves to many a poor wight in the fishery upon whom these spikes fall with impaling force But far more terrible is it to behold when fathoms down in the sea you ee some sulky whale floating there suspended with his prodigiou jaw ome fifteen feet long hanging traight down at right angles with his body for all the world like a ship s jib boom This whale is not dead he is only dispirited out of sorts *perhaps hypochondriac and so supine that the* hinges of his jaw have relaxed leaving him there in that ungainly ort of plight a reproach to all his tribe who must no doubt imprecate lock jaws upon him

In most cases this lower jaw—being easily unhinged by a practised artist—is disengaged *and hoisted on deck for the* purpo e of extracting the ivory teeth and furnishing a supply of that hard white whalebone with which the fisher men fashion all orts of curious articles including canes umbrella sticks and handles to riding whips

With a long weary hoi t the jaw is dragged on board as if it were an anchor and when the proper time comes—some few days after the other work—Queequeg Daggoo and Tashtego being all accomplished dentists are set to drawing teeth With a keen cutting spade Queequeg lances the gums then the jaw is lashed down to ringbolts and a tackle being rigged from aloft, they drag out these teeth as



marvellous manner But if this whale be a king he is a very sulky looking fellow to grace a diadem Look at that hanging lower lip! what a huge sulk and pout is there! a sulk and pout by carpenter s measurement about twenty feet long and five feet deep a sulk and pout that will yield you some 500 gallons of oil and more

A great pity now that this unfortunate whale should be hare-lipped The fissure is about a foot across Probably the mother during an important interval was sailing down the Peruvian coast when earthquakes caused the beach to gape Over this lip as over a slippery threshold we now slide into the mouth Upon my word were I at Mackinaw, I should take this to be the inside of an Indian wigwam. Good Lord! is this the road that Jonah went? The roof is about twelve feet high and runs to a pretty sharp angle, as if there were a regular ridge pole there while these ribbed arched hairy sides present us with those wondrous half vertical scimetar shaped slats of whalebone say three *hundred on a side which depending from the upper part* of the head or crown bone form those Venetian blinds *which have elsewhere been cursorily mentioned* The edges of these bones are fringed with hairy fibres through which the Right Whale strains the water and in whose intricacies he retains the small fish when open mouthed he goes through the seas of brit in feeding time In the central blinds of bone as they stand in their natural order there are certain curious marks curves hollows and ridges, whereby some whalemen calculate the creature s age as the age of an oak by its circular rings Though the certainty of this criterion is far from demonstrable yet it has the savor of analogical probability At any rate if we yield to it we must grant a far greater age to the Right Whale than at first glance will eem reasonable

In old times there seem to have prevailed the most *curious fancies concerning these blinds* One voyager in Purchas calls them the wondrous whiskers inside of the whale s *mouth* [1] *another hogs bristles a third old*

1 This m nds th t th Right Wh l really h sort of whi k or rather a moustach con ist g f f w scattered wh te h rs on the upper part f th ter d f th low j w Som times these t fts mpart th brigandish exp essi t his oth rwise sol mn cou tenanc

Can you catch the expression of the Sperm Whale s there? It is the same he died with only some of the longer wrinkles in the forehead seem now faded away I think his broad brow to be full of a prairie like placidity born of a peculative indifference as to death But mark the other head s expression See that amazing lower lip pressed by accident against the ves el s side so as firmly to embrace the jaw Does not this whole head seem to speak of an enormous practical resolution in facing death? This Right Whale I take to have been a Stoic the Sperm Whale, a Platonian who might have taken up Spinoza in his latter years

CHAPTER LXXVI

THE BATTERING RAM

ERE quitting for the nonce the Sperm Whale s head, I would have you as a sensible physiologist simply—particularly remark its front aspect in all its compacted collectedness I would have you investigate it now with the sole view of forming to yourself some unexaggerated intelligent estimate of whatever battering ram power may be lodged there Here is a vital point for you must either satisfactorily settle this matter with yourself or for ever remain an infidel as to one of the most appalling but not the less true events perhaps anywhere to be found in all recorded history

You observe that in the ordinary swimming position of the Sperm Whale the front of his head presents an almost wholly vertical plane to the water you observe that the lower part of that front slopes considerably backwards so as to furnish more of a retreat for the long socket which receives the boom like lower jaw you observe that the mouth is entirely under the head much in the same way indeed as though your own mouth were entirely under your chin Moreover you observe that the whale has no external nose and that what nose he has—his spout hole—is on the top of his head you observe that his eyes and ears are at the sides of his head nearly one third of his entire length

elasticity of its envelop considering the unique interior of his head it has hypothetically occurred to me I say that those mystical lung-celled honeycombs there may possibly have some hitherto unknown and unsuspected connexion with the outer air so as to be susceptible to atmospheric distension and contraction If this be so fancy the irresis tibleness of that might to which the most impalpable and destructive of all elements contributes

Now mark Unerringly impelling this dead impregnable uninjurable wall and this most buoyant thing within there swims behind it all a mass of tremendous life only to be adequately estimated as piled wood is—by the cord and all obedient to one volition as the smallest insect So that when I shall hereafter detail to you all the pecialities and concentrations of potency everywhere lurking in this expan sive mon ter when I shall show you some of his more inconsiderable braining feats I trust you will have re nounced all ignorant incredulity and be ready to abide by this that though the Sperm Whale stove a passage through the Isthmus of Darien and mixed the Atlantic with the Pacific you would not elevate one hair of your eye brow For unless you own the whale you are but a provincial and sentimentalist in Truth But clear Truth is a thing for salamander giants only to encounter how small the chances for the provincials then? What befel the weakling youth lifting the dread goddess s veil at Lais?

CHAPTER LXXVII

THE GREAT HEIDELBURGH TUN

Now comes the Baling of the Case But to comprehend it aright you must know something of the curious internal structure of the thing operated upon

Regarding the Sperm Whale s head as a solid oblong you may on an inclined plane sideways divide it into two quoins [1] whereof the lower is the bony structure forming

1 Quoi is not E cl d t rm It b l g t th pu t I m th m t cs I k ow not th t t has be d fi ed b f A q l d wh h d ff rs from wedg g its h rp e d f rmed by th st p l t on of d inst ad f th m t l t p g f both des

the cranium and jaws and the upper an unctuous mass wholly free from bones its broad forward end forming the expanded vertical apparent forehead of the whale At the middle of the forehead horizontally subdivide this upper quoin and then you have two almost equal parts which before were naturally divided by an internal wall of a thick tendinous substance

The lower subdivided part called the junk is one immense honeycomb of oil formed by the crossing and recrossing into ten thousand infiltrated cells of tough elastic white fibres throughout its whole extent The upper part, known as the Case may be regarded as the great Heidelburgh Tun of the Sperm Whale And as that famous great tierce is mystically carved in front so the whale s vast plaited forehead forms innumerable strange devices for emblematical adornment of his wondrous tun Moreover as that of Heidelburgh was always replenished with the most excellent of the wines of the Rhenish valleys so the tun of the whale contains by far the most precious of all his oily vintages namely the highly prized spermaceti in its absolutely pure limpid and odoriferous state Nor is this precious substance found unalloyed in any other part of the creature Though in life it remains perfectly fluid yet, upon exposure to the air after death it soon begins to concrete sending forth beautiful crystalline shoots as when the fir t thin delicate ice is just forming in water A large whale s case generally yields about five hundred gallons of sperm though from unavoidable circumstances, considerable of it is spilled leaks and dribbles away or is otherwise irrevocably lost in the ticklish business of securing what you can

I know not with what fine and co tly material the Heidelburgh Tun was coated within but in superlative richness that coating could not possibly have compared with the silken pearl-colored membrane like the lining of a fine pelisse forming the inner surface of the Sperm Whale s case

It will have been seen that the Heidelburgh Tun of the Sperm Whale embraces the entire length of the entire top of the head and since—as has been elsewhere set forth—the

head embraces one third of the whole length of the creature then setting that length down at eighty feet for a good sized whale, you have more than twenty six feet for the depth of the tun when it is lengthwise hoisted up and down against a ship s side

As in decapitating the whale the operator s instrument is brought close to the spot where an entrance is subsequently forced into the spermaceti magazine he has therefore to be uncommonly heedful lest a careless untimely stroke should invade the *sanctuary and wastingly let out its invaluable* contents It is this decapitated end of the head also which is at last elevated out of the water and retained in that position by the enormous cutting tackles whose hempen combinations on one side make quite a wilderness of ropes in that quarter

Thus much being said attend now I pray you to that marvellous and—in this particular instance—almost fatal operation whereby the Sperm Whale s great Heidelburgh Tun is tapped

CHAPTER LXXVIII

CISTERN AND BUCKETS

NIMBLE as a cat Tashtego mounts aloft and without *altering his erect posture runs straight out upon the over* hanging mainyard arm to the part where it exactly projects over the hoisted Tun He has carried with him a light tackle called a whip consisting of only two parts travelling through a single sheaved block Securing this block so that it hangs down from the yard arm he swings one end of the rope till it is caught and firmly held by a hand on the deck Then hand over hand down the other part the Indian drops through the air till dexterously he lands on the summit of the head There—still high elevated above the rest of the company to whom he vivaciously cries—he seems one Turkish Muezzin calling the good people to prayers from the top of a tower A hort handled sharp spade being sent up to him he diligently searches for the proper place to begin breaking into the Tun In this

business he proceeds very heedfully like a treasure hunter in some old house sounding the walls to find where the gold is masoned in By the time this cautious search is over, a tout iron bound bucket, precisely like a well bucket, has been attached to one end of the whip while the other end, being stretched across the deck, is there held by two or three alert hands These last now hoist the bucket within grasp of the Indian to whom another person has reached up a very long pole Inserting this pole into the bucket, Tash tego downward guides the bucket into the Tun till it entirely disappears then giving the word to the seamen at the whip up comes the bucket again all bubbling like a dairy maid s pail of new milk Carefully lowered from its height the full freighted vessel is caught by an appointed hand and quickly emp ed into a large tub Then re mounting aloft it again goes through the same round until the deep cistern will yield no more Towards the end Tash tego has to ram his long pole harder and harder and deeper and deeper into the Tun until some twenty feet of the pole have gone down

Now the people of the Pequod had been baling some time in this way everal tubs had been filled with the fragrant sperm when all at once a queer accident happened Whether it was that Tashtego that wild Indian was so heedless and reckless as to let go for a moment his one handed hold on the great cabled tackles suspending the head or whether the place where he stood was so treacher ous and oozy or whether the Evil One him elf would have it to fall out so without stating his particular reasons, how it was exa tly there is no telling now but on a sudden, as the eightieth or ninetieth bucket came suckingly up—my God' poor Tashtego—like the twin re iprocating bucket in a veritable well dropped head foremost down into this great Tun of Heidelburgh and with a horrible oily gurgling, went clean out of ight'

Man overboard' cried Daggoo who amid the general consternation first came to his senses Swing the bucket this way! and putting one foot into it so as the better to secure his slippery hand hold on the whip itself the hoisters ran him high up to the top of the head, almost

before Tashtego coul l have reached its interior bottom Meantime there was a terrible tumult Looking over the side they saw the before lifeless head throbbing and heaving just below the urface of the ea as if that moment seized with some momentous idea whereas it was only the poor Indian unconsciously revealing by those struggles the peril ous depth to which he had sunk

At this instant while Daggoo on the summit of the head was clearing the whip—which had somehow got foul of the great cutting tackles—a sharp cracking noise was heard and to the unspeakable horror of all one of the two enor mous hooks suspending the head tore out and with a vast vibration the enormous mass sideways swung till the drunk ship reeled and shook as if smitten by an iceberg The one remaining hook upon which the entire strain now depended seemed every instant to be on the point of giving way an event still more likely from the violent motions of the head

Come down come down! yelled the seamen to Daggoo but with one hand holding on to the heavy tackles so that if the head should drop he would still remain suspended the negro having cleared the foul line rammed down the bucket into the now collapsed well meaning that the buried harpooneer should grasp it and so be hoisted out

In heaven s name man cried Stubb are you ramming home a cartridge there?—Avast! How will that help him jamming that iron bound bucket on top of his head? Avast will ye!

Stand clear of the tackle! cried a voice like the bursting of a rocket

Almost in the same instant with a thunder boom the enormous ma s dropped into the sea like Niagara s Table Rock into the whirlpool the suddenly relieved hull rolled away from it to far down her glittering copper and all caught their breath as half swinging—now over the sailors heads and now over the water—Daggoo through a thick mist of spray was dimly beheld clinging to the pendulous tackles while poor buried alive Tashtego was inking utterly down to the bottom of the sea! But hardly had t blinding vapor cleared away when a naked figure with

boarding sword in his hand was for one swift moment seen hovering over the bulwarks The next a loud splash announced that my brave Queequeg had dived to the rescue One packed rush was made to the side and every eye counted every ripple as moment followed moment, and no sign of either the sinker or the diver could be seen Some hands now jumped into a boat alongside and pushed a little off from the ship

Ha! ha! cried Daggoo all at once from his now quiet swinging perch overhead and looking further off from the side we saw an arm thrust upright from the blue waves a sight strange to see as an arm thrust forth from the grass over a grave

Both! both —it is both! '—cried Daggoo again with a joyful shout and soon after Queequeg was seen boldly striking out with one hand and with the other clutching the long hair of the Indian Drawn into the waiting boat they were quickly brought to the deck but Tashtego was long in coming to and Queequeg did not look very brisk

Now how had this noble rescue been accomplished? Why diving after the slowly descending head Queequeg with his keen sword had made side lunges near its bottom so as to scuttle a large hole there then dropping his sword had thrust his long arm far inwards and upwards and so hauled out our poor Tash by the head He averred, that upon first thrusting in for him a leg was presented but well knowing that that was not as it ought to be and might occasion great trouble —he had thrust back the leg and by a dexterous heave and toss had wrought a somerset upon the Indian so that with the next trial he came forth in the good old way—head foremost As for the great head itself that was doing as well as could be expected

And thus through the courage and great skill in obstetrics of Queequeg the deliverance or rather delivery of Tashtego was successfully accomplished in the teeth, too, of the most untoward and apparently hopeless impediments which is a lesson by no means to be forgotten Midwifery should be taught in the same course with fencing and boxing riding and rowing

I know that this queer adventure of the Gay Header s

will be sure to seem incredible to some landsmen, though they themselves may have either seen or heard of some one s falling into a cistern ashore an accident which not seldom happens and with much less reason too than the Indian s considering the exceeding slipperiness of the curb of the Sperm Whale s well

But peradventure it may be sagaciously urged how is this? We thought the tissued infiltrated head of the Sperm Whale was the lightest and most corky part about him and yet thou makest it sink in an element of a far greater specific gravity than itself We have thee there Not at all but I have ye for at the time poor Tash fell in the case had been nearly emptied of its lighter contents leaving little but the dense tendinous wall of the well—a double welded hammered sub tance as I have before said much heavier than the sea water and a lump of which sinks in it like lead almost But the tendency to rapid sinking in this substance was in the present instance materially counteracted by the other parts of the head remaining undetached from it so that it sank very slowly and deliberately indeed affording Queequeg a fair chance for performing his agile obstetrics on the run as you may say Yes it was a running delivery so it was

Now had Tashtego perished in that head it had been a very precious perishing smothered in the very whitest and daintiest of fragrant spermaceti coffined hearsed and tombed in the secret inner chamber and sanctum sanctorum of the whale Only one sweeter end can readily be recalled —the delicious death of an Ohio honey hunter who seeking honey in the crotch of a hollow tree found such exceeding store of it that leaning too far over it sucked him in so that he died embalmed How many think ye have like wise fallen into Plato s honey head, and sweetly perished there?

CHAPTER LXXIX

THE PRAIRIE

To scan the lines of his face or feel the bumps on the head of this Leviathan this is a thing which no Physiogno-

mist or Phrenologist has as yet undertaken Such an enterprise would seem almost as hopeful as for Lavater to have scrutinized the wrinkles on the Rock of Gibraltar, or for Gall to have mounted a ladder and manipulated the dome of the Pantheon Still in that famous work of his Lavater not only treats of the various faces of men but also attentively studies the faces of horses birds serpents and fish and dwells in detail upon the modifications of expression discernible therein Nor have Gall and his disciple Spurzheim failed to throw out some hints touching the phrenological characteristics of other beings than man Therefore though I am but ill qualified for a pioneer in the application of these two semi sciences to the whale I will do my endeavor I try all things I achieve what I can

Physiognomically regarded the Sperm Whale is an anomalous creature He has no proper nose And since the no e is the central and most conspicuous of the features, and since it perhaps most modifies and finally controls their combined expre sion hence it would seem that its entire absence as an external appendage must very largely affect the countenance of the whale For as in landscape gardening a pire cupola monument or tower of some sort, is deemed almost indispensable to the completion of the scene o no face can be physiognomically in keeping without the elev ted open work belfry of the no e Da h the nose from Phidias s marble Jove and what a sorry remainder! Nevertheless Leviathan is of o mighty a magnitude all hi proportions are so stately that the same deficiency which in the sculptured Jove were hideous in him is no blemish at all Nay it is an added grandeur A nose to the whale would have been impertinent As on your physiognomical voyage you ail round his vast head in your jolly boat your noble conceptions of him are never insulted by the reflection that he has a nose to be pulled A pestilent conceit which so often will insist upon obtruding even when beholding the mightiest royal beadle on his throne

In some particulars perhaps the most imposing physiognomical view to be had of the Sperm Whale is that of the full front of his head This aspect is sublime

In thought, a fine human brow is like the East when troubled with the morning In the repose of the pasture the curled brow of the bull has a touch of the grand in it Pushing heavy cannon up mountain defiles the elephant s brow is majestic Human or animal the mystical brow is as that great golden seal affixed by the German Emperors to their decrees It ignifies— God done this day by my hand' But in most creatures nay in man himself very often the brow is but a mere strip of alpine land lying along the snow line Few are the foreheads which like Shakpeare s or Melancthon s rise so high and de cend so low that the eyes themselves seem clear eternal tideless mountain lakes and all above them in the forehead s wrinkles you seem to track the antlered thoughts descending there to drink as the Highland hunters track the snow prints of the deer But in the great Sperm Whale this high and mighty god like dignity inherent in the brow is so immensely amplified that gazing on it in that full front view you feel the Deity and the dread powers more forcibly than in beholding any other object in living nature For you see *no* one point precisely not one distinct feature is revealed no no e eyes ears or mouth no face he has none proper nothing but that one broad firmament of a forehead pleated with riddles dumbly lowering with the doom of boats and ship and men Nor in profile does this wondrous brow diminish though that way viewed its grandeur does not domineer upon you so In profile you plainly perceive that horizontal emi crescentic depression in the forehead s middle which in a man is Lavater s mark of genius

But how? Genius in the Sperm Whale? Has the Sperm Whale ever written a book spoken a speech? No his great genius is declared in his doing nothing particular to prove it It is moreover declared in his pyramidical ilence And this reminds me that had the great Sperm Whale been known to the young Orient World he would have been deified by their child magian thoughts They deified the crocodile of the Nile becau e the crocodile is tongueless and the Sperm Whale has no tongue or at least it is so exceedingly mall as to be incapable of protrusion If hereafter any highly cultured poetical nation hall I

back to their birth right the merry May-day gods of old, and livingly enthrone them again in the now egotistical sky in the now unhaunted hill then be sure, exalted to Jove s high seat the great Sperm Whale shall lord it

Champollion deciphered the wrinkled granite hieroglyphics But there is no Champollion to decipher the Egypt of every man s and every being s face Physiognomy, like every other human science is but a passing fable If then Sir William Jones who read in thirty languages could not read the simplest pea ant s face in its profounder and more subtle meanings how may unlettered Ishmael hope to read the awful Chaldee of the Sperm Whale s brow? I but put that brow before you Read it if you can

CHAPTER LXXX

THE NUT

If the Sperm Whale be physiognomically a Sphinx to the phrenologist his brain seems that geometrical circle which it is impossible to square

In the full grown creature the skull will measure at least twenty feet in length Unhinge the lower jaw and the side view of this skull is as the side view of a moderately inclined plane resting throughout on a level base But in life—as we have elsewhere seen—this inclined plane is angularly filled up and almost squared by the enormous superincumbent mass of the junk and sperm At the high end the skull forms a crater to bed that part of the mass while under the long floor of this crater—in another cavity seldom exceeding ten inches in length and as many in depth—reposes the mere handful of this monster s brain The brain is at least twenty feet from his apparent forehead in life, it is hidden away behind its vast outworks like the innermost citadel within the amplified fortifications of Quebec So like a choice casket is it secreted in him, that I have known some whalemen who peremptorily deny that the Sperm Whale has any other brain than that palpable semblance of one formed by the cubic yards of his sperm

magazine Lying in strange folds courses and convolutions to their apprehensions it seems more in keeping with the idea of his general might to regard that mystic part of him as the at of his intelligence

It is plain then that phrenologically the head of this Leviathan in the creature s living intact state is an entire delusion As for his true brain you can then see no indications of it nor feel any The whale like all things that are mighty wears a fal e brow to the common world

If you unload his skull of its spermy heaps and then take a rear view of its rear end which is the high end you will be struck by its resemblance to the human skull beheld in the same situation and from the same point of view Indeed place this reversed skull (scaled down to the human magnitude) among a plate of men s skulls and you would involuntarily confound it with them and remarking the depressions on one part of its summit in phrenological phrase you would say—This man had no self esteem and no veneration And by tho e negations considered along with the affirmative fact of his prodigious bulk and power you can best form to yourself the truest though not the most exhilarating conception of what the most exalted potency is

But if from the comparative dimensions of the whale s proper brain you deem it incapable of being adequately charted then I have another idea for you If you attentively regard almost any quadruped s spine you will be struck with the re emblance of its vertebræ to a strung necklace of dwarfed skulls all bearing rudimental resemblance to the kull proper It is a German conceit that the vertebræ are absolutely undeveloped skulls But the curious external resemblance I take it the Germans were not the first men to perceive A foreign friend once pointed it out to me in the skeleton of a foe he had slain and with the vertebræ of which he was inlaying in a sort of ba o relievo the beaked prow of his canoe Now I consider that the phrenologists have omitted an important thing in not pushing their investigations from the cerebellum through the spinal canal For I believe that much of a man s character will be found betokened in his backbone I would

rather feel your spine than your skull whoever you are A thin joist of a spine never yet upheld a full and noble soul I rejoice in my spine as in the firm audacious staff of that flag which I fling half out to the world

Apply this spinal branch of phrenology to the Sperm Whale His cranial cavity is continuous with the first neck vertebra and in that vertebra the bottom of the spinal canal will measure ten inches across being eight in height, and of a triangular figure with the base downward As it passes through the remaining vertebræ the canal tapers in size, but for a considerable distance remains of large capacity Now of course, this canal is filled with much the same strangely fibrous substance—the spinal cord—as the brain, and directly communicates with the brain And what is still more for many feet after emerging from the brain s cavity the spinal cord remains of an undecreasing girth almost equal to that of the brain Under all these circumstances would it be unreasonable to survey and map out the whale s spine phrenologically? For viewed in this light the wonderful comparative smallness of his brain proper is more than compensated by the wonderful comparative magnitude of his spinal cord

But leaving this hint to operate as it may with the phrenologists I would merely assume the spinal theory for a moment in reference to the Sperm Whale s hump This augu t hump if I mistake not rises over one of the larger vertebræ and is therefore in some sort the outer convex mould of it From its relative situation then I should call this high hump the organ of firmness or indomitableness in the Sperm Whale And that the great monster is indomitable, you will yet have reason to know

CHAPTER LXXXI

THE PEQUOD MEETS THE VIRGIN

The predestinated day arrived and we duly met the ship Jungfrau Derick De Deer master of Bremen

At one time the greatest whaling people in the world the

Dutch and Germans are now among the least but here and there at very wide intervals of latitude and longitude you still occasionally meet with their flag in the Pacific

For some reason the Jungfrau seemed quite eager to pay her respects While yet some distance from the Pequod she rounded to and dropping a boat her captain was impelled towards us impatiently standing in the bows instead of the stern

'What has he in his hand there? cried Starbuck pointing to something wavingly held by the German Impossible!—a lamp-feeder!

Not that said Stubb no no it s a coffee pot Mr Starbuck he s coming off to make us our coffee is the Yarman don t you see that big tin can there alongside of him?—that s his boiling water *Oh! he s all right is the Yarman*

Go along with you cried Flask it s a lamp feeder and an oil-can He s out of oil and has come a begging

However curious it may seem for an oil ship to be borrowing oil on the whale ground and however much it may invertedly contradict the old proverb about carrying coals to Newcastle yet sometimes such a thing really happens and in the present case Captain Derick De Deer did indubitably conduct a lamp-feeder as Flask did declare

As he mounted the deck Ahab abruptly accosted him without at all heeding what he had in his hand but in his broken lingo the German soon evinced his complete ignorance of the White Whale immediately turning the conversation to his lamp feeder and oil can with some remarks touching his having to turn into his hammock at night in profound darkness—his last drop of Bremen oil being gone and not a single flying fish yet captured to supply the deficiency concluding by hinting that his ship was indeed what in the Fishery is technically called a *clean* one (that is an empty one) well deserving the name of Jungfrau or the Virgin

His necessities supplied Derick departed but he had not gained his ship s side when whales were almost simultaneously raised from the mast heads of both vessels and so eager for the chase was Derick that without pausing

put his oil-can and lamp-feeder aboard he slewed round his boat and made after the leviathan lamp feeders

Now the game having risen to leeward he and the other three German boats that soon followed him had considerably the start of the Pequod s keels There were eight whales an average pod Aware of their danger they were going all abreast with great speed straight before the wind rubbing their flanks as closely as so many spans of horses in harness They left a great wide wake as though continually unrolling a great wide parchment upon the sea

Full in this rapid wake and many fathoms in the rear swam a huge humped old bull which by his comparatively low progress as well as by the unusual yellowish incrustations over growing him seemed afflicted with the jaundice or some other infirmity Whether this whale belonged to the pod in advance seemed questionable for it is not customary for such venerable leviathans to be at all social Nevertheless he stuck to their wake though indeed their back water must have retarded him because the white bone or swell at his broad muzzle was a dashed one like the swell formed when two hostile currents meet His spout was short slow and laborious coming forth with a choking sort of gush and spending itself in torn shreds followed by strange subterranean commotions in him which seemed to have egress at his other buried extremity causing the waters behind him to upbubble

Who s got some paregoric? said Stubb he has the stomach ache I m afraid Lord think of having half an acre of stomach ache! Adverse winds are holding mad Christmas in him boys It s the first foul wind I ever knew to blow from astern but look did ever whale yaw so before? it must be he s lost his tiller

As an overladen Indiaman bearing down the Hindostan coast with a deck load of frightened horses careens buries rolls and wallows on her way so did this old whale heave his aged bulk and now and then partly turning over on his cumbrous rib ends expose the cause of his devious wake in the unnatural stump of his starboard fin Whether he had lost that fin in battle or had been born without it it were hard to say

"Only wait a bit old chap and I ll give ye a sling for that wounded arm,' cried cruel Flask pointing to the whale-line near him

Mind he don t sling thee with it cried Starbuck Give way or the German will have him

With one intent all the combined rival boats were pointed for this one fish because not only was he the largest and therefore the most valuable whale but he was nearest to them and the other whales were going with such great velocity moreover as almost to defy pursuit for the time At this juncture the Pequod s keels had shot by the three German boats last lowered but from the great start he had had Derick s boat still led the chase though every moment neared by his foreign rivals The only thing they feared was that from being already so nigh to his mark he would be enabled to dart his iron before they could completely overtake and pass him As for Derick he seemed quite confident that this would be the case and occasionally with a deriding gesture shook his lamp-feeder at the other boats

The ungracious and ungrateful dog! cried Starbuck he mocks and dares me with the very poor box I filled for him not five minutes ago! —then in his old intense whisper — give way greyhounds! Dog to it!

I tell ye what it is men —cried Stubb to his crew— it s against my religion to get mad but I d like to eat that villainous Yarman—Pull—won t ye? Are ye going to let that rascal beat ye? Do ye love brandy? A hogshead of brandy then to the best man Come why don t some of ye burst a blood vessel? Who s that been dropping an anchor overboard—we don t budge an inch—we re becalmed Halloo here s grass growing in the boat s bottom—and by the Lord the mast there s budding This won t do boys Look *at that Yarman! The* short and long of it is men will ye spit fire or not?

Oh! see the suds he makes! cried Flask dancing up and down— What a hump—Oh *do* pile on the beef—lays like a log! Oh! my lads *do* spring—slap-jacks and quohogs for supper you know my lads—baked clams and muffins—ho, *do do* spi

lose him now—don't oh, *don't!*—see that Yarman—Oh, won t ye pull for your duff, my lads—such a sog! such a sogger! Don t ye love sperm? There goes three thousand dollars men!—a bank!—a whole bank! The bank of Eng land!—Oh *do do do!*—What s that Yarman about now?

At this moment Derick was in the act of pitching his lamp feeder at the advancing boats and also his oil-can, perhaps with the double view of retarding his rivals way, and at the same time economically accelerating his own by the momentary impetus of the backward toss

The unmannerly Dutch dogger! ' cried Stubb 'Pull now men like fifty thousand line of battle ship loads of red haired devils What d ye say Tashtego are you the man to snap your spine in two and twenty pieces for the honor of old Gayhead? What d ye say?

I say pull like god dam —cried the Indian

Fiercely but evenly incited by the taunts of the Ger man the Pequod s three boats now began ranging almost abrea t and so disposed momentarily neared him In that fine loose chivalrous attitude of the headsman when draw ing near to his prey the three mates stood up proudly, oc casionally backing the after oarsman with an exhilarating cry of There she slides now! Hurrah for the white ash b eeze! Down with the Yarman! Sail over him!'

But so decided an original tart had Derick had that spite of all their gallantry he would have proved the victor in this race had not a righteous judgment descended upon him in a crab which caught the blade of his midship oars man While this clumsy lubber was triving to free his white ash and while in consequence Derick s boat was nigh to capsizing and he thundering away at his men in a mighty rage —that was a good time for Starbuck Stubb and Flask With a shout they took a mortal start for wards and slantingly ranged up on the German s quarter An instant more and all four boats were diagonically in the whale s immediate wal e while stretching from them, on both sides was the foaming swell that he made

It was a terrific most pitiable and maddening sight The whale was now going head out and sending his spout before him in a continual tormented jet while his one

poor fin beat his side in an agony of fright. Now to this hand now to that he yawed in his faltering flight and still at every billow that he broke he spasmodically sank in the sea or sideways rolled towards the sky his one beating fin So have I seen a bird with clipped wing making af frighted broken circle in the air vainly striving to escape the piratical hawks But the bird has a voice and with plaintive cries will make known her fear but the fear of this vast dumb brute of the sea was chained up and en chanted in him he had no voice save that choking respira tion through his spiracle and this made the sight of him unspeakably pitiable while still in his amazing bulk port cullis jaw and omnipotent tail there was enough to appal the stoutest man who so pitied

Seeing now that but a very few moments more would give the Pequod s boats the advantage and rather than be thus foiled of his game Derick chose to hazard what to him must have seemed a most unusually long dart ere the last chance would for ever escape

But no sooner did his harpooneer stand up for the stroke than all three tigers—Queequeg Tashtego Daggoo—in stinctively sprang to their feet and standing in a diagonal row simultaneously pointed their barbs and darted over the head of the German harpooneer their three Nantucket irons entered the whale Blinding vapors of foam and white fire! The three boats in the first fury of the whale s headlong ru h bumped the German s aside with such force that both Derick and his baffled harpooneer were spilled out and ailed over by the three flying keels

Don t be afraid my butter boxes cried Stubb *casting* a passing glance upon them as he shot by ye ll be picked up presently—all right—I aw ome sharks astern—St Bernard s dogs you know—relieve di tressed travellers Hurrah! this is the way to sail now Every keel a sun beam! Hurrah!—Here we go like three tin kettles at the tail of a mad cougar! This puts me in mind of fastening to an elephant in a tilbury on a plain—makes the wheel spokes fly boys when you fasten to him that way and there s danger of being pitched out too when you trike a hill Hurrah! this is the way a fellow feels when he

going to Davy Jones—all a rush down an endless inclined plane! Hurrah! this whale carries the everlasting mail!"

But the monster's run was a brief one. Giving a sudden gasp, he tumultuously sounded. With a grating rush, the three lines flew round the loggerheads with such a force as to gouge deep grooves in them; while so fearful were the harpooneers that this rapid sounding would soon exhaust the lines, that using all their dexterous might, they caught repeated smoking turns with the rope to hold on; till at last—owing to the perpendicular strain from the lead-lined chocks of the boats, whence the three ropes went straight down into the blue—the gunwales of the bows were almost even with the water, while the three sterns tilted high in the air. And the whale soon ceasing to sound, for some time they remained in that attitude, fearful of expending more line, though the position was a little ticklish. But though boats have been taken down and lost in this way, yet it is this "holding on," as it is called; this hooking up by the sharp barbs of his live flesh from the back; this it is that often torments the Leviathan into soon rising again to meet the sharp lance of his foes. Yet not to speak of the peril of the thing, it is to be doubted whether this course is always the best; for it is but reasonable to presume, that the longer the stricken whale stays under water, the more he is exhausted. Because, owing to the enormous surface of him—in a full grown sperm whale something less than 2000 square feet—the pressure of the water is immense. We all know what an astonishing atmospheric weight we ourselves stand up under; even here, above ground, in the air; how vast, then, the burden of a whale, bearing on his back a column of two hundred fathoms of ocean! It must at least equal the weight of fifty atmospheres. One whaleman has estimated it at the weight of twenty line-of-battle ships, with all their guns, and stores, and men on board.

As the three boats lay there on that gently rolling sea, gazing down into its eternal blue noon; and as not a single groan or cry of any sort, nay, not so much as a ripple or a bubble came up from its depths; what landsman would have thought, that beneath all that silence and placidity

the utmost monster of the seas was writhing and wrenching in agony! Not eight inches of perpendicular rope were visible at the bows Seems it credible that by three such thin threads the great Leviathan was suspended like the big weight to an eight day clock Suspended? and to what? To three bits of board Is this the creature of whom it wa once so triumphantly said— Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spears? The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold the spear the dart nor the habergeon he esteemeth iron as straw the arrow cannot make him flee darts are counted as stubble he laugheth at the shaking of a spear! This the creature? this he? Oh! that unfulfilments should follow the prophets For with the strength of a thousand thighs in his tail Leviathan had run his head under the mountains of the sea, to hide him from the Pequod s fish spears!

In that sloping afternoon sunlight the shadows that the three boats sent down beneath the surface must have been long enough and broad enough to shade half Xerxes army Who can tell how appalling to the wounded whale must have been such huge phantoms flitting over his head!

'Stand by men he stirs cried Starbuck as the three lines suddenly vibrated in the water distinctly conducting upwards to them as by magnetic wires the life and death throbs of the whale so that every oarsman felt them in his seat The next moment relieved in great part from the downward strain at the bows the boats gave a sudden bounce upwards as a mall icefield will when a den e herd of white bears are scared from it into the sea

Haul in! Haul in' cried Starbuck again he s rising

The lines of which hardly an instant before not one hand s breadth could have been gained were now in long quick coils flung back all dripping into the boats and soon the whale broke water within two ship s length of the hunters

His motions plainly denoted his extreme exhaustion In most land animals there are certain valves or flood gates in many of their veins whereby when wounded the blood is in some degree at least instantly shut off in certain directions Not so with the whale one of whose peculiarities

it is, to have an entire non valvular structure of the blood vessel so that when pierced even by so mall a point as a harpoon a deadly drain is at once begun upon his whole arterial system and when this is heightened by the extraordinary pressure of water at a great distance below the surface his life may be said to pour from him in incessant streams Yet o vast is the quantity of blood in him and so distant and numerous its interior fountains that he will keep thus bleeding and bleeding for a considerable period even as in a drought a river will flow who e source is the well springs of far-off and indiscernible hills Even now when the boats pulled upon this whale, and perilously drew over his swaying flukes and the lances were darted into him they were followed by steady jets from the new made wound which kept continually playing while the natural spout hole in his head was only at intervals however rapid sending its affrighted moisture into the air From this last vent no blood yet came becau e no vital part of him had thus far been struck His life as they significantly call it was untouched

As the boats now more clo ely surrounded him the whole upper part of his form with much of it that is ordinarily submerged was plainly revealed His eyes or rather the places where his eves had been were beheld As strange misgrown masses gather in the knot holes of the noblest oaks when prostrate so from the points which the whale s eyes had once occupied now protruded blind bulbs horribly pitiable to ee But pity there was none For all his old age and his one arm, and his blind eyes he must die the death and be murdered in order to light the gay bridals and other merry makings of men and also to illuminate the solemn churches that preach unconditional inoffensiveness by all to all Still rolling in his blood at last he partially disclosed a strangely discolored bunch or protuberance, the size of a bushel low down on the flank

"A nice pot cried Flask just let me prick him there once'

"Avast!" cried Starbuck "there s no need of that!

But humane Starbuck was too late At the instant of the dart an ulcerous jet shot from this cruel wound and

goaded by it into more than sufferable anguish, the whale now spouting thick blood with swift fury blindly darted at the craft bespattering them and their glorying crews all over with showers of gore capsizing Flask s boat and marring the bows It was his death stroke For by this time o spent was he by loss of blood that he helplessly rolled away from the wreck he had made lay panting on his side impotently flapped with his stumped fin then over and over slowly revolved like a waning world turned up the white ecrets of his belly lay like a log and died It was most piteous that last expiring spout As when by un seen hands the water is gradually drawn off from some mighty fountain and with half stifled melancholy gurglings the spray-column lowers and lowers to the ground—so the last long dying spout of the whale

Soon while the crews were awaiting the arrival of the ship the body showed symptoms of sinking with all its treasures unrifled Immediately by Starbuck s orders lines were secured to it at different points o that ere long every boat was a buoy the sunken whale being suspended a few inches beneath them by the cords By very heedful management when the ship drew nigh the whale was trans ferred to her side and was strongly secured there by the stiffest fluke chains for it was plain that unless artificially upheld the body would at once sink to the bottom

It so chanced that almost upon first cutting into him with the spade the entire length of a corroded harpoon was found imbedded in his flesh on the lower part of the bunch before described But as the stumps of har poons are frequently found in the dead bodies of captured whales with the flesh perfectly healed around them and no prominence of any kind to denote their place therefore there must needs have been some other unknown reason in the present case fully to account for the ulceration al luded to But still more curious was the fact of a lance head of stone being found in him not far from the buried iron the flesh perfectly firm about it Who had darted that stone lance? And when? It might have been darted by some Nor West Indian long before America was dis covered

What other marvels might have been rummaged out of this monstrous cabinet there is no telling But a sudden stop was put to further discoveries by the ship s being un precedentedly dragged over sideways to the sea, owing to the body s immensely increasing tendency to sink How ever Starbuck who had the ordering of affairs hung on to it to the last hung on to it so resolutely indeed that when at length the ship would have been capsized if still persisting in locking arms with the body then, when the command was given to break clear from it such was the immovable strain upon the timber heads to which the fluke chains and cables were fastened that it was impossible to cast them off Meantime everything in the Pequod was aslant To cross to the other side of the deck was like walking up the steep gabled roof of a house The ship groaned and gasped Many of the ivory inlayings of her bulwarks and cabins were started from their places by the unnatural dislocation In vain handspikes and crows were brought to bear upon the immovable fluke-chains to pry them adrift from the timberheads and so low had the whale now settled that the submerged ends could not be at all approached while every moment whole tons of ponderosity seemed added to the sinking bulk and the ship seemed on the point of going over

Hold on hold on won t ye? cried Stubb to the body, don t be in such a devil of a hurry to sink! By thunder men we must do something or go for it No use prying there avast I say with your handspikes and run one of ye for a prayer book and a pen knife, and cut the big chains

Knife? Aye aye cried Queequeg and seizing the carpenter s heavy hatchet he leaned out of a porthole and steel to iron began slashing at the largest fluke-chains But a few strokes full of sparks were given, when the exceeding strain effected the rest With a terrific snap every fastening went adrift the ship righted the carcase sank

Now this occasional inevitable sinking of the recently killed Sperm Whale is a very curious thing nor has any fisherman yet adequately accounted for it Usually the dead Sperm Whale floats with great bouyancy, with its side

or belly *considerably elevated above the surface* If the only whales that thus sank were old meagre and broken hearted creatures their pads of lard diminished and all their bones heavy and rheumatic then you might with some rea on assert that this sinking is caused by an un common specific gravity in the fish so sinking consequent upon this absence of buoyant matter in him But it is not so For young whales in the highest health and swelling with noble a pirations prematurely cut off in the warm flush and May of life with all their panting lard about them! even these brawny buoyant heroes do ometimes ink

Be it said however that the Sperm Whale is far less liable to this accident than any other species Where one of that sort go down twenty Right Whales do This dif ference in the species is no doubt imputable in no small degree to the greater quantity of bone in the Right Whale his Venetian blinds alone sometimes weighing more than a ton from this incumbrance the Sperm Whale is wholly free But there are instances where after the lapse of many hours or several days the sunken whale again rises more buoyant than in life But the reason of this is obvious Gases are generated in him he swells to a pro digious magnitude becomes a ort of animal balloon A line-of battle ship could hardly keep him under then In the Shore Whaling on soundings among the Bays of New Zealand when a Right Whale gives token of sinking they fasten buoys to him with plenty of rope so that when the body has gone down they know where to look for it when it shall have ascended again

It was not long after the sinking of the body that a cry was heard from the Pequod s mast heads announcing that the Jungfrau was again lowering her boats though the only spout in sight was that of a Fin Back belonging to the species of uncapturable whales because of its in credible power of swimming Nevertheless the Fin Back s spout is so similar to the Sperm Whale s that by unskilful fishermen it is often mistaken for it And consequently Derick and all his host were now in valiant chase of this unnearable brute The Virgin crowding all sail made after

her four young keels and thus they all disappeared far to leeward still in bold hopeful chase

Oh! many are the Fin Backs and many are the Dericks, my friend

CHAPTER LXXXII

THE HONOR AND GLORY OF WHALING

THERE are ome enterprises in which a careful disorderliness is the true method

The more I dive into this matter of whaling, and push my researches up to the very spring head of it so much the more am I impressed with its great honorableness and antiquity and especially when I find so many great demi gods and heroes prophets of all sorts who one way or other have shed distinction upon it I am transported with the reflection that I myself belong though but subordinately to so emblazoned a fraternity

The gallant Perseus a son of Jupiter was the first whaleman and to the eternal honor of our calling be it said that the first whale attacked by our brotherhood was not killed with any sordid intent Those were the knightly days of our profess on when we only bore arms to succor the distressed and not to fill men s lamp feeders Every one knows the fine story of Perseus and Andromeda how the lovely Andromeda the daughter of a king was tied to a rock on the sea coast and as Leviathan was in the very act of carrying her off Perseus the prince of whalemen *intrepidly* advancing harpooned the monster and delivered and married the maid It was an admirable arti tic exploit rarely achieved by the best harpooneers of the present day inasmuch as this Leviathan was slain at the very first dart And let no man doubt this Arkite story for in the ancient Joppa now Jaffa on the Syrian coast in one of the Pagan temples there stood for many ages the vast skeleton of a whale which the city s legends and all the inhabitants asserted to be the identical bones of the monster that Perseus slew When the Romans took Joppa the same keleton was carried to Italy in triumph What

seems most singular and suggestively important in this story is this it was from Joppa that Jonah set sail

Akin to the adventure of Perseus and Andromeda—indeed, by some supposed to be indirectly derived from it—is that famous story of St George and the Dragon which dragon I maintain to have been a whale for in many old chronicles whales and dragons are strangely jumbled together and often stand for each other Thou art as a lion of the waters and as a dragon of the sea' saith Ezekiel hereby, plainly meaning a whale in truth some versions of the Bible use that word itself Besides it would much sub tract from the glory of the exploit had St George but encountered a crawling reptile of the land instead of doing battle with the great monster of the deep Any man may kill a snake but only a Perseus a St George a Coffin have the heart in them to march boldly up to a whale

Let not the modern paintings of this scene mislead us for though the creature encountered by that valiant whale man of old is vaguely represented of a griffin like shape and though the battle is depicted on land and the saint on horseback yet considering the great ignorance of those times when the true form of the whale was unknown to artists and considering that as in Perseus case St George s whale might have crawled up out of the sea on the beach and considering that the animal ridden by St George might have been only a large seal or sea horse bearing all this in mind it will not appear altogether incompatible with the sacred legend and the ancientest draughts of the scene to hold this so called dragon no other than the great Leviathan himself In fact placed before the strict and piercing truth this whole story will fare like that fish flesh and fowl idol of the Philistines Dagon by name who being planted before the ark of Israel his horse s head and both the palms of his hands fell off from him and only the stump or fishy part of him remained Thus then one of our own noble stamp even a whaleman is the tutelary guardian of England and by good rights we harpooneers of Nantucket hould be enrolled in the most noble order of St George And therefo e let not the knights of that honorable company (none of whom, I venture to

prophet, was something obscurely in reference to his in carcerated body and the whale's gastric juices But this objection likewise falls to the ground because a German exegetist supposes that Jonah must have taken refuge in the floating body of a *dead* whale—even as the French soldiers in the Russian campaign turned their dead horses into tents and crawled into them Besides it has been divined by other continental commentators that when Jonah was thrown overboard from the Joppa ship he straightway effected his escape to another vessel near by some vessel with a whale for a figure head and I would add possibly called The Whale as some craft are nowadays christened the Shark the Gull the Eagle Nor have there been wanting learned exegetists who have opined that the whale mentioned in the book of Jonah merely meant a life preserver—an inflated bag of wind—which the endangered prophet swam to and so was saved from a watery doom Poor Sag Harbor therefore seems worsted all round But he had still another reason for his want of faith It was this if I remember right Jonah was swallowed by the whale in the Mediterranean Sea and after three days he was vomited up somewhere within three days journey of Nineveh a city on the Tigris very much more than three days journey across from the nearest point of the Mediterranean coast How is that?

But was there no other way for the whale to land the prophet within that short distance of Nineveh? Yes He might have carried him round by the way of the Cape of Good Hope But not to speak of the passage through the whole length of the Mediterranean and another passage up the Persian Gulf and Red Sea such a supposition would involve the complete circumnavigation of all Africa in three days not to speak of the Tigris waters near the site of Nineveh being too shallow for any whale to swim in Besides this idea of Jonah's weathering the Cape of Good Hope at so early a day would wrest the honor of the discovery of that great headland from Bartholomew Diaz its reputed discoverer and so make modern history a liar

But all these foolish arguments of old Sag Harbor only evinced his foolish pride of reason—a thing still more rep

rehensible in him seeing that he had but little learning except what he had picked up from the sun and the sea I say it only shows his foolish impious pride and abominable devilish rebellion against the reverend clergy For by a Portuguese Catholic priest this very idea of Jonah s going to Nineveh via the Cape of Good Hope was advanced as a signal magnification of the general miracle And so it was Besides to this day the highly enlightened Turks devoutly believe in the historical story of Jonah And some three centuries ago an English traveller in old Harris s Voyages speaks of a Turkish Mosque built in honor of Jonah in which Mosque was a miraculous lamp that burnt without any oil

CHAPTER LXXXIV

PITCHPOLING

To make them run easily and swiftly the axles of carriages are anointed and for much the same purpose some whalers perform an analogous operation upon their boat they grease the bottom Nor is it to be doubted that as such a procedure can do no harm it may possibly be of no contemptible advantage considering that oil and water are hostile that oil is a sliding thing and that the object in view is to make the boat slide bravely Queequeg believed strongly in anointing his boat and one morning not long after the German ship Jungfrau disappeared took more than customary pains in that occupation crawling under its bottom where it hung over the side and rubbing in the unctuousness as though diligently seeking to insure a crop of hair from the craft s bald keel He seemed to be working in obedience to some particular presentiment Nor did it remain unwarranted by the event

Towards noon whales were raised but so soon as the ship sailed down to them they turned and fled with swift precipitancy a disordered flight as of Cleopatra s barges from Actium

Nevertheless the boats pursued and Stubb s was foremost By great exertion Tashtego at last succeeded in planting one iron but the stricken whale without at all

sounding still continued his horizontal flight with added fleetness Such unintermitted strainings upon the planted iron must sooner or later inevitably extract it It became imperative to lance the flying whale or be content to lose him But to haul the boat up to his flank was impossible he swam so fast and furious What then remained?

Of all the wondrous devices and dexterities the sleights of hand and countless subtleties to which the veteran whale man is so often forced none exceed that fine manœuvre with the lance called pitchpoling Small sword, or broad sword in all its exercises boasts nothing like it It is only indispensable with an inveterate running whale, its grand fact and feature is the wonderful distance to which the long lance is accurately darted from a violently rocking jerking boat under extreme headway Steel and wood included the entire spear is some ten or twelve feet in length the staff is much slighter than that of the harpoon and also of a lighter material—pine It is furnished with a small rope called a warp of considerable length, by which it can be hauled back to the hand after darting

But before going further it is important to mention here, that though the harpoon may be pitchpoled in the same way with the lance yet it is seldom done and when done is still less frequently successful on account of the greater weight and inferior length of the harpoon as compared with the lance which in effect become serious drawbacks As a general thing therefore you must first get fast to a whale, before any pitchpoling comes into play

Look now at Stubb a man who from his humorous deliberate coolness and equanimity in the direst emergencies was specially qualified to excel in pitchpoling Look at him he stands upright in the tossed bow of the flying boat wrapt in fleecy foam, the towing whale is forty feet ahead Handling the long lance lightly glancing twice or thrice along its length to see if it be exactly straight Stubb whistlingly gathers up the coil of the warp in one hand so as to secure its free end in his grasp leaving the rest unobstructed Then holding the lance full before his waistband s middle he levels it at the whale when covering him with it, he steadily depresses the butt-end

in his hand thereby elevating the point till the weapon stands fairly balanced upon his palm fifteen feet in the air He minds you somewhat of a juggler balancing a long staff on his chin Next moment with a rapid name less impul e in a superb lofty arch the bright steel spans the foaming distance and quivers in the life spot of the whale Instead of sparkling water he now spouts red blood

That drove the pigot out of him' cried Stubb Tis July s immortal Fourth all fountains must run wine to-day! Would now it were old Orleans whiskey or old Ohio or unspeakable old Monongahela' Then Tashtego lad I d have ye hold a canakin to the jet and we d drink round it! Yea verily hearts alive we d brew choice punch in the spread of his spout hole there and from that live punch bowl quaff the living stuff"

Again and again to such gamesome talk the dexterous dart is repeated the spear returning to its master like a greyhound held in skilful leash The agonized whale goes into his flurry the tow line is slackened and the pitch poler dropping astern folds his hands and mutely watches the monster die

CHAPTER LXXXV

THE FOUNTAIN

THAT for six thousand years—and no one knows how many millions of ages before—the great whales should have been spouting all over the sea and sprinkling and mistify ing the gardens of the deep as with so many sprinkling or mistifying pots and that for some centuries back thousands of hunters should have been close by the fountain of the whale watching the e sprinklings and spoutings—that all this should be and yet that down to this blessed minute (fifteen and a quarter minutes past one o clock P.M of this sixteenth day of December A.D 1851) it should still re main a problem whether these spoutings are after all really water or nothing but vapor—this is surely a note worthy thing

Let us then look at this matter along with some interesting items contingent Every one knows that by the peculiar cunning of their gills the finny tribes in general breathe the air which at all times is combined with the element in which they swim hence a herring or a cod might live a century, and never once raise its head above the surface But owing to his marked internal structure which gives him regular lungs like a human being s, the whale can only live by inhaling the disengaged air in the open atmosphere Wherefore the necessity for his periodical visits to the upper world But he cannot in any degree breathe through his mouth for in his ordinary attitude the Sperm Whale s mouth is buried at least eight feet beneath the surface and what is still more his windpipe has no connexion with his mouth No he breathes through his spiracle alone and this is on the top of his head

If I say that in any creature breathing is only a function indispensable to vitality inasmuch as it withdraws from the air a certain element which being subsequently brought into contact with the blood imparts to the blood its vivifying principle I do not think I shall err, though I may possibly use some superfluous scientific words Assume it and it follows that if all the blood in a man could be aerated with one breath he might then seal up his nostrils and not fetch another for a considerable time That is to say he would then live without breathing Anomalous as it may seem this is precisely the case with the whale who systematically lives by intervals his full hour and more (when at the bottom) without drawing a single breath or so much as in any way inhaling a particle of air for remember he has no gills How is this? Between his ribs and on each side of his spine he is supplied with a remarkable involved Cretan labyrinth of vermicelli like vessels which vessels when he quits the surface are completed distended with oxygenated blood So that for an hour or more a thousand fathoms in the sea he carries a surplus stock of vitality in him, just as the camel crossing the waterless desert carries a surplus supply of drink for future use in its four supplementary stomachs The anatomical fact of this labyrinth is indisputable and that

the supposition founded upon it s reasonable and true seems the more cogent to me when I consider the other wise inexplicable obstinacy of that leviathan in *having hi spoutings out* as the fishermen phrase it This is what I mean If unmolested upon rising to the surface the Sperm Whale will continue there for a period of time exactly uni form with all his other unmolested risings Say he tays eleven minutes and jets seventy times that i respires seventy breaths then whenever he rises again he will be sure to have his seventy breaths over again to a minute Now if after he fetches a few breaths you alarm him so that he sounds he will be always dodging up again to make good his regular allowance of air And not till those seventy breaths are told will he finally go down to stay out his full term below Remark however that in different individuals these rates are different but in any one they are alike Now why should the whale thus insist upon having his spoutings out unless it be to replenish his reservoir of air ere descending for good? How obvious it is too that this necessity for the whale s rising exposes him to all the fatal hazards of the chase And not by hook or by net could this vast leviathan be caught when sailing a thousand fathoms beneath the sunlight Not so much thy skill then, O hunter as the great necessities that strike the victory to thee!

In man breathing is incessantly going on—one breath only serving for two or three pulsations so that whatever other business he has to attend to waking or sleeping breathe he must or die he will But the Sperm Whale only breathes about one seventh or Sunday of his time

It has been said that the whale only breathes through his spout hole if it could truthfully be added that his spouts are mixed with water then I opine we should be furnished with the reason why his sen e of smell seems obliterated in him for the only thing about him that at all answers to his nose is that identical spout hole and being so clogged with two elements it could not be ex pected to have the power of smelling But owing to tn mystery of the spout—whether it be water or whether it be vapor—no absolute certainty can as yet be arrived at

on this head Sure it is, nevertheless that the Sperm Whale has no proper olfactories But what does he want of them? No roses no violets no Cologne-water in the sea

Furthermore as his windpipe solely opens into the tube of his spouting canal and as that long canal—like the grand Erie Canal—is furnished with a sort of locks (that open and shut) for the downward retention of air or the upward exclusion of water, therefore the whale has no voice unless you insult him by saying that when he so strangely rumbles he talks through his nose But then again, what has the whale to say? Seldom have I known any profound being that had anything to say to this world unless forced to stammer out something by way of getting a living Oh! happy that the world is such an excellent listener!

Now the spouting canal of the Sperm Whale, chiefly intended as it is for the conveyance of air and for several feet laid along horizontally just beneath the upper surface of his head and a little to one side this curious canal is very much like a gas pipe laid down in a city on one side of a street But the question returns whether this gas pipe is also a water pipe in other words whether the spout of the Sperm Whale is the mere vapor of the exhaled breath or whether that exhaled breath is mixed with water taken in at the mouth and discharged through the spiracle It is certain that the mouth indirectly communicates with the spouting canal but it cannot be proved that this is for the purpose of discharging water through the spiracle Because the greatest necessity for so doing would seem to be when in feeding he accidentally takes in water But the Sperm Whale's food is far beneath the surface and there he cannot spout even if he would Besides if you regard him very closely and time him with your watch you will find that when unmolested there is an undeviating rhyme between the periods of his jets and the ordinary periods of respiration

But why pester one with all this reasoning on the subject? Speak out! You have seen him spout then declare what the spout is can you not tell water from air? My dear sir, in this world it is not so easy to settle these plain

things I have ever found your plain things the knottiest of all And as for this whale spout you might almost stand in it and yet be undecided as to what it is precisely

The central body of it is hidden in the snowy sparkling mist enveloping it and how can you certainly tell whether any water falls from it when always when you are close enough to a whale to get a close view of his spout he is in a prodigious commotion the water cascading all around him And if at such times you should think that you really perceived drops of moisture in the spout how do you know that they are not merely condensed from its vapor or how do you know that they are not those identical drops superficially lodged in the spout hole fissure which is countersunk into the summit of the whale s head? For even when tranquilly swimming through the mid-day sea in a calm with his elevated hump sun-dried as a dromedary s in the desert even then the whale always carries a small basin of water on his head as under a blazing sun you will sometimes see a cavity in a rock filled up with rain

Nor is it at all prudent for the hunter to be over curious touching the precise nature of the whale spout It will not do for him to be peering into it, and putting his face in it You cannot go with your pitcher to this fountain and fill it and bring it away For even when coming into slight contact with the outer vapory shreds of the jet which will often happen your skin will feverishly smart from the acridness of the thing so touching it And I know one who coming into still closer contact with the spout whether with some scientific object in view or otherwise I cannot say the skin peeled off from his cheek and arm Wherefore among whalemen the spout is deemed poisonous they try to evade it Another thing I have heard it said and I do not much doubt it that if the jet is fairly spouted into your eyes it will blind you The wisest thing the investigator can do then it seems to me is to let this deadly spout alone

Still we can hypothesize even if we cannot prove and establish My hypothesis is this that the spout is nothing but mist And besides other reasons to this conclusion I am impelled by considerations touching the

inherent dignity and sublimity of the Sperm Whale I account him no common shallow being, inasmuch as it is an undisputed fact that he is never found on soundings or near hores all other whales sometimes are He is both ponderous and profound And I am convinced that from the heads of all ponderous profound beings such as Plato, Pyrrho the Devil Jupiter Dante and so on, there always goes up a certain semi visible steam while in the act of thinking deep thoughts While composing a little treatise on Eternity I had the curiosity to place a mirror before me and ere long saw reflected there a curious involved worming and undulation in the atmosphere over my head The invariable moisture of my hair, while plunged in deep thought after six cups of hot tea in my thin shingled attic, of an August noon this seems an additional argument for the above supposition

And how nobly it raises our conceit of the mighty misty monster to behold him solemnly sailing through a calm tropical sea his vast mild head overhung by a canopy of vapor, engendered by his incommunicable contemplations, and that vapor—as you will sometimes see it—glorified by a rainbow as if Heaven itself had put its seal upon his thoughts For d ve see rainbows do not visit the clear air they only irradiate vapor And so through all the thick mists of the dim doubts in my mind, divine intuitions now and then shoot enkindling my fog with a heavenly ray And for this I thank God for all have doubts many deny but doubts or denials few along with them have intuitions Doubts of all things earthly and intuitions of some things heavenly this combination makes neither believer nor infidel, but makes a man who regards them both with equal eye

CHAPTER LXXXVI

THE TAIL

OTHER poets have warbled the praises of the soft eye of the antelope and the lovely plumage of the bird that never alights less celestial I celebrate a tail

Reckoning the largest sized Sperm Whale s tail to begin

at that point of the trunk where it tapers to about the girth of a man it comprises upon its upper surface alone, an area of at least fifty square feet The compact round body of its root expands into two broad firm flat palms or flukes gradually shoaling away to less than an inch in thickness At the crotch or junction these flukes slightly overlap then sideways recede from each other like wings, leaving a wide vacancy between In no living thing are the lines of beauty more exquisitely defined than in the crescentic borders of these flukes At its utmost expan sion in the full grown whale the tail will considerably exceed twenty feet across

The entire member seems a dense webbed bed of welded sinews but cut into it and you find that three distinct strata compo e it —upper middle and lower The fibres in the upper and lower layers are lorg and horizontal those of the middle one very short and running cross wise between the outside layers This triune structure is much as anything else imparts power to the tail To the student of old Roman walls the middle layer will furnish a curious parallel to the thin course of tiles always alternating with the stone in those wonderful relics of the antique and which undoubtedly contribute so much to the great strength of the masonry

But as if this vast local power in the tendinous tail were not enough the whole bulk of the leviathan is knit over with a warp and woof of muscular fibres and filaments which pas ing on either side the loins and running down into the flukes insensibly blend with them and largely contribute to their might so that in the tail the confluent measureless force of the whole whale seems concentrated to a point Could annihilation occur to matter this were the thing to do it

Nor does this—its amazing strength at all tend to cripple the graceful flexion of its motions where infantileness of ease undulates through a Titanism of power On the con trary tho e motions derive their most appalling beauty from it Real strength never impairs beauty or harmony but it often bestows it and in everything imposingly beau tiful strength has much to do with the magic Take away

the tied tendons that all over seem bursting from the marble in the carved Hercules and its charm would be gone As devout Eckerman lifted the linen sheet from the naked corpse of Goethe he was overwhelmed with the massive chest of the man that seemed as a Roman triumphal arch When Angelo paints even God the Father in human form, mark what robustness is there And whatever they may reveal of the divine love in the Son the soft curled hermaphroditical Italian pictures in which his idea has been most successfully embodied these pictures so destitute as they are of all brawniness hint nothing of any power but the mere negative feminine one of submission and endurance, which on all hands it is conceded form the peculiar practical virtues of his teachings

Such is the subtle elasticity of the organ I treat of, that whether wielded in sport or in earnest or in anger, whatever be the mood it be in its flexions are invariably marked by exceeding grace Therein no fairy's arm can transcend it

Five great motions are peculiar to it First when used as a fin for progression Second when used as a mace in battle Third in sweeping Fourth in lobtailing Fifth in peaking flukes

First Being horizontal in its position the Leviathan's tail acts in a different manner from the tails of all other sea creatures It never wriggles In man or fish wriggling is a sign of inferiority To the whale his tail is the sole means of propulsion Scroll wise coiled forwards beneath the body and then rapidly sprung backwards it is this which gives that singular darting leaping motion to the monster when furiously swimming His side-fins only serve to steer by

Second It is a little significant that while one sperm whale only fights another sperm whale with his head and jaw, nevertheless in his conflicts with man he chiefly and contemptuously uses his tail In striking at a boat he swiftly curves away his flukes from it and the blow is only inflicted by the recoil If it be made in the unobstructed air especially if it descend to its mark the stroke is then simply irresistible No ribs of man or boat can

withstand it Your only salvation lies in eluding it but if it comes sideways through the opposing water then partly owing to the light buoyancy of the whale-boat and the elasticity of its materials a cracked rib or a dashed plank or two a sort of stitch in the side is generally the most serious result These submerged side blows are so often received in the fishery that they are accounted mere child s play Some one strips off a frock and the hole is stopped

Third I cannot demonstrate it but it seems to me that in the whale the sense of touch is concentrated in the tail for in this respect there is a delicacy in it only equalled by the daintiness of the elephant s trunk Thi delicacy is chiefly evinced in the action of sweeping when in maidenly gentleness the whale with a certain soft lowness moves his immense flukes from side to side upon the surface of the sea and if he feel but a sailor s whisker woe to that ailor whiskers and all What tenderness there is in *that preliminary touch! Had this tail any prehensile power* I should straightway bethink me of Darmonodes elephant that so frequented the flower market and with low salutations presented nosegays to damsels and then caressed their zones On more accounts than one a pity it is that the whale does not possess this prehensile virtue in his tail for I have heard of yet another elephant that when wounded in the fight curved round his trunk and extracted the dart

Fourth Stealing unawares upon the whale in the fancied security of the middle of solitary seas you find him unbent from the vast corpulence of his dignity and kitten like he plays on the ocean as if it were a hearth But still you see his power in his play The broad palms of his tail are flirted high into the air! then smiting the surface the thunderous concussion resounds for miles You would almost think a great gun had been discharged and if you noticed the light wreath of vapor from the spiracle at his other extremity you would think that that was the smoke from the touch hole

Fifth As in the ordinary floating posture of the leviathan the flukes lies considerably below the level of his back *they are then completely out of sight beneath the surface* but when he is about to plunge into the deeps his entire

flukes with at least thirty feet of his body are tossed erect in the air and so remain vibrating a moment till they downwards shoot out of view Excepting the sublime *breach*—somewhere else to be described—this peaking of the whale s flukes is perhaps the grandest sight to be seen in all animated nature Out of the bottomless profundities the gigantic tail seems spasmodically snatching at the highest heaven So in dreams have I seen majestic Satan thrusting forth his tormented colossal claw from the flame Baltic of Hell But in gazing at such scenes it is all in all what mood you are in if in the Dantean the devils will occur to you, if in that of Isaiah the archangels Standing at the mast head of my ship during a sunrise that crimsoned sky and sea I once saw a large herd of whales in the east all heading towards the sun and for a moment vibrating in concert with peaked flukes As it seemed to me at the time, such a grand embodiment of adoration of the gods was never beheld, even in Persia the home of the fire worshippers As Ptolemy Philopater testified of the African elephant I then testified of the whale pronouncing him the most devout of all beings For according to King Juba, the military elephants of antiquity often hailed the morning with their trunks uplifted in the profoundest silence

The chance comparison in this chapter between the whale and the elephant so far as some aspects of the tail of the one and the trunk of the other are concerned should not tend to place those two opposite organs on an equality much less the creatures to which they respectively belong For as the mightiest elephant is but a terrier to Leviathan so compared with Leviathan s tail his trunk is but the stalk of a lily The most direful blow from the elephant s trunk were as the playful tap of a fan compared with the measureless crush and crash of the sperm whale s ponderous flukes which in repeated instances have one after the other hurled entire boats with all their oars and crews into the air very much as an Indian juggler tosses his balls [1]

1 Though all comparison in the way of general bulk between the whale and the elephant is preposterous inasmuch as in that particular the elephant stands in much the same respect to the whale that a dog does to the elephant nevertheless there are not wanting some points of curious similitude among these is the spout It is well known that the elephant will often draw up water or dust in his trunk and then elevating it jet it forth in a stream.

The more I consider this mighty tail, the more do I deplore my inability to express it At times there are gestures in it which though they would well grace the hand of man, remain wholly inexplicable In an extensive herd o remarkable occasionally are these mystic gestures that I have heard hunters who have declared them akin to Free Mason signs and symbols that the whale indeed by these methods intelligently conversed with the world Nor are there wanting other motions of the whale in his general body full of strangenes and unaccountable to his most experienced assailant Dissect him how I may then I but go skin deep I know him not and never will But if I know not even the tail of this whale how understand his head? much more how comprehend his face when face he has none? Thou shalt see my back parts my tail he seems to say but my face shall not be seen But I cannot completely make out his back parts and hint what he will about his face I say again he has no face

CHAPTER LXXXVII

THE GRAND ARMADA

The long and narrow peninsula of Malacca extending south eastward from the territories of Birmah forms the most southerly point of all Asia In a continuous line from that peninsula stretch the long islands of Sumatra Java Bally and Timor which with many others form a vast mole or rampart lengthwise connecting Asia with Australia and dividing the long unbroken Indian ocean from the thickly studded oriental archipelagoes This rampart is pierced by several sally ports for the convenience of ships and whales conspicuous among which are the straits of Sunda and Malacca By the straits of Sunda chiefly vessels bound to China from the west emerge into the China seas

Those narrow straits of Sunda divide Sumatra from Java and standing midway in that vast rampart of islands buttressed by that bold green promontory known to seamen as Java Head they not a little correspond to the

central gateway opening into some vast walled empire and considering the inexhaustible wealth of spices, and silks and jewels and gold and ivory with which the thousand islands of that oriental sea are enriched it seems a significant provision of nature, that such treasures by the very formation of the land should at least bear the appearance however ineffectual, of being guarded from the all grasping western world The shores of the Straits of Sunda are unsupplied with those domineering fortresses which guard the entrances to the Mediterranean the Baltic and the Propontis Unlike the Danes these Orientals do not demand the obsequious homage of lowered top sails from the endless procession of ships before the wind which for centuries past by night and by day have passed between the islands of Sumatra and Java freighted with the costliest cargoes of the east But while they freely waive a ceremonial like this they do by no means renounce their claim to more solid tribute

Time out of mind the piratical proas of the Malays, lurking among the low shaded coves and islets of Sumatra have sallied out upon the vessels sailing through the straits fiercely demanding tribute at the point of their spears Though by the repeated bloody chastisements they have received at the hands of European cruisers the audacity of these corsairs has of late been somewhat repressed yet, even at the present day we occasionally hear of English and American vessels which in those waters have been remorselessly boarded and pillaged

With a fair fresh wind the Pequod was now drawing nigh to these straits Ahab purposing to pass through them into the Javan sea and thence cruising northwards over waters known to be frequented here and there by the Sperm Whale, sweep inshore by the Philippine Islands and gain the far coast of Japan in time for the great whaling season there By these means the circumnavigating Pequod would sweep almost all the known Sperm Whale cruising grounds of the world previous to descending upon the Line in the Pacific where Ahab though everywhere else foiled in his pursuit firmly counted upon giving battle to Moby Dick, in the sea he was most known to frequent and at a

season when he might most reasonably be presumed to be haunting it

But how now? in this zoned quest does Ahab touch no land? does his crew drink air? Surely he will stop for water Nay For a long time now the circus running sun has raced within his fiery ring and needs no sustenance but what s in himself So Ahab Mark this too in the whaler While other hulls are loaded down with alien stuff to be transferred to foreign wharves the world wandering whale ship carries no cargo but herself and crew their weapons and their wants She has a whole lake s contents bottled in her ample hold She is ballasted with utilities not altogether with unusable pig lead and kentledge She carries years water in her Clear old prime Nantucket water which when three years afloat the Nantucketer in the Pacific prefers to drink before the brackish fluid but yesterday rafted off in casks from the Peruvian or Indian streams Hence it is that while other ships may have gone to China from New York and back again touching at a score of ports the whale ship in all that interval may not have sighted one grain of soil her crew having seen no man but floating seamen like themselves So that did you carry them the news that another flood had come they would only answer— Well boys here s the ark!

Now as many Sperm Whales had been captured off the western coast of Java in the near vicinity of the Straits of Sunda indeed as most of the ground roundabout was generally recognised by the fishermen as an excellent spot for cruising therefore as the Pequod gained more and more upon Java Head the look-outs were repeatedly hailed and admonished to keep wide awake But though the green palmy cliffs of the land soon loomed on the starboard bow and with delighted nostrils the fresh cinnamon was snuffed in the air yet not a single jet was descried Almost renouncing all thought of falling in with any game hereabouts the ship had well nigh entered the straits when the customary cheering cry was heard from aloft and ere long a spectacle of singular magnificence saluted us

But here be it premised that owing to the unwearied activity with which of late they have been hunted over

all four oceans the Sperm Whales, in tead of almost in variably sailing in small detached companies, as in former times are now frequently met with in extensive herds sometimes embracing so great a multitude, that it would almost eem as if numerous nations of them had sworn solemn league and covenant for mutual assistance and pro tection To this aggregation of the Sperm Whale into such immense caravans may be imputed the circumstance that even in the best cruising grounds you may now sometimes sail for weeks and months together without being greeted by a single spout and then be suddenly saluted by what sometimes seems thousands on thousands

Broad on both bows at the di tance of some two or three miles and forming a great semicircle embracing one half of the level horizon a continuous chain of whale jets were up-playing and sparkling in the noon-day air Unlike the straight perpendicular twin jets of the Right Whale which dividing at top fall over in two branches, like the cleft drooping boughs of a willow the single forward slanting spout of the Sperm Whale presents a thick curled bush of white mist continually rising and falling away to leeward

Seen from the Pequod s deck then as she would rise on a high hill of the sea this host of vapory spouts individu ally curling up into the air and beheld through a blending atmosphere of blui h haze showed like the thousand cheer ful chimneys of ome dense metropolis descried of a balmy autumnal morning by some lo eman on a height

As marching armies approaching an unfriendly defile in the mountains accelerate their march all eagerness to place that perilous passage in their rear and once more expand in comparative security upon the plain even so did this vast fleet of whales now seem hurrying forward through the straits gradually contracting the wings of their semicircle and swimming on in one solid but still crescentic centre

Crowding all sail the Pequod pressed after them the harpooneers handling their weapons and loudly cheering from the heads of the r yet suspended boats If the wind only held little doubt had they that chased through these

Straits of Sunda the vast host would only deploy into the Oriental seas to witness the capture of not a few of their number And who could tell whether in that congregated caravan Moby Dick himself might not temporarily be swimming like the worshipped white elephant in the coronation procession of the Siamese! So with stun sail piled on stun sail we sailed along driving these leviathans before us, when of a sudden the voice of Tashtego was heard loudly directing attention to something in our wake

Corresponding to the crescent in our van we beheld another in the rear It seemed formed of detached white vapors rising and falling something like the spouts of the whales only they did not so completely come and go for they constantly hovered without finally disappearing Levelling his glass at this sight Ahab quickly revolved in his pivot hole crying Aloft there and rig whips and buckets to wet the sail —Malays sir and after us!

As if too long lurking behind the headlands till the Pequod should fairly have entered the straits these rascally Asiatics were now in hot pursuit to make up for their over cautious delay But when the swift Pequod with a fresh leading wind was herself in hot chase how very kind of these tawny philanthropists to assist in speeding her on to her own chosen pursuit —mere riding whips and rowel to her that they were As with glass under arm Ahab to and fro paced the deck in his forward turn beholding the monsters he chased and in the after one the bloodthirsty pirates chasing *him* some such fancy as the above seemed his And when he glanced upon the green walls of the watery defile in which the ship was then sailing and bethought him that through that gate lay the route to his vengeance and beheld how that through that same gate he was now both chasing and being chased to his deadly end and not only that but a herd of remorseless wild pirates and inhuman atheistical devils were infernally cheering him on with their curses —when all these conceits had passed through his brain Ahab s brow was left gaunt and ribbed like the black sand beach after some stormy tide had been gnawing it without being able to drag the firm thing from its place

But thoughts like these troubled very few of the reckless crew; and when, after steadily dropping and dropping the pirates astern, the Pequod at last shot by the vivid green Cockatoo Point on the Sumatra side, emerging at last upon the broad waters beyond; then, the harpooneers seemed more to grieve that the swift whales had been gaining upon the ship, than to rejoice that the ship had so victoriously gained upon the Malays. But still driving on in the wake of the whales, at length they seemed abating their speed; gradually the ship neared them; and the wind now dying away, word was passed to spring to the boats. But no sooner did the herd, by some presumed wonderful instinct of the Sperm Whale, become notified of the three keels that were after them,—though as yet a mile in their rear,—than they rallied again, and forming in close ranks and battalions, so that their spouts all looked like flashing lines of stacked bayonets, moved on with redoubled velocity.

Stripped to our shirts and drawers, we sprang to the white ash, and after several hours' pulling were almost disposed to renounce the chase, when a general pausing commotion among the whales gave animating tokens that they were now at last under the influence of that strange perplexity of inert irresolution, which, when the fishermen perceive it in the whale, they say he is gallied. The compact martial columns in which they had been hitherto rapidly and steadily swimming, were now broken up in one measureless rout; and like King Porus' elephants in the Indian battle with Alexander, they seemed going mad with consternation. In all directions expanding in vast irregular circles, and aimlessly swimming hither and thither, by their short thick spoutings, they plainly betrayed their distraction of panic. This was still more strangely evinced by those of their number, who, completely paralysed as it were, helplessly floated like water-logged dismantled ships on the sea. Had these Leviathans been but a flock of simple sheep, pursued over the pasture by three fierce wolves, they could not possibly have evinced such excessive dismay. But this occasional timidity is characteristic of almost all herding creatures. Though banding together in tens

of thousands the lion maned buffaloes of the West have fled before a solitary horseman Witness too all human beings how when herded together in the sheepfold of a theatre s pit they will at the slightest alarm of fire rush helter-skelter for the outlets crowding trampling jamming and remorselessly dashing each other to death Best therefore withhold any amazement at the strangely gallied whales before us for there is no folly of the beast of the earth which is not infinitely outdone by the madness of men

Though many of the whales as has been said were in violent motion yet it is to be observed that as a whole the herd neither advanced nor retreated but collectively remained in one place As is customary in those cases the boats at once separated each making for some one lone whale on the outskirts of the shoal In about three minutes time Queequeg s harpoon was flung the stricken fish darted blinding spray in our faces and then running away with us like light steered straight for the heart of the herd Though such a movement on the part of the whale struck under such circumstances is in no wise unprecedented, and indeed is almost always more or less anticipated yet does it present one of the more perilous vicissitudes of the fishery For as the swift monster drags you deeper and deeper into the frantic shoal you bid adieu to circumspect life and only exist in a delirious throb

As blind and deaf the whale plunged forward as if by sheer power of speed to rid himself of the iron leech that had fastened to him as we thus tore a white gash in the sea on all sides menaced as we flew by the crazed creatures to and fro rushing about us our beset boat was like a ship mobbed by ice isles in a tempest and striving to steer through complicated channels and straits knowing not at what moment it may be locked in and crushed

But not a bit daunted Queequeg steered us manfully now heering off from this monster directly across our route in advance now edging away from that whose colossal flukes were suspended overhead while all the time Starbuck tood up in the bows lance in hand pricking out of our way whatever whales he could reach by short darts

for there was no time to make long ones Nor were the oarsmen quite idle though their wonted duty was now altogether dispensed with They chiefly attended to the shouting part of the business 'Out of the way, Commodore! cried one to a great dromedary that of a sudden rose bodily to the surface and for an instant threatened to swamp us Hard down with your tail there!' cried a second to another which close to our gunwale, seemed calmly cooling himself with his own fan like extremity

All whale boats carry certain curious contrivances originally invented by the Nantucket Indians, called druggs Two thick squares of wood of equal size are stoutly clenched together so that they cross each other s grain at right angles a line of considerable length is then attached to the middle of this block and the other end of the line being looped it can in a moment be fastened to a harpoon It is chiefly among gallied whales that this drugg is used For then, more whales are close round you than you can possibly chase at one time But sperm whales are not every day encountered while you may then you must kill all you can And if you cannot kill them all at once you must wing them so that they can be afterwards killed at your leisure Hence it is that at times like these the drugg comes into requisition Our boat was furnished with three of them The first and second were successfully darted and we saw the whales staggeringly running off fettered by the enormous sidelong resistance of the towing drugg They were cramped like malefactors with the chain and ball But upon flinging the third in the act of tossing overboard the clumsy wooden block it caught under one of the seats of the boat and in an instant tore it out and carried it away dropping the oarsman in the boat s bottom as the seat slid from under him On both sides the sea came in at the wounded planks but we stuffed two or three drawers and shirts in and so stopped the leaks for the time

It had been next to impossible to dart these drugged harpoons were it not that as we advanced into the herd our whale s way greatly diminished moreover, that as we went still further and further from the circumference of com

motion, the direful disorders seemed waning So that when at last the jerking harpoon drew out and the towing whale sideways vanished then with the tapering force of his parting momentum we glided between two whales into the innermost heart of the shoal as if from some mountain torrent we had slid into a serene valley lake Here the storms in the roaring glens between the outermost whales were heard but not felt In this central expanse the sea presented that smooth satin like surface called a sleek produced by the subtle moisture thrown off by the whale in his more quiet moods Yes we were now in that enchanted calm which they say lurks at the heart of every commotion And still in the distracted distance we beheld the tumults of the outer concentric circles and saw successive pods of whales eight or ten in each swiftly going round and round like multiplied spans of horses in a ring and so closely shoulder to shoulder that a Titanic circus rider might easily have over arched the middle ones and so have gone round on their backs Owing to the density of the crowd of reposing whales more immediately surrounding the embayed axis of the herd no possible chance of escape was at present afforded us We must watch for a breach in the living wall that hemmed us in the wall that had only admitted us in order to shut us up Keeping at the centre of the lake we were occasionally visited by small tame cows and calves the women and children of this routed host

Now inclusive of the occasional wide intervals between the revolving outer circles and inclusive of the spaces between the various pods in any one of those circles the entire area at this juncture embraced by the whole multitude must have contained at least two or three square miles At any rate—though indeed such a test at such a time might be deceptive—spoutings might be discovered from our low boat that seemed playing up almost from the rim of the horizon I mention this circumstance because as if the cows and calves had been purposely locked up in this innermost fold and as if the wide extent of the herd had hitherto prevented them from learning the precise cause of its stopping or possibly being so young unso

phisticated and every way innocent and inexperienced, however it may have been these smaller whales—now and then visiting our becalmed boat from the margin of the lake—evinced a wond ous fearlessness and confidence, or else a still becharmed panic which it was impossible not to marvel at Like household dogs they came snuffing round us right up to our gunwales and touching them, till it almost seemed that some spell had suddenly domes ticated them Queequeg patted their foreheads, Starbuck scratched their backs with his lance but fearful of the con sequences for the time refrained from darting it

But far beneath this wondrous world upon the surface, another and still stranger world met our eyes as we gazed over the side For suspended in those watery vaults floated the forms of the nursing mothers of the whales and those that by their enormous girth seemed shortly to be come mothers The lake, as I have hinted was to a con siderable depth exceedingly transparent and as human in fants while suckling will calmly and fixedly gaze away from the breast as if leading two different lives at the time and while yet drawing mortal nourishment be still spir itually feasting upon some unearthly reminiscence —even so did the young of these whales seem looking up towards us but not at us as if we were but a bit of Gulf weed in their new born sight Floating on their sides the mothers also seemed quietly eyeing us One of these little infants, that from certain queer tokens seemed hardly a day old might have measured some fourteen feet in length, and some six feet in girth He was a little frisky though as yet his body seemed scarce yet recovered from that irksome position it had so lately occupied in the maternal reticule where tail to head and all ready for the final spring the unborn whale lies bent like a Tartar s bow The delicate side fins and the palms of his flukes still freshly retained the plaited crumpled appearance of a baby's ears newly ar rived from foreign parts

'Line! line!" cried Queequeg looking over the gunwale, him fast! him fast!—Who line him! Who struck?—Two whale one big one little! '

'What ails ye, man? cried Starbuck

"Look-e here said Queequeg pointing down

As when the stricken whale that from the tub has reeled out hundreds of fathoms of rope as after deep sounding he floats up again and shows the slackened curling line buoyantly rising and spiralling towards the air so now Starbuck saw long coils of the umbilical cord of Madame Leviathan by which the young cub seemed still tethered to its dam Not seldom in the rapid vicissitudes of the chase this natural line with the maternal end lose becomes en tangled with the hempen one so that the cub is thereby trapped Some of the subtlest secrets of the seas seemed divulged to us in this enchanted pond We saw young Leviathan amours in the deep [1]

And thus though surrounded by circle upon circle of consternations and affrights did these inscrutable creatures at the centre freely and fearlessly indulge in all peaceful concernments yes serenely revelled in dalliance and de light But even o amid the tornadoed Atlantic of my being do I myself still for ever centrally disport in mute calm and while ponderous planets of unwaning woe re volve round me deep down and deep inland there I still bathe me in eternal mildness of joy

Meanwhile as we thus lay entranced the occasional sud den frantic spectacles in the distance evinced the activity of the other boats still engaged in drugging the whales on the frontier of the host or possibly carrying on the war within the first circle where abundance of room and some convenient retreats were afforded them But the sight of the enraged drugged whales now and then blindly darting to and fro acro s the circles was nothing to what at last met our eyes It is sometimes the custom when fast to a whale more than commonly powerful and alert to seek to hamstring him as it were by sundering or maiming his

gigantic tail tendon It is done by darting a short handled cutting spade to which it attached a rope for hauling it back again A whale wounded (as we afterwards learned) in this part but not effectually as it seemed had broken away from the boat, carrying along with him half of the harpoon line and in the extraordinary agony of the wound, he was now dashing among the revolving circles like the lone mounted desperado Arnold at the battle of Saratoga, carrying dismay wherever he went

But agonizing as was the wound of this whale and an appalling spectacle enough any way yet the peculiar horror with which he seemed to inspire the rest of the herd was owing to a cause which at first the intervening distance obscured from us But at length we perceived that by one of the unimaginable accidents of the fishery this whale had become entangled in the harpoon line that he towed he had also run away with the cutting spade in him and while the free end of the rope attached to that weapon had permanently caught in the coils of the harpoon line round his tail the cutting spade itself had worked loose from his flesh So that tormented to madness he was now churning through the water violently flailing with his flexible tail and tossing the keen spade about him wounding and murdering his own comrades

This terrific object seemed to recall the whole herd from their stationary fright First the whales forming the margin of our lake began to crowd a little and tumble again t each other as if lifted by half spent billows from afar then the lake itself began faintly to heave and swell the submarine bridal-chambers and nurseries vanished in more and more contracting orbits the whales in the more central circles began to swim in thickening clusters Yes the long calm was departing A low advancing hum was soon heard and then like to the tumultuous masses of block ice when the great river Hudson breaks up in Spring the entire host of whales came tumbling upon their inner centre, as if to pile them elves up in one common mountain Instantly Starbuck and Queeque changed places Starbuck taking the stern

"Oars! Oars! he intensely whispered, seizing the helm—

'gripe your oars and clutch your souls now! My God men tand by! Shove him off you Queequeg—the whale there!—prick him!—hit him! Stand up—stand up and stay so! Spring men—pull men never mind their backs—scrape them!—scrape away!

The boat was now all but jammed between two vast black bulks leaving a narrow Dardanelles between their long lengths But by de perate endeavor we at last shot into a temporary opening then giving way rapidly and at the same time earnestly watching for another outlet After many similar hair breadth escapes we at last swiftly glided into what had just been one of the outer circles but now crossed by random whales all violently making for one centre This lucky salvation was cheaply purchased by the loss of Queequeg s hat who while standing in the bows to prick the fugitive whales had his hat taken clean from his head by the air eddy made by the sudden tossing of a pair of broad flukes close by

Riotous and disordered as the universal commotion now was it soon resolved itself into what seemed a systematic movement for having clumped together at last in one dense body they then renewed their onward flight with augmented fleetness Further pursuit was useless but the boats still lingered in their wake to pick up what drugged whales might be dropped astern and likewise to ecure one which Flask had killed and waifed The waif is a pennoned pole two or three of which are carried by every boat and when when additional game is at hand are in erted upright into the floating body of a dead whale both to mark its place on the sea and also as token of prior pos ession should the boats of any other ship draw near

The re ult of this lowering was somewhat illustrative of that sagacious saying in the Fishery —the more whales the less fish Of all the drugged whales only one was captured The rest contrived to escape for the time but only to be taken as will hereafter be seen by some other craft than the Pequod

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

The previous chapter gave account of an immense body or herd of Sperm Whales and there was also then given the probable cause inducing those vast aggregations

Now though such great bodies are at times encountered yet as must have been seen even at the present day, small detached bands are occasionally observed embracing from twenty to fifty individuals each Such bands are known as schools They generally are of two sorts those composed almost entirely of females and those mustering none but young vigorous males or bulls as they are familiarly designated

In cavalier attendance upon the school of females you invariably see a male of full grown magnitude, but not old, who upon any alarm evinces his gallantry by falling in the rear and covering the flight of his ladies In truth this gentleman is a luxurious Ottoman swimming about over the watery world surroundingly accompanied by all the solaces and endearments of the harem The contrast between this Ottoman and his concubines is striking because while he is always of the largest leviathanic proportions the ladies even at full growth are not more than one third of the bulk of an average sized male They are comparatively delicate indeed I dare say, not to exceed half a dozen yards round the waist Nevertheless it cannot be denied that upon the whole they are hereditarily entitled to *embonpoint*

It is very curious to watch this harem and its lord in their indolent ramblings Like fashionables they are for ever on the move in leisurely search of variety You meet them on the Line in time for the full flower of the Equatorial feeding season having just returned perhaps from spending the summer in the Northern seas and so cheating summer of all unpleasant weariness and warmth By the time they have lounged up and down the promenade of the Equator awhile they start for the Oriental waters in anticipation of the cool season there and so evade the other excessive temperature of the year

When serenely advancing on one of these journeys if any strange suspicious sights are seen my lord whale keeps a wary eye on his interesting family Should any unwarranted pert young Leviathan coming that way presume to draw confidentially close to one of the ladies with what prodigious fury the Bashaw assails him and chases him away! High times indeed if unprincipled young rakes like him are to be permitted to invade the sanctity of domestic bliss though do what the Bashaw will he cannot keep *the most notorious Lothario out of his bed* for alas! all fish bed in common As ashore the ladies often cause the most terrible duels among their rival admirers just so with the whales who sometimes come to deadly battle and all for love They fence with their long lower jaws sometimes locking them together and so striving for the supremacy like elks that warringly interweave their antlers Not a few are captured having the deep scars of these encounters—furrowed heads broken teeth scolloped fins and in some instances wrenched and dislocated mouths

But supposing the invader of domestic bliss to betake himself away at the first rush of the harem s lord then is it very diverting to watch that lord Gently he insinuates his vast bulk among them again and revels there awhile still in tantalizing vicinity to young Lothario like pious Solomon devoutly worshipping among his thousand concubines Granting other whales to be in sight the fisherman will seldom give chase to one of these Grand Turks for these Grand Turks are too lavish of their strength and hence their unctuousness is small As for the sons and daughters they beget why those sons and daughters must take care of themselves at least with only the maternal help For like certain other omnivorous roving lovers that might be named my Lord Whale has no taste for the nursery however much for the bower and so being a great traveller he leaves his anonymous babies all over the world every baby an exotic In good time nevertheless as the ardor of youth declines as years and dumps increase as reflection lends her olemn pauses in short as a general lassitude overtakes the sated Turk then a love of ease and virtue supplants the love for maidens

Ottoman enters upon the impotent, repentant, admonitory stage of life forswears disbands the harem and grown to an exemplary sulky old oul goe about all alone among the meridians and parallels saying his prayers and warning each young Leviathan from his amorous errors

Now as the harem of whales i called by the fishermen a school so is the lord and master of that school technically known as the schoolmaster It is therefore not in strict character however admirably satirical, that after going to school himself he should then go abroad inculcating not what he learned there but the folly of it His title school master would very naturally seem derived from the name bestowed upon the harem itself but some have surmised that the man who first thus entitled this sort of Ottoman whale must have read the memoirs of Vidocq and in formed himself what ort of a country schoolmaster that famous Frenchman was in his younger days and what was the nature of those occult lessons he inculcated into some of his pupils

The same ecludedness and isolation to which the school master whale betakes himself in his advancing years is true of all aged Sperm Whales Almost universally a lone whale—as a olitary Leviathan i called—proves an ancient one Like venerable mo s bearded Daniel Boone he will have no one near him but Nature her elf and her he takes to wife in the wilderness of waters and the best of wives she is though she keeps o many moody secrets

The schools composing none but young and vigorous males previously mentioned offer a strong contrast to the harem schools For while tho e female whales are char acteristically timid the young males or forty barrel bulls as they call them are by far the most pugnaciou of all Leviathans and proverbially the most dangerous to en counter excepting those wondrous grey headed grizzled whales ometimes met and these will fight you like grim fiends exasperated by a penal gout

The Forty barrel bull schools are larger than the harem school Like a mob of young collegians they are full of fight fun and wickedness tumbling round the world at such a reckless rollicking rate, that no prudent underwriter

would insure them any more than he would a riotous lad at Yale or Harvard They soon relinquish this turbulence though and when about three fourths grown, break up and separately go about in quest of settlements that is harems

Another point of difference between the male and female schools is still more characteristic of the sexes Say you strike a Forty barrel bull—poor devil! all his comrades quit him But strike a member of the harem school and her companions swim around her with every token of concern sometimes lingering so near her and so long as themselves to fall a prey

CHAPTER LXXXIX

FAST FISH AND LOOSE FISH

THE allusion to the waifs and waif poles in the last chapter but one necessitates some account of the laws and regulations of the whale fishery, of which the waif may be deemed the grand symbol and badge

It frequently happens that when several ships are cruising in company a whale may be struck by one vessel then escape and be finally killed and captured by another vessel and herein are indirectly comprised many minor contingencies all partaking of this one grand feature For example —after a weary and perilous chase and capture of a whale the body may get loose from the ship by reason of a violent storm and drifting far away to leeward be retaken by a second whaler who in a calm snugly tows it alongside without risk of life or line Thus the most vexatious and violent disputes would often arise between the fishermen were there not some written or unwritten universal undisputed law applicable to all cases

Perhaps the only formal whaling code authorized by legislative enactment was that of Holland It was decreed by the States General in A D 1695 But though no other nation has ever had any written whaling law yet the American fishermen have been their own legislators and lawyers in this matter They have provided a system which for terse comprehensiveness surpasses Justinian s Pandects and

the By laws of the Chinese Society for the Suppression of Meddling with other People's Business Yes these laws might be engraven on a Queen Anne s farthing or the barb of a harpoon and worn round the neck so small are they

I A Fast Fish belongs to the party fast to it

II A Loose Fish is fair game for anybody who can soonest catch it

But what plays the mischief with this masterly code is the admirable brevity of it which necessitates a vast volume of commentaries to expound it

First What is a Fast Fish? Alive or dead a fish is technically fast when it is connected with an occupied ship or boat by any medium at all controllable by the occupant or occupants—a mast an oar a nine inch cable a telegraph wire or a strand of cobweb it is all the same Likewise a fish is technically fast when it bears a waif or any other recognized symbol of possession so long as the party waifing it plainly evince their ability at any time to take it alongside as well as their intention so to do

These are scientific commentaries but the commentaries of the whalemen themselves sometimes consist in hard words and harder knocks—the Coke upon Littleton of the fist True among the more upright and honourable whalemen allowances are always made for peculiar cases where it would be an outrageous moral injustice for one party to claim possession of a whale previously chased or killed by another party But others are by no means so scrupulous

Some fifty years ago there was a curious case of whale trover litigated in England wherein the plaintiffs set forth that after a hard chase of a whale in the Northern seas and when indeed they (the plaintiffs) had succeeded in harpooning the fish they were at last through peril of their lives obliged to forsake not only their lines but their boat itself Ultimately the defendants (the crew of another ship) came up with the whale struck killed seized and finally appropriated it before the very eyes of the plaintiffs And when those defendants were remonstrated with their captain snapped his fingers in the plaintiffs teeth and assured them that by way of doxology to the deed he had done he would now retain their line harpoons and boat, which had

remained attached to the whale at the time of the seizure Wherefore the plaintiffs now sued for the recovery of the value of their whale, line harpoons and boat

Mr Erskine was counsel for the defendants Lord Ellen borough was the judge In the course of the defence the witty Erskine went on to illustrate his position, by alluding to a recent crim con case wherein a gentleman after in vain trying to bridle his wife s viciousness had at last abandoned her upon the seas of life but in the course of years repenting of that step he instituted an action to recover possession of her Erskine was on the other side and he then supported it by saying that though the gentle man had originally harpooned the lady and had once had her fast and only by reason of the great stress of her plung ing viciousness had at last abandoned her yet abandon her he did so that she became a loose fish and therefore when a subsequent gentleman re harpooned her the lady then became that subsequent gentleman s property along with whatever harpoon might have been found sticking in her

Now in the present case Erskine contended that the examples of the whale and the lady were reciprocally illus trative to each other

These pleadings and the counter pleadings being duly heard the very learned judge in set terms decided to wit — That as for the boat he awarded it to the plaintiffs because they had merely abandoned it to save their lives but that with regard to the controverted whale harpoons and line they belonged to the defendants the whale because it was a Loose Fish at the time of the final capture and the har poons and line becau e when the fish made off with them it (the fish) acquired a property in those articles and hence anybody who afterwards took the fish had a right to them Now the plaintiffs afterwards took the fish ergo the afore said articles were theirs

A common man looking at this decision of the very learned Judge might possibly object to it But ploughed up to the primary rock of the matter the two great principles laid down in the twin whaling laws previously quoted and applied and elucidated by Lord Ellenborough in the above cited case these two laws touching Fast Fish and Loose-

Fish I say will on reflection be found the fundamentals of all human jurisprudence for notwithstanding its complicated tracery of sculpture, the Temple of the Law, like the Temple of the Philistines has but two props to stand on

Is it not a saying in every one s mouth, Possession is half of the law that is, regardless of how the thing came into possession? But often possession is the whole of the law What are the sinews and souls of Russian serfs and Republican slaves but Fast Fish whereof possession is the whole of the law? What to the rapacious landlord is the widow s last mite but a Fast Fish? What is yonder undetected villain s marble mansion with a door plate for a waif what is that but a Fast Fish? What is the ruinous discount which Mordecai the broker gets from poor Woebegone, the bankrupt, on a loan to keep Woebegone s family from starvation what is that ruinous discount but a Fast Fish? What is the Archbishop of Savesoul s income of £100 000 seized from the scant bread and cheese of hundreds of thousands of broken backed laborers (all sure of heaven without any of Savesoul s help) what is that globular 100 000 but a Fast Fish? What are the Duke of Dunder s hereditary towns and hamlets but Fast Fish? What to that redoubted harpooneer John Bull is poor Ireland but a Fast Fish? What to that apostolic lancer Brother Jonathan is Texas but a Fast Fish? And concerning all these is not Possession the whole of the law?

But if the doctrine of Fast Fish be pretty generally applicable the kindred doctrine of Loose Fish is still more widely so That is internationally and universally applicable

What was America in 1492 but a Loose Fish in which Columbus struck the Spanish standard by way of waifing it for his royal master and mistress? What was Poland to the Czar? What Greece to the Turk? What India to England? What at last will Mexico be to the United States? All Loose Fish

What are the Rights of Man and the Liberties of the World but Loose Fish? What all men s minds and opinions but Loose Fish? What is the principle of religious belief in them but a Loose Fish? What to the ostentatious

smuggling verbalists are the thoughts of thinkers but Loose Fish? What is the great globe itself but a Loose Fish? And what are you, reader but a Loo e Fish and a Fast Fish too?

CHAPTER XC

HEADS OR TAILS

De balena vero sufficit si rex habeat caput et regina caudam
Bracton l 3 c 3

LATIN from the books of the Laws of England which taken along with the context means that of all whales captured by anybody on the coast of that land the King as Honorary Grand Harpooneer must have the head and the Queen be respectfully presented with the tail A division which in the whale is much like halving an apple there is no intermediate remainder Now as this law under a modified form is to thi day in force in England and as it offers in various respects a strange anomaly touching the general law of Fast and Loo e Fish it i here treated of in a separate chapter on the same courteous principle that prompts the English railways to be at the expense of a separate car pecially reserved for the accommodation of royalty In the first place in curious proof of the fact that the above mentioned law is still in force I proceed to lay before you a circumstance that happened within the last two years

It seems that some honest mariners of Dover or Sandwich or some one of the Cinque Ports had after a hard chase succeeded in killing and beaching a fine whale which they had originally descried afar off from the shore Now the Cinque Ports are partially or somehow under the jurisdiction of a sort of policeman or beadle called a Lord Warden Holding the office directly from the crown I believe all the royal emoluments incident to the Cinque Port territories become by assignment his By some writers this office is called a sinecure But not so Because the Lord Warden is busily employed at times in fobbing his perquisites which are his chiefly by virtue of that same fobbing of them

Now when these poor sun burnt mariners bare-footed, and with their trowsers rolled high up on their eely legs, had wearily hauled their fat fish high and dry, promising them selves a good £150 from the precious oil and bone and in fantasy sipping rare tea with their wives and good ale with their cronies upon the strength of their respective shares up steps a very learned and most Christian and charitable gentleman with a copy of Blackstone under his arm and laying it upon the whale s head, he says—' Hands off! this fish my masters is a Fast Fish I seize it as the Lord Warden s Upon this the poor mariners in their respectful consternation—so truly English—knowing not what to say fall to vigorously scratching their heads all round meanwhile ruefully glancing from the whale to the stranger But that did in nowise mend the matter or at all soften the hard heart of the learned gentlemen with the copy of Blackstone At length one of them after long scratching about for his ideas made bold to speak

Please sir who is the Lord Warden?

The Duke

' But the duke had nothing to do with taking this fish? '

' It is his '

' We have been at great trouble and peril and some expense and is all that to go to the Duke s benefit we getting nothing at all for our pains but our blisters? '

It is his

Is the Duke so very poor as to be forced to this deperate mode of getting a livelihood?

It is his

I thought to relieve my old bed ridden mother by part of my share of this whale

' It is his

Won t the Duke be content with a quarter or a half?

' It is his

In a word the whale was seized and sold, and his Grace the Duke of Wellington received the money Thinking that viewed in some particular lights, the case might by a bare possibility in some small degree be deemed under the cir cumstances a rather hard one an honest clergyman of the town respectfully addressed a note to his Grace begging

him to take the case of those unfortunate mariners into full consideration To which my Lord Duke in substance replied (both letters were published) that he had already done so and received the money and would be obliged to the reverend gentleman if for the future he (the reverend gentleman) would decline meddling with other people s business Is this the still militant old man standing at the corners of the three kingdoms on all hands coercing alms of beggars?

It will readily be seen that in this case the alleged right of the Duke to the whale was a delegated one from the Sovereign We must needs inquire then on what principle the Sovereign is originally invested with that right The law itself has already been set forth But Plowdon gives us the reason for it Says Plowdon the whale so caught belongs to the King and Queen because of its superior excellence And by the soundest commentators this has ever been held a cogent argument in such matters

But why should the King have the head and the Queen the tail? A reason for that ye lawyers!

In his treatise on ' Queen Gold or Queen pin money an old Kings Bench author one William Prynne thus dis courseth ' Ye tail is ye Queen s that ye Queen s wardrobe may be supplied with ye whalebone Now this was written at a time when the black limber bone of the Greenland or Right whale was largely used in ladies bodices But this same bone is not in the tail it is in the head which is a sad mistake for a sagacious lawyer like Prynne But is the Queen a mermaid to be presented with a tail? An allegori cal meaning may lurk here

There are two royal fish so styled by the English law writers—the whale and the sturgeon both royal property under certain limitations and nominally supplying the tenth branch of the crown s ordinary revenue I know not that any other author has hinted of the matter but by inference it seems to me that the sturgeon must be divided in the same way as the whale the King receiving the highly dense and elastic head peculiar to that fish which sym bolically regarded may possibly be humorously grounded

upon some presumed congeniality And thus there seems a reason in all things, even in law

CHAPTER XCI

THE PEQUOD MEETS THE ROSE BUD

In vain it was to rake for Ambergriese in the paunch of this Leviathan insufferable fetor denying not inquiry
Sir T Browne V E

IT was a week or two after the last whaling scene recounted and when we were slowly sailing over a sleepy vapory mid day sea that the many noses on the Pequod s deck proved more vigilant discoverers than the three pairs of eyes aloft A peculiar and not very pleasant smell was smelt in the sea

I will bet something now ' said Stubb that somewhere hereabouts are some of those drugged whales we tickled the other day I thought they would keel up before long

Presently the vapors in advance slid aside and there in the distance lay a ship whose furled sails betokened that some sort of whale must be alongside As we glided nearer the stranger showed French colors from his peak and by the eddying cloud of vulture sea fowl that circled and hovered and swooped around him it was plain that the whale alongside must be what the *fishermen* call a blasted whale that is a whale that has died unmolested on the sea and so floated an unappropriated corpse It may well be conceived what an unsavory odor such a mass must exhale worse than an Assyrian city in the plague when the living are incompetent to bury the departed So intolerable indeed is it regarded by some that no cupidity could persuade them to moor alongside of it Yet are there those who will still do it notwithstanding the fact that the oil obtained from such subjects is of a very inferior quality and by *no means* of the nature of attar-of rose

Coming still nearer with the expiring breeze we saw that the Frenchman had a second whale alongside and this second whale seemed even more of a nosegay than the first

In truth it turned out to be one of those problematical whales that seem to dry up and d e with a sort of prodigious dyspepsia or indigestion leaving their defunct bodies almost entirely bankrupt of anything like oil Nevertheless in the proper place we shall see that no knowing fisherman will ever turn up his nose at such a whale as this however much he may shun blasted whales in general

The Pequod had now swept so nigh to the stranger that Stubb vowed he recognized his cutting spade-pole entangled in the lines that were knotted round the tail of one of these whales

There s a pretty fellow now he banteringly laughed standing in the ship s bows there s a jackal for ye! I well knew that these Crappoes of Frenchmen are but poor devils in the fishery sometimes lowering their boats for breakers mistaking them for Sperm Whale spouts yes and some imes sailing from their port with their hold full of boxes of tallow candles and cases of snuffers fore eeing that all the oil they will get won t be enough to dip the Captain s wick into aye we all know these things but look ye here s a Crappo that is content with our leavings the drugged whale there I mean aye and is content too with scraping the dry bones of that other precious fish he has there Poor devil! I say pass round a hat some one and let s make him a present of a little oil for dear charity s sake For what oil he'll get from that drugged whale there wouldn t be fit to burn in a jail no not in a condemned cell And as for the other whale why I ll agree to get more oil by chopping up and trying out these three ma ts of ours than he ll get from that bundle of bones though now that I think of it it may contain omething worth a good deal more than oil yes ambergris I wonder now if our old man has thought of that It s worth trying Yes I m for it and o saying he started for the quarter deck

By this time the faint air had become a complete calm so that whether or no the Pequod was now fairly entrapped in the smell with no hope of escaping except by i s breezing up again Issuing from the cabin Stubb now called his boat s crew and pulled off for the stranger Drawing across her bow he perceived that in accordance with the fanciful

French taste the upper part of her stem piece was carved in the likeness of a huge drooping stalk was painted green and for thorns had copper spikes projecting from it here and there the whole terminating in a symmetrical folded bulb of a bright red color Upon her head boards, in large gilt letters he read Bouton de Rose, —Rose button or Rose bud and this was the romantic name of this aromatic ship

Though Stubb did not understand the *Bouton* part of the inscription yet the word *rose* and the bulbous figure head put together sufficiently explained the whole to him

A wooden rose bud eh? he cried with his hand to his nose 'that will do very well but how like all creation it smells!

Now in order to hold direct communication with the people on deck he had to pull round the bows to the star board side and thus come close to the blasted whale and so talk over it

Arrived then at this spot with one hand still to his nose he bawled— Bouton de Rose ahoy! are there any of you Bouton-de Roses that speak English?

'Yes rejoined a Guernsey man from the bulwarks who turned out to be the chief mate

Well then my Bouton de Rose bud, have you seen the White Whale?

What whale?'

The *White* Whale—a Sperm Whale—Moby Dick have ye seen him?

Never heard of such a whale Cachalot Blanche! White Whale—no

'Very good then good bye now and I ll call again in a minute

Then rapidly pulling back towards the Pequod, and seeing Ahab leaning over the quarter-deck rail awaiting his report he moulded his two hands into a trumpet and shouted— No Sir! No!' Upon which Ahab retired and Stubb returned to the Frenchman

He now perceived that the Guernsey man who had just got into the chains and was using a cutting spade, had lung his nose in a sort of bag

"What s the matter with your nose there?" said Stubb "Broke it?

I wish it was broken, or that I didn t have any nose at all! answered the Guernsey man who did not seem to relish the job he was at very much But what are you holding *yours* for?

'Oh nothing! It s a wax nose I have to hold it on Fine day ain t it? Air rather gardenny I should say throw us a bunch of poises will ye Bouton-de Rose?

What in the devil s name do you want here? roared the Guernsey man flying into a sudden passion

Oh! keep cool—cool? yes that s the word! why don t you pack those whales in ice while you re working at em? But joking aside though do you know Rose bud that it s all nonsense trying to get any oil out of such whales? As for that dried up one there he hasn t a gill in his whole carcase

I know that well enough but d ye see the Captain here won t believe it this is his first voyage he was a Cologne manufacturer before But come aboard and mayhap he'll believe you if he won t me and so I'll get out of this dirty scrape

Anything to oblige ye my sweet and pleasant fellow rejoined Stubb and with that he oon mounted to the deck There a queer cene presented itself The sailors in tasselled caps of red worsted were getting the heavy tackles in readiness for the whales But they worked rather slow and talked very fast and seemed in anything but a good humor All their no es upwardly projected from their faces like o many jib booms Now and then pairs of them would drop their work and run up to the mast head to get some fresh air Some thinking they would catch the plague dipped oakum in coal tar and at intervals held it to their nostrils Others having broken the stems of their pipes almost short off at the bowl were vigorously puffing tobacco smoke o that it constantly filled their olfactories

Stubb was struck by a shower of outcries and anathemas proceeding from the Captain s round hou e abaft and looking in that direction saw a fiery face thrust from behind the door which was held ajar from within This was the

tormented surgeon who after in vain remonstrating against the proceedings of the day, had betaken himself to the Captain s round house (*cabinet* he called it) to avoid the pe t but still could not help yelling out his entreaties and indignations at times

Marking all this Stubb argued well for his scheme, and turning to the Guernsey man had a little chat with him, during which the stranger mate expressed his detestation of his Captain as a conceited ignoramus who had brought them all into so unsavory and unprofitable a pickle Sounding him carefully Stubb further perceived that the Guernsey man had not the slightest suspicion concerning the ambergris He therefore held his peace on that head but otherwise was quite frank and confidential with him, so that the two quickly concocted a little plan for both circumventing and satirizing the Captain without his at all dreaming of distrusting their sincerity According to this little plan of theirs the Guernsey man, under cover of an interpreter s office was to tell the Captain what he pleased but as coming from Stubb and as for Stubb he was to utter any nonsense that should come uppermost in him during the interview

By this time their destined victim appeared from his cabin He was a small and dark but rather delicate looking man for a sea captain with large whiskers and moustache however and wore a red cotton velvet vest with watch eals at his side To this gentleman Stubb was now politely introduced by the Guernsey man, who at once ostentatiously put on the aspect of interpreting between them

What shall I say to him first?' said he

Why said Stubb eyeing the velvet vest and the watch and seals you may as well begin by telling him that he looks a ort of babyish to me though I don t pretend to be a judge'

'He says Monsieur said the Guernsey man in French, turning to his captain ' that only yesterday his ship spoke a ves el, whose captain and chief mate with six sailors had all died of a fever caught from a blasted whale they had brought alongside

Upon this the captain started and eagerly desired to know more

What now? said the Guernsey man to Stubb

Why since he takes it so easy tell him that now I have eyed him carefully I m quite certain that he s no more fit to command a whale ship than a St Jago monkey In fact, tell him from me he s a baboon

He vows and declares Monsieur that the other whale the dried one is far more deadly than the blasted one in fine Monsieur he conjures us as we value our lives to cut loose from these fish

Instantly the captain ran forward and in a loud voice commanded his crew to desist from hoisting the cutting tackles, and at once cast loose the cables and chains confining the whales to the ship

What now? said the Guernsey man when the Captain had returned to them

Why let me see yes you may as well tell him now that—that—in fact tell him I ve diddled him and (aside to him elf) perhaps omebody else

He say Monsieur that he s very happy to have been of any service to us

Hearing thi the captain vowed that they were the grateful parties (meaning himself and mate) and concluded by inviting Stubb down into his cabin to drink a bottle of Bordeaux

He wants you to take a glass of wine with him said the interpreter

Thank him heartily but tell him it s against my principles to drink with the man I ve diddled In fact tell him I must go

He says Monsieur that his principles won t admit of his drinking but that if Monsieur wants to live another day to drink then Monsieur had best drop all four boats and pull the ship away from the e whales for it s so calm they won t drift

By thi time Stubb was over the side and getting into his boat hailed the Guern ey man to this effect —that having a long tow line in his boat he would do what he could to help them by pulling out the lighter whale of the two from

the ship s side While the Frenchman s boats then were engaged in towing the ship one way, Stubb benevolently towed away at his whale the other way ostentatiously slack ing out a most unusually long tow line

Presently a breeze sprang up, Stubb feigned to cast off from the whale hoisting his boats the Frenchman soon increased his distance while the Pequod slid in between him and Stubb s whale Whereupon Stubb quickly pulled to the floating body and hailing the Pequod to give notice of his intentions at once proceeded to reap the fruit of his unrighteous cunning Seizing his sharp boat spade he commenced an excavation in the body a little behind the side fin You would almost have thought he was digging a cellar there in the sea and when at length his spade struck against the gaunt ribs it was like turning up old Roman tiles and pottery buried in fat English loam His boat's crew were all in high excitement, eagerly helping their chief, and looking as anxious as gold hunters

And all the time numberless fowls were diving and duck ing and screaming and yelling and fighting around them Stubb was beginning to look disappointed, especially as the horrible nosegay increased when suddenly from out the very heart of this plague there stole a faint stream of perfume, which flowed through the tide of bad smells without being absorbed by it as one river will flow into and then along with another, without at all blending with it for a time

'I have it I have it ' cried Stubb with delight striking something in the subterranean regions 'a pursel a pursel

Dropping his spade he thrust both hands in and drew out handfuls of something that looked like ripe Windsor soap, or rich mottled old cheese very unctuous and savoury withal You might easily dent it with your thumb it is of a hue between yellow and ash color And this good friends, is ambergris worth a gold guinea an ounce to any druggist Some six handfuls were obtained, but more was unavoid ably lost in the sea, and still more, perhaps might have been secured were it not for impatient Ahab s loud command to Stubb to desist and come on board, else the ship would bid them good bye

CHAPTER XCII

AMBERGRIS

Now this ambergris is a very curious substance and so important as an article of commerce that in 1791 a certain Nantucket born Captain Coffin was examined at the bar of the English House of Commons on that subject For at that time and indeed until a comparatively late day the precise origin of ambergris remained like amber itself a problem to the learned Though the word ambergris is but the French compound for grey amber yet the two substances are quite distinct For amber though at times found on the sea-coast is also dug up in some far inland soils whereas ambergris is never found except upon the sea Besides amber is a hard transparent brittle odorless substance used for mouth pieces to pipes for beads and ornaments but ambergris is soft waxy and so highly fragrant and spicy, that it is largely used in perfumery in pastiles precious candles hair powders and pomatum The Turks use it in cooking and also carry it to Mecca for the same purpose that frankincense is carried to St Peter s in Rome Some wine merchants drop a few grains into claret, to flavor it

Who would think then that such fine ladies and gentlemen should regale themselves with an essence found in the inglorious bowels of a sick whale! Yet so it is By some ambergris is supposed to be the cause and by others the effect of the dyspepsia in the whale How to cure such a dyspepsia it were hard to say unless by administering three or four boat loads of Brandreth s pills and then running out of harm s way as laborers do in blasting rocks

I have forgotten to say that there were found in this ambergris certain hard round bony plates which at first Stubb thought might be sailors trowsers buttons but it afterwards turned out that they were nothing more than pieces of small squid bones embalmed in that manner

Now that the incorruption of this most fragrant ambergris should be found in the heart of such decay is this nothing? Bethink thee of that saying of St Paul in Corinthians about

corruption and incorruption how that we are sown in dis honor but raised in glory And likewise call to mind that saying of Paracelsus about what it is that maketh the best musk Also forget not the strange fact that of all things of ill savor Cologne water, in its rudimental manufacturing stages is the worst

I should like to conclude the chapter with the above appeal but cannot owing to my anxiety to repel a charge often made against whalemen and which in the estimation of some already biased minds might be considered as indirectly substantiated by what has been said of the Frenchman s two whales Elsewhere in this volume the slanderous aspersion has been disproved that the vocation of whaling is throughout a slatternly untidy business But there is another thing to rebut They hint that all whales always smell bad Now how did this odious stigma originate?

I opine that it is plainly traceable to the first arrival of the Greenland whaling ships in London more than two centuries ago Because those whalemen did not then, and do not now try out their oil at sea as the Southern ships have always done but cutting up the fresh blubber in small bits thrust it through the bung holes of la ge casks, and carry it home in that manner the hortness of the season in those Icy Seas and the sudden and violent storms to which they are exposed forbidding any other course The consequence is that upon breaking into the hold and unloading one of these whale cemeteries in the Greenland dock a savor is given forth somewhat similar to that arising from excavating an old city graveyard for the foundations of a Lying in Ho pital

I partly surmise al o that this wicked charge against whalers may be likewise imputed to the existence on the coast of Greenland n former times of a Dutch village called Schmerenburgh o Smeerenberg which latter name is the one u ed by the learned Fogo Von Slack in his great work on Smells a text book on that subject As its name imports (meer fat berg to put up) this village was founded in order to afford a place for the blubber of the Dutch whale fleet to be tried out without being taken

home to Holland for that purpose It was a collection of furnaces fat kettles and oil sheds and when the works were in full operation certainly gave forth no very pleasant savor But all this is quite different with a South Sea Sperm Whaler which in a voyage of four years perhaps after completely filling her hold with oil does not perhaps consume fifty days in the business of boiling out and in the state that it is casked the oil is nearly scentless The truth is that living or dead if but decently treated whales as a species are by no means creatures of ill odor nor can whalemen be recognised as the people of the middle ages affected to detect a Jew in the company by the nose Nor indeed can the whale possibly be otherwi e than fragrant when as a general thing he enjoys such high health taking abundance of exercise always out of doors though it is true seldom in the open air I say that the motion of a Sperm Whale s flukes above water dispenses a perfume as when a musk scented lady rustles her dress in a warm parlor What then shall I liken the Sperm Whale to for fragrance considering his magnitude? Must it not be to that famous elephant, with jeweled tu ks and redolent with myrrh which was led out of an Indian town to do honor to Alexander the Great?

CHAPTER XCIII

THE CASTAWAY

It was but some few days after encountering the French man that a most significant event befell the most insignifi cant of the Pequod s crew an event most lamentable and which ended in providing the ometimes madly merry and predestinated craft with a living and ever accompanying prophecy of whatever shattered sequel might prove her own

Now in the whale ship it is not every one that goes in the boats Some few hands are reserved called ship-keepers whose province it is to work the vessel while the boats are pursuing the whale As a general thing ship keepers are as hardy fellows as the men compr boats crews But if there happen to be an und

clumsy or timorous wight in the ship that wight is certain to be made a ship keeper It was so in the Pequod with the little negro Pippin by nick name Pip by abbreviation Poor Pip! ye have heard of him before ye must remember his tambourine on that dramatic midnight so gloomy jolly

In outer aspect Pip and Dough Boy made a match like a black pony and a white one of equal developments though of dissimilar color driven in one eccentric span But while hapless Dough Boy was by nature dull and torpid in his intellects Pip though over tender hearted was at bottom very bright with that pleasant genial jolly brightness peculiar to his tribe a tribe which ever enjoy all holidays and festivities with finer freer relish than any other race For blacks the year s calendar should show naught but three hundred and sixty five Fourth of Julys and New Year s Days Nor smile so while I write that this little black was brilliant for even blackness has its brilliancy behold yon lustrous ebony panelled in king s cabinets But Pip loved life and all life s peaceable securities so that the panic striking business in which he had somehow unaccountably become entrapped had most sadly blurred his brightness though as ere long will be seen what was thus temporarily subdued in him in the end was destined to be luridly illumined by strange wild fires that fictitiously showed him off to ten times the natural lustre with which in his native Tolland County in Connecticut he had once enlivened many a fiddler s frolic on the green and at melodious even tide with his gay ha ha! had turned the round horizon into one star belled tambourine So, though in the clear air of day suspended against a blue veined neck, the pure watered diamond drop will healthful glow yet when the cunning jeweller would show you the diamond in its most impressive lustre he lays it against a gloomy ground and then lights it up not by the sun but by some unnatural gases Then come out those fiery effulgences infernally superb then the evil blazing diamond, once the divinest symbol of the crystal skies looks like some crown jewel stolen from the King of Hell But let us to the story

It came to pass, that in the ambergris affair Stubb s after oarsman chanced so to sprain his hand, as for a time to

become quite maimed and temporarily, Pip was put into his place

The first time Stubb lowered with him Pip evinced much nervousness but happily for that time escaped close contact with the whale and therefore came off not altogether discreditably though Stubb observing him took care after wards to exhort him to cherish his courageou ness to the utmost for he might often find it needful

Now upon the second lowering the boat paddled upon the whale and as the fish received the darted iron it gave its customary rap which happened in this instance to be right under poor Pip s seat The involuntary consternation of the moment caused him to leap paddle in hand out of the boat and in such a way that part of the slack whale line coming against his chest he breasted it overboard with him so as to become entangled in it when at last plumping into the water That instant the stricken whale started on a fierce run the line swiftly straightened and presto' poor Pip came all foaming up to the chocks of the boat remorse lessly dragged there by the line which had taken several turns around his chest and neck

Tashtego stood in the bows He was full of the fire of the hunt He hated Pip for a poltroon Snatching the boat knife from its sheath he suspended its sharp edge over the line and turning towards Stubb exclaimed interrogatively Cut? Meantime Pip s blue choked face plainly looked Do for God s sake' All passed in a flash In less than half a minute this entire thing happened

Damn him cut' roared Stubb and so the whale was lo t and Pip was saved

So oon as he recovered himself the poor little negro was assailed by yells and execrations from the crew Tranquilly permitting these irregular cursings to evaporate Stubb then in a plain business like but till half humorous manner cursed Pip officially and that done unofficially gave him much wholesome advice The substance was Never jump from a boat Pip except—but all the rest was indefinite as the soundest advice ever is Now in general *Stick to the boat* is your true motto in whaling but cases will sometimes happen when *Leap from the boat* is still better

Moreover as if perceiving at last that if he should give undiluted conscientious advice to Pip he would be leaving him too wide a margin to jump in for the future Stubb suddenly dropped all advice, and concluded with a peremptory command "Stick to the boat Pip or by the Lord, I won t pick you up if you jump mind that We can t afford to lose whales by the likes of you a whale would sell for thirty times what you would Pip in Alabama Bear that in mind and don t jump any more Hereby perhaps Stubb indirectly hinted that though man loved his fellow yet man is a *money making* animal, which propensity too often interferes with his benevolence

But we are all in the hands of the Gods and Pip jumped again It was under very similar circumstances to the first performance but this time he did not breast out the line *and hence when the whale started to run Pip was left* behind on the sea like a hurried traveller s trunk Alas! Stubb was but too true to his word It was a beautiful bounteous blue day! the spangled sea calm and cool and flatly stretching away all round to the horizon like gold *beater s skin hammered out to the extremest* Bobbing up and down in that sea Pip s ebon head showed like a head of cloves No boat knife was lifted when he fell so rapidly astern Stubb s inexorable back was turned upon him and the whale was winged In three minutes a whole mile of shoreless ocean was between Pip and Stubb Out from the centre of the sea poor Pip turned his crisp curling black head to the sun another lonely castaway, though the loftiest and the brightest

Now in calm weather to swim in the open ocean is as easy to the practised swimmer as to ride in a spring-carriage ashore But the awful lonesomeness is intolerable The intense concentration of self in the middle of such a heartless immensity my God! who can tell it? Mark, how when sailors in a dead calm bathe in the open sea—mark how closely they hug their ship and only coast along her sides

But had Stubb really abandoned the poor little negro to his fate? No he did not mean to at least Because there were two boats in his wake and he supposed no doubt that they would of course come up to Pip very quickly, and

pick him up though, indeed such considerations towards oarsmen jeopardized through their own timidity, is not always manifested by the hunters in all similar instances and such instances not unfrequently occur almost invariably in the fishery a coward so called is marked with the same ruthless detestation peculiar to military navies and armies

But it so happened that those boats without seeing Pip suddenly spying whales close to them on one side turned and gave chase and Stubb s boat was now so far away and he and all his crew o intent upon his fish that Pip s ringed horizon began to expand around him miserably By the merest chance the ship itself at last rescued him but from that hour the little negro went about the deck an idiot such at least they said he was The sea had jeeringly kept his finite body up but drowned the infinite of his soul Not drowned entirely though Rather carried down alive to wondrous depths where strange shapes of the unwarped primal world glided to and fro before his passive eyes and the miser merman Wisdom revealed his hoarded heaps and among the joyous heartless ever juvenile eternities Pip saw the multitudinous God omnipresent coral insects that out of the firmament of waters heaved the colossal orbs He saw God s foot upon the treadle of the loom and spoke it and therefore his shipmates called him mad So man s insanity is heaven s sense and wandering from all mortal reason man comes at last to that celestial thought which to reason is absurd and frantic and weal or woe feels then uncompromised indifferent as his God

For the rest blame not Stubb too hardly The thing is common in that fishery and in the sequel of the narrative it will then be seen what like abandonment befell myself

CHAPTER XCIV

A SQUEEZE OF THE HAND

THAT whale of Stubb s o dearly purchased was duly brought to the Pequod side where all those cutting

hoisting operations previously detailed, were regularly gone through even to the baling of the Heidelburgh Tun or Case

While some were occupied with this latter duty, others were employed in dragging away the larger tubs, so soon as filled with the sperm and when the proper time arrived, this same sperm was carefully manipulated ere going to the try works of which anon

It had cooled and crystallized to such a degree that when, with several others I sat down before a large Constantine s bath of it I found it strangely concreted into lumps, here and there rolling about in the liquid part It was our business to squeeze these lumps back into fluid A sweet and unctuous duty! No wonder that in old times sperm was such a favourite cosmetic Such a clearer! such a sweetener! such a softener such a delicious mollifier! After having my hands in it for only a few minutes my fingers felt like eels and began as it were to serpentine and spiralize

As I sat there at my ease cross legged on the deck, after the bitter exertion at the windlass under a blue tranquil sky, the ship under indolent sail and gliding so serenely along as I bathed my hands among those soft gentle globules of infiltrated tissues, wove almost within the hour as they richly broke to my fingers and discharged all their opulence like fully ripe grapes their wine as I snuffed up that uncontaminated aroma—literally and truly like the smell of spring violets I declare to you that for the time I lived as in a musky meadow I forgot all about our horrible oath in that inexpressible sperm I washed my hands and my heart of it I almost began to credit the old Paracelsan superstition that sperm is of rare virtue in allaying the heat of anger while bathing in that bath I felt divinely free from all ill will, or petulance or malice, of any sort whatsoever

Squeeze! squeeze! squeeze! all the morning long I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it, I squeezed that sperm till a strange sort of insanity came over me and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-laborers hands in it mistaking their hands for the gentle globules Such an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling did this avocation beget that at last I was con

tinually squeezing their hands and looking up into their eyes sentimentally as much as to say —Oh! my dear fellow beings why should we longer cherish any social acerbities or know the slightest ill humor or envy! Come let us squeeze hands all round nay let us all squeeze ourselves into each other, let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness

Would that I could keep squeezing that sperm for ever! For now, since by many prolonged repeated experiences I have perceived that in all cases man must eventually lower or at least shift his conceit of attainable felicity not placing it anywhere in the intellect or the fancy but in the wife the heart the bed the table the saddle the fire side the country now that I have perceived all this I am ready to squeeze case eternally In thoughts of the visions of the night I saw long rows of angels in paradise each with his hands in a jar of spermaceti

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Now while discoursing of sperm it behooves to speak of other things akin to it in the business of preparing the sperm whale for the try works

First comes white horse so called which is obtained from the tapering part of the fish and also from the thicker portions of his flukes. It is tough with congealed tendons—a wad of muscle—but still contains some oil After being severed from the whale the white horse is first cut into portable oblongs ere going to the mincer They look much like blocks of Berkshire marble

Plum pudding is the term bestowed upon certain fragmentary parts of the whale s flesh here and there adhering to the blanket of blubber and often participating to a considerable degree in its unctuousness It is a most refreshing convivial beautiful object to behold As its name imports it is of an exceedingly rich mottled tint with a bestreaked nowy ind golden ground dotted with spots of the deepest crimson and purple It is plums of rubies in pictures of citron Spite of reason it is hard to keep your self from eating it I confess that once I stole behind the foremast to try it It tasted something as I should conceive a royal cutlet from the thigh of Louis le Gros might have

tasted supposing him to have been killed the first day after the venison season and that particular venison season contemporary with an unusually fine vintage of the vineyards of Champagne

There is another substance, and a very singular one, which turns up in the course of this business but which I feel it to be very puzzling adequately to describe It is called slobgollion an appellation original with the whalemen and even so is the nature of the substance It is an ineffably oozy stringy affair, most frequently found in the tubs of sperm after a prolonged squeezing and subsequent decanting I hold it to be the wondrously thin, ruptured membranes of the case coalescing

Gurry so called is a term properly belonging to right whalemen but sometimes incidentally used by the sperm fishermen It designates the dark glutinous substance which is scraped off the back of the Greenland or right whale, and much of which covers the decks of those inferior souls who hunt that ignoble Leviathan

Nippers Strictly this word is not indigenous to the whale's vocabulary But as applied by whalemen, it becomes so A whaleman's nipper is a short firm strip of tendinous stuff cut from the tapering part of Leviathan's tail it averages an inch in thickness and for the rest is about the size of the iron part of a hoe Edgewise moved along the oily deck it operates like a leathern squilgee and by nameless blandishments as of magic allures along with it all impurities

But to learn all about these recondite matters your best way is at once to descend into the blubber room, and have a long talk with its inmates This place has previously been mentioned as the receptacle for the blanket pieces when stript and hoisted from the whale When the proper time arrives for cutting up its contents this apartment is a scene of terror to all tyros especially by night On one side lit by a dull lantern a space has been left clear for the workmen They generally go in pairs—a pike and gaff man and a spade man The whaling pike is similar to a frigate's boarding weapon of the same name The gaff is something like a boat hook With his gaff, the gaffman hooks on to a

sheet of blubber and strives to hold it from slipping as the ship pitches and lurches about Meanwhile the spade man stands on the sheet itself perpendicularly chopping it into the portable horse pieces This spade is sharp as hone can make it the spademan s feet are shoeless the thing he stands on will sometimes irresistibly lide away from him like a sledge If he cuts off one of his own toes or one of his assistants would you be very much a tonished? Toes are scarce among veteran blubber room men

CHAPTER XCV

THE CASSOCK

HAD you stepped on board the Pequod at a certain juncture of this post mortemizing of the whale and had you strolled forward nigh the windlass pretty sure am I that you would have scanned with no small curiosity a very strange enigmatical object which you would have seen there lying *along* lengthwise in the lee scuppers Not the wondrous cistern in the whale s huge head not the prodigy of his unhinged lower jaw not the miracle of his symmetrical tail none of these would o surprise you as half a glimpse of that unaccountable cone —longer than a Kentuckian is tall nigh a foot in diameter at the base and jet black as Yojo the ebony idol of Queequeg And an idol indeed it is or rather in old times its likeness was Such an idol as that found in the ecret groves of Queen Maachah in Judea *and for worshipping which King A_a her on did* depose her and destroyed the idol and burnt it for an abomination at the brook Kedron as darkly set forth in the 15th chapter of the first book of Kings

Look at the sailor called the mincer who now comes along and assisted by two allies heavily backs the grandis simus as the mariners call it and with bowed shoulders staggers off with it as if he were a grenadier carrying a dead comrade from the field Extending it upon the forecastle deck he now proceeds cylindrically to remove its dark pelt as an African hunter the pelt of a boa This done he

being tried out, the crisp, shrivelled blubber, now called scraps or fritters still contains considerable of its unctuous properties These fritters feed the flames Like a plethoric burning martyr, or a self-consuming misanthrope once ignited the whale supplies his own fuel and burns by his own body Would that he consumed his own smoke! for his smoke is horrible to inhale and inhale it you must and not only that but you must live in it for the time It has an unspeakable wild Hindoo odor about it such as may lurk in the vicinity of funereal pyres It smells like the left wing of the day of judgment it is an argument for the pit

By midnight the works were in full operation We were clear from the carcase sail had been made the wind was freshening the wild ocean darkness was intense But that darkness was licked up by the fierce flames, which at intervals forked forth from the sooty flues and illuminated every lofty rope in the rigging as with the famed Greek fire The burning ship drove on as if remorselessly commissioned to some vengeful deed So the pitch and sulphur freighted brigs of the bold Hydriote Canaris issuing from their midnight harbors with broad sheets of flame for sails bore down upon the Turkish frigates and folded them in conflagrations

The hatch removed from the top of the works now afforded a wide hearth in front of them Standing on this were the Tartarean shapes of the pagan harpooneers always the whale ships stokers With huge pronged poles they pitched hissing masses of blubber into the scalding pots or stirred up the fires beneath till the snaky flames darted, curling out of the doors to catch them by the feet The smoke rolled away in sullen heaps To every pitch of the ship there was a pitch of the boiling oil which seemed all eagerness to leap into their faces Opposite the mouth of the works on the further side of the wide wooden hearth was the windlass This served for a sea sofa Here lounged the watch when not otherwise employed looking into the red heat of the fire till their eyes felt scorched in their heads Their tawny features now all begrimed with smoke and sweat their matted beards, and the contrasting barbaric brilliancy of their teeth, all these were strangely revealed in

the capricious emblazonings of the works As they narrated to each other their unholy adventures their tales of terror told in words of mirth as their uncivilized laughter forked upwards out of them like the flames from the furnace, as to and fro in their front the harpooneers wildly gesticulated with their huge pronged forks and dippers as the wind howled on and the sea leaped and the ship groaned and dived and yet steadfastly hot her red hell further and further into the blackness of the sea and the night and scornfully champed the white bone in her mouth and viciously spat round her on all sides then the rushing Pequod freighted with savages and laden with fire and burning a corpse and plunging into that blackness of dark ness seemed the material counterpart of her monomaniac commander s soul

So seemed it to me as I stood at her helm and for long hours silently guided the way of this fire ship on the sea Wrapped for that interval in darkness myself I but the better saw the redness the madness the ghastline s of others The continual sight of the fiend shapes before me capering half in smoke and half in fire these at last begat kindred visions in my soul so soon as I began to yield to that unaccountable drowsiness which ever would come over me at a midnight helm

But that night in particular a strange (and ever since inexplicable) thing occurred to me Starting from a brief standing sleep I was horribly conscious of something fatally wrong The jaw bone tiller smote my side which leaned against it in my ears was the low hum of sails just be ginning to shake in the wind I thought my eyes were open I was half conscious of putting my fingers to the lids and mechanically stretching them still further apart But spite of all this I could ee no compa before me to steer by though it seemed but a minute since I had been watching the card by the steady binnacle lamp illuminating it Noth ing seemed before me but a jet gloom now and then made ghastly by flashes of redness Uppermost was the im pression that whatever swift rushing thing I stood on was not so much bound to any haven ahead as rushing from all havens as[illegible]

came over me Convulsively my hands grasped the tiller, but with the crazy conceit that the tiller was, somehow, in some enchanted way inverted My God! what is the matter with me? thought I Lo! in my brief sleep I had turned myself about and was fronting the ship s stern with my back to her prow and the compass In an instant I faced back just in time to prevent the vessel from flying up into the wind and very probably capsizing her How glad and how grateful the relief from this unnatural hallucination of the night and the fatal contingency of being brought by the lee!

Look not too long in the face of the fire O man! Never dream with thy hand on the helm! Turn not thy back to the compass accept the first hint of the hitching tiller believe not the artificial fire when its redness makes all things look ghastly To morrow in the natural sun the skies will be bright those who glared like devils in the forking flames the morn will show in far other at least gentler, relief the glorious golden glad sun the only true lamp—all others but liars!

Nevertheless the sun hides not Virginia s Dismal Swamp nor Rome s accursed Campagna nor wide Sahara nor all the millions of miles of deserts and of griefs beneath the moon The sun hides not the ocean which is the dark side of this earth and which is two thirds of this earth So, therefore that mortal man who hath more of joy than sorrow in him that mortal man cannot be true—not true or un developed With books the same The truest of all men was the Man of Sorrows and the truest of all books is Solomon s and Ecclesiastes is the fine hammered steel of woe All is vanity ALL This wilful world hath not got hold of unchristian Solomon s wisdom yet But he who dodges hospitals and jails and walks fast crossing grave yards and would rather talk of operas than hell calls Cowper Young Pascal Rou seau poor devils all of sick men and throughout a care free lifetime swears by Rabelais as passing wise and therefore jolly —not that man is fitted to sit down on tomb stones and break the green damp mould with unfathomably wondrous Solomon

But even Solomon, he says, the man that wandereth out

of the way of understanding shall remain (*i.e* even while living) '*in the congregation of the dead* *Give not thyself* up then to fire lest it invert thee deaden thee as for the time it did me There is a wisdom that is woe but there is a woe that is madness And there is a Catskill eagle in some ouls that can alike dive down into the blackest gorges and soar out of them again and become invisible in the sunny spaces And even if he for ever flies within the gorge that gorge is in the mountains so that even in his lowest swoop the mountain eagle is still higher than other birds upon the plain even though they soar

CHAPTER XCVII

THE LAMP

HAD you descended from the Pequod s try works to the Pequod s forecastle where the off duty watch were sleeping for one single moment you would have almost thought you were standing in some illuminated shrine of canonized kings and counsellors There they lay in their triangular oaken vaults each mariner a chiselled muteness a score of lamps *flashing upon his hooded eyes*

In merchantmen oil for the sailor is more scarce than the milk of queens To dress in the dark and eat in the dark and stumble in darkness to his pallet this is his usual lot But the whaleman as he seeks the food of light so he lives in light He makes his berth an Aladdin s lamp and lays him down in it o that in the pitchiest night the ship s black hull still houses an illumination

See with what entire freedom the whaleman takes his handful of lamps—often but old bottles and vials though—to the copper cooler at the try works and replenishes them there as mugs of ale at a vat He burns too the purest of oil in its unmanufactured and therefore unvitiated state a fluid unknown to solar lunar or astral contrivances ashore It is sweet as early grass butter in April He goes and hunts for his oil so as to be sure of its freshness and genuineness even as the traveller on the prairie hunts up his own supper of game

CHAPTER XCVIII

STOWING DOWN AND CLEARING UP

ALREADY has it been related how the great leviathan is afar off descried from the mast head how he is chased over the watery moors and slaughtered in the valleys of the deep how he is then towed alongside and beheaded, and how (on the principle which entitled the headsman of old to the garments in which the beheaded was killed) his great padded surtout becomes the property of his executioner how in due time he is condemned to the pots and like Shadrach Meshach and Abednego his spermaceti oil and bone pass unscathed through the fire —but now it remains to conclude the last chapter of this part of the description by rehearsing—singing if I may—the romantic proceeding of decanting off his oil into the casks and striking them down into the hold where once again leviathan returns to his native profundities sliding along beneath the surface as before but alas! never more to rise and blow

While still warm the oil like hot punch is received into the six barrel casks and while perhaps the ship is pitching and rolling this way and that in the midnight sea the enormous casks are slewed round and headed over end for end and sometimes perilously scoot across the slippery deck like so many land slides till at last man handled and stayed in their course and all round the hoops rap rap go as many hammers as can play upon them for now *ex officio* every sailor is a cooper

At length when the last pint is casked, and all is cool then the great hatchways are unsealed the bowels of the ship are thrown open and down go the casks to their final rest in the sea This done the hatches are replaced and hermetically closed like a closet walled up

In the sperm fishery this is perhaps one of the most remarkable incidents in all the business of whaling One day the planks stream with freshets of blood and oil on the sacred quarter-deck enormous masses of the whale s head are profanely piled great rusty casks lie about as in a brewery yard the smoke from the try works has besooted

all the bulwarks, the mariners go about suffused with unctuousness the entire ship seems great leviathan himself while on all hands the din is deafening

But a day or two after you look about you and prick your ears in this self same ship! and were it not for the tell tale boats and try works you would all but swear you trod some silent merchant ves el with a most scrupulously neat commander The unmanufactured sperm oil possesses a singularly cleansing virtue This is the reason why the decks never look so white as just after what they call an affair of oil Besides from the ashes of the burned scraps of the whale a potent lye is readily made and whenever any adhesiveness from the back of the whale remains clinging to the side that lye quickly exterminates it Hands go diligently along the bulwarks and with buckets of water and rags restore them to their full tidiness The soot is brushed from the lower rigging All the numerous implements which have been in use are likewise faithfully cleansed and put away The great hatch is scrubbed and placed upon the try works completely hiding the pots every cask is out of ight all tackles are coiled in unseen nooks and when by the combined and simultaneous industry of almost the entire ship s company the whole of this conscientious duty is at last concluded then the crew themselves proceed to their own ablutions shift themselves from top to toe and finally issue to the immaculate deck fresh and all aglow as bridegroom new leaped from out the daintiest Holland

Now with elated step they pace the planks in twos and threes and humorously discourse of parlors ofa carpets and fine cambrics propo e to mat the deck think of having hanging to the top object not to taking tea by moonlight on the piazza of the forecastle To hint to such musked mariners of oil and bone and blubber were little short of audacity They know not the thing you distantly allude to Away and bring us napkins!

But mark aloft there at the three mast heads stand three men intent on spying out more whales which if caught infallibly will again soil the old oaken furniture and drop at least one small grease spot somewhere Yes and many is the time when after the severest uninterrupted

labors which know no night, continuing straight through for ninety six hours, when from the boat, where they have swelled their wrists with all day rowing on the Line—they only step to the deck to carry vast chains, and heave the heavy windlass and cut and slash yea and in their very sweatings to be smoked and burned anew by the combined fires of the equatorial sun and the equatorial try works when on the heel of all this they have finally bestirred themselves to cleanse the ship and make a spotless dairy room of it many is the time the poor fellows, just buttoning the necks of their clean frocks, are startled by the cry of There she blows! and away they fly to fight another whale and go through the whole weary thing again Oh! my friends but this is man killing! Yet this is life For hardly have we mortals by long toilings extracted from this world's vast bulk its small but valuable sperm and then with weary patience cleansed ourselves from its defilements, and learned to live here in clean tabernacles of the soul, hardly is this done, when—*There she blows!*—the ghost is spouted up and away we sail to fight some other world, and go through young life's old routine again

Oh! the metempsychosis! Oh! Pythagoras that in bright Greece two thousand years ago did die so good so wise so mild I sailed with thee along the Peruvian coast last voyage—and foolish as I am taught thee a green simple boy how to splice a rope

CHAPTER XCIX

THE DOUBLOON

Ere now it has been related how Ahab was wont to pace his quarter-deck taking regular turns at either limit the binnacle and mainmast but in the multiplicity of other things requiring narration it has not been added how that sometimes in these walks when most plunged in his mood he was wont to pause in turn at each spot and stand there strangely eyeing the particular object before him When he halted before the binnacle with his glance fastened on

the pointed needle in the compass that glance shot like a javelin with the pointed intensity of his purpose, and when resuming his walk he again paused before the mainmast then as the same riveted glance fastened upon the riveted gold coin there he still wore the same aspect of nailed firmness, only dashed with a certain wild longing if not hopefulness

But one morning turning to pass the doubloon he seemed to be newly attracted by the strange figures and inscriptions stamped on it as though now for the first time beginning to interpret for himself in some monomaniac way whatever significance might lurk in them And some certain significance lurks in all things else all things are little worth and the round world itself but an empty cipher except to sell by the cartload as they do hills about Boston to fill up some morass in the Milky Way

Now this doubloon was of purest virgin gold raked somewhere out of the heart of gorgeous hills whence east and west over golden sands the head waters of many a Pactolus flows And though now nailed amidst all the rustiness of iron bolts and the verdigris of copper spikes yet untouchable and immaculate to any foulness it still preserved its Quito glow Nor though placed amongst a ruthless crew and every hour passed by ruthless hands and through the livelong nights shrouded with thick darkness which might cover any pilfering approach nevertheless every sunrise found the doubloon where the sunset last left it For it was set apart and sanctified to one awe striking end and however wanton in their sailor ways one and all the mariners revered it as the white whale s talisman Sometimes they talked it over in the weary watch by night wondering whose it was to be at last and whether he would ever live to spend it

Now those noble golden coins of South America are as medals of the sun and tropic token pieces Here palms alpacas and volcanoes suns disks and stars ecliptics horns of plenty and rich banners waving are in luxuriant profusion stamped so that the precious gold seems almost to derive an added preciousness and enhancing glories by passing through those fancy mints so Spanishly poetic

It so chanced that the doubloon of the Pequod was a most wealthy example of these things On its round border it bore the letters REPUBLICA DEL ECUADOR QUITO So this bright coin came from a country planted in the middle of the world and beneath the great equator and named after it and it had been cast midway up the Andes, in the unwaning clime that knows no autumn Zoned by those letters you saw the likeness of three Andes summits from one a flame, a tower on another on the third a crowing cock while arching over all was a segment of the partitioned zodiac the signs all marked with their usual cabalistics and the keystone sun entering the equinoctial point at Libra

Before this equatorial coin, Ahab not unobserved by others was now pausing

There s something ever egotistical in mountain tops and towers and all other grand and lofty things look here,—three peaks as proud as Lucifer The firm tower, that is Ahab, the volcano that is Ahab the courageous the undaunted and victorious fowl that too is Ahab all are Ahab and this round gold is but the image of the rounder globe which like a magician s glass to each and every man in turn but mirrors back his own mysterious self Great pains small gains for those who ask the world to solve them it cannot solve itself Methinks now this coined sun wears a ruddy face but see! aye he enters the sign of storms the equinox! and but six months before he wheeled out of a former equinox at Aries! From storm to storm! So be it then Born in throes t is fit that man should live in pains and die in pangs! So be it then! Here s stout stuff for woe to work on So be it then'

No fairy fingers can have pressed the gold but devil s claws must have left their mouldings there since yesterday murmured Starbuck to himself leaning against the bulwarks The old man seems to read Belshazzar s awful writing I have never marked the coin inspectingly He goes below, let me read A dark valley between three mighty heaven abiding peaks that almost seem the Trinity in some faint earthly symbol So in this vale of Death God girds us round, and over all our gloom, the sun

of Righteousness still shines a beacon and a hope If we bend down our eyes, the dark vale shows her mouldy soil, but if we lift them the bright sun meets our glance half way to cheer Yet, oh, the great sun is no fixture and if, at midnight we would fain snatch some sweet solace from him we gaze for him in vain! This coin speaks wisely mildly truly but still sadly to me I will quit it lest Truth shake me falsely

'There now s the old Mogul" soliloquized Stubb by the try works he s been twigging it and there goes Starbuck from the same and both with faces which I should say might be somewhere within nine fathoms long And all from looking at a piece of gold which did I have it now on Negro Hill or in Corlaer s Hook I d not look at it very long ere spending it Humph! in my poor insignificant opinion I regard this as queer I have seen doubloons before now in my voyagings your doubloons of old Spain your doubloons of Peru your doubloons of Chili your doubloons of Bolivia your doubloons of Popayan with plenty of gold moidores and pistoles and joes and half joes and quarter joes What then should there be in this doubloon of the Equator that is so killing wonderful? By Golconda! let me read it once Halloa! here s signs and wonders truly! That now is what old Bowditch in his Epitome calls the zodiac and what my almanack below calls ditto I ll get the almanack and as I have heard devils can be raised with Daboll s arith metic I'll try my hand at raising a meaning out of these queer curvicues here with the Massachusetts calendar Here s the book Let s see now Signs and wonders and the sun he s always among em Hem hem hem here they are—here they go—all alive —Aries or the Ram Taurus or the Bull and Jimimi! here s Gemini himself or the Twins Well the sun he wheels among em Aye here on the coin he s just crossing the threshold between two of twelve sitting rooms all in a ring Book! you lie there the fact is you books must know your places You'll do to give us the bare words and facts but we come in to supply the thoughts That s my small experience so far as the Massachusetts calendar and Bowditch s navigator and Daboll s arithmetic go Signs and wonders eh? Pity

there is nothing wonderful in signs and significant in wonders! There s a clue omewhere wait a bit hist—nark! By Jove I have it! Look you Doubloon your zodiac here is the life of man in one round chapter and now I ll read it off straight out of the book Come Almanack! To begin there s Aries or the Ram—lecherous dog he begets us then Taurus or the Bull—he bumps us the first thing then Gemini or the Twins—that is Virtue and Vice, we try to reach Virtue when lo! comes Cancer the Crab and drags us back and here going from Virtue Leo a roaring Lion lies in the path—he gives a few fierce bites and surly dabs with his paw we escape and hail Virgo the Virgin! that s our first love we marry and think to be happy for aye when pop comes Libra or the Scales—happiness weighed and found wanting and while we are very sad about that, Lord! how we suddenly jump as Scorpio or the Scorpion stings us in the rear we are curing the wound, when whang comes the arrows all round Sagittarius or the Archer is amusing himself As we pluck out the shafts stand aside! here s the battering ram Capricornus or the Goat full tilt he comes rushing and headlong we are tossed when Aquarius or the Water bearer pours out his whole deluge and drowns us and to wind up with Pisces or the Fishes we sleep There s a sermon now writ in high heaven and the sun goes through it every year and yet comes out of it all alive and hearty Jollily he aloft there wheels through toil and trouble and so alow here does jolly Stubb Oh jolly s the word for aye! Adieu Doubloon! But stop here comes little King Post dodge round the try works now and let s hear what he ll have to say There he s before it he ll out with something presently So so he s beginning

I see nothing here but a round thing made of gold and whoever raises a certain whale this round thing belongs to him So what s all this staring been about? It is worth sixteen dollars that s true and at two cents the cigar, that s nine hundred and sixty cigars I won t smoke dirty pipes like Stubb but I like cigars, and here s nine hundred and sixty of them so here goes Flask aloft to spy 'em out

Shall I call that wise or foolish now if it be really wise it has a foolish look to it yet if it be really foolish then has it a sort of wiseish look to it But avast here comes our old Manxman—the old hearse-driver he must have been that is before he took to the sea He luffs up before the doubloon halloa and goes round on the other side of the mast why there s a horse shoe nailed on that side and now he s back again what does that mean? Hark! he muttering—voice like an old worn-out coffee mill Prick ears and listen!

"If the White Whale be raised it must be in a month and a day when the sun stands in some one of these signs I ve studied signs and know their marks they were taught me two score years ago by the old witch in Copenhagen Now in what sign will the sun then be? The horse-shoe sign for there it is right opposite the gold And what s the horse shoe sign? The lion is the horse-shoe sign—the roaring and devouring lion Ship old ship! my old head shakes to think of thee

There s another rendering now but still one text All sorts of men in one kind of world you see Dodge again! here comes Queequeg—all tattooing—looks like the signs of the Zodiac himself What says the Cannibal? As I live he s comparing notes looking at his thigh bone thinks the sun is in the thigh or in the calf or in the bowels I suppose as the old women talk Surgeon s Astronomy in the black country And by Jove he s found something there in the vicinity of his thigh—I guess it s Sagittarius or the Archer No he don t know what to make of the doubloon he takes it for an old button off some king s trowsers But aside again! here comes that ghost devil Fedallah tail coiled out of sight as usual, oakum in the toes of his pumps as usual What does he say with that look of his? Ah only makes a sign to the sign and bows himself there is a sun on the coin—fire worshipper depend upon it Ho! more and more This way comes Pip —poor boy! would he had died or I he s half horrible to me He too has been watching all of these interpreters myself included—and look now he comes to read with that

unearthly idiot face Stand away again and hear him. Hark!

"I look you look he looks we look, ye look, they look

'Upon my soul he's been studying Murray's Grammar! Improving his mind, poor fellow! But what's that he says now—hist!

I look you look he looks we look, ye look, they look

'Why he's getting it by heart—hist! again"

I look you look he looks we look, ye look they look'

Well that's funny

And I you and he and we ye and they are all bats and I'm a crow especially when I stand a'top of this pine tree here Caw! caw! caw! caw! caw! caw! Ain't I a crow? And where's the scare-crow? There he stands two bones stuck into a pair of old trowsers, and two more poked into the sleeves of an old jacket

'Wonder if he means me?—complimentary—poor lad!—I could go hang myself Any way for the present I'll quit Pip's vicinity I can stand the rest for they have plain wits but he's too crazy witty for my sanity So, so I leave him muttering

Here's the ship's navel this doubloon here and they are all one fire to unscrew it But unscrew your navel and what's the consequence? Then again if it stays here that is ugly too for when aught's nailed to the mast it's a sign that things grow desperate Ha ha! old Ahab! the White Whale he'll nail ye! This is a pine tree My father in old Tolland county cut down a pine tree once, and found a silver ring grown over in it some old darkey's wedding ring How did it get there? And so they'll say in the resurrection when they come to fish up this old mast and find a doubloon lodged in it with bedded oysters for the shaggy bark Oh the gold! the precious precious gold!—the green miser'll hoard ye soon! Hish! hish! God goes mong the worlds blackberrying Cook! ho, cook! and cook us! Jenny! hey hey hey, hey, hey Jenny, Jenny! and get your hoe-cake done!"

CHAPTER C

LEG AND ARM

THE PEQUOD OF NANTUCKET MEETS THE SAMUEL ENDERBY OF LONDON

'Ship ahoy! Hast seen the White Whale?

So cried Ahab once more hailing a ship showing English colors bearing down under the stern Trumpet to mouth the old man was standing in his hoisted quarter deck his ivory leg plainly revealed to the stranger captain, who was carelessly reclining in his own boat s bow He was a darkly tanned burly good natured fine looking man of sixty or thereabouts dressed in a spacious roundabout that hung round him in festoons of blue pilot-cloth and one empty arm of his jacket streamed behind him like the broidered arm of a huzzar s surcoat

Hast seen the White Whale?

See you this? and withdrawing it from the folds that had hidden it he held up a white arm of sperm whale bone terminating in a wooden head like a mallet

'Man my boat! cried Ahab impetuously and tossing about the oars near him— Stand by to lower!

In less than a minute without quitting his little craft he and his crew were dropped to the water and were soon alongside of the stranger But here a curious difficulty presented itself In the excitement of the moment Ahab had forgotton that since the loss of his leg he had never once stepped on board of any vessel at sea but his own and then it was always by an ingenious and very handy mechanical contrivance peculiar to the Pequod and a thing not to be rigged and shipped in any other vessel at a moment s warning Now it is no very easy matter for anybody—except those who are almost hourly used to it like whalemen—to clamber up a ship s side from a boat on the open sea for the great swells now lift the boat high up towards the bulwarks and then instantaneously drop it half way down to the kelson So deprived of one leg and the strange ship of course being altogether unsupplied with the kindly invention Ahab now found himself abjectly reduced to a

clumsy landsman again hopelessly eyeing the uncertain changeful height he could hardly hope to attain

It has before been hinted perhaps, that every little un toward circumstance that befell him and which indirectly sprang from his luckless mishap almost invariably ir ritated or exasperated Ahab And in the present instance all this was heightened by the sight of the two officers of the strange ship leaning over the side by the perpendicu lar ladder of nailed cleets there and swinging towards him a pair of tastefully ornamented man ropes for at first they did not seem to bethink them that a one legged man must be too much of a cripple to use their sea bannisters But this awkwardness only lasted a minute because the strange captain observing at a glance how affairs stood, cried out I see I see —avast heaving there! Jump, boys and swing over the cutting tackle

As good luck would have it they had had a whale along side a day or two previous and the great tackles were still aloft and the massive curved blubber hook, now clean and dry was till attached to the end This was quickly low ered to Ahab who at once comprehending it all slid his solitary thigh into the curve of the hook (it was like sitting in the fluke of an anchor or the crotch of an apple tree) and then giving the word held himself fast and at the same time also helped to hoist his own weight by pulling hand-over hand upon one of the running parts of the tackle Soon he was carefully swung inside the high bulwarks and gently landed upon the cap tan head With his ivory arm frankly thrust forth in welcome the other captain advanced and Ahab putting out his ivory leg and crossing the ivory arm (like two sword fish blades) cried out in his walrus way Aye aye hearty! let us hake bones together!—an arm and a leg!—an arm that never can shrink d ye see and a leg that never can run Where did st thou see the White Whale?—how long ago?

'The White Whale said the Englishman pointing his ivory arm towards the Fast and taking a rueful sight along it as if it had been a telescope there I saw him on the Line last season

'And he took that arm off did he? asked Ahab now

sliding down from the capstan and resting on the English man s shoulder as he did so

Aye he was the cause of it, at least and that leg too?

Spin me the yarn said Ahab how was it? '

It was the first time in my life that I ever cruised on the Line began the Englishman I was ignorant of the White Whale at that time Well one day we lowered for a pod of four or five whales and my boat fastened to one of them a regular circus horse he was too that went milling and milling round so that my boat s crew could only trim dish by sitting all their sterns on the outer gunwale Presently up breaches from the bottom of the sea a bouncing great whale with a milky white head and hump all crows feet and wrinkles

It was he it was he! cried Ahab suddenly letting out his suspended breath

And harpoons sticking in near his starboard fin

Aye aye—they were mine—*my* irons cried Ahab ex ultingly— but on!

Give me a chance then said the Englishman good humoredly Well this old great grandfather with the white head and hump runs all afoam into the pod and goes to snapping furiously at my fast line!

Aye I see!—wanted to part it free the fast fish—an old trick—I know him

How it was exactly continued the one armed com mander I do not know but in biting the line it got foul of his teeth caught there somehow but we didn t know it then so that when we afterwards pulled on the line bounce we came plump on to his hump! in stead of the other whale that went off to windward all fluking See ing how matters stood and what a noble great whale it was—the noblest and biggest I ever saw sir in my life—I resolved to capture him spite of the boiling rage he seemed to be in And thinking the hap hazard line would get loose or the tooth it was tangled to might draw (for I have a devil of a boat s crew for a pull on a whale line) seeing all this I say I jumped into my first mate s boat—Mr Mounttop s here (by the way Captain—Mounttop Mount

top—the captain) —as I was saying, I jumped into Mount top s boat which d ye see was gunwale and gunwale with mine then and snatching the first harpoon let this old great grandfather have it But Lord, look you sir—hearts and souls alive man—the next instant in a jiff, I was blind as a bat—both eyes out—all befogged and bedeadened with black foam—the whale s tail looming straight up out of it perpendicular in the air like a marble steeple No use sterning all then but as I was groping at midday, with a blinding sun all crown jewels as I was groping I say after the second iron to toss it overboard—down comes the tail like a Lima tower cutting my boat in two, leaving each half in splinters and flukes first the white hump backed through the wreck as though it was all chips We all struck out To escape his terrible flailings I seized hold of my harpoon pole sticking in him and for a moment clung to that like a sucking fish But a combing sea dashed me off and at the same instant the fish taking one good dart forwards went down like a flash and the barb of that cursed second iron towing along near me caught me here (clapping his hand just below his shoulder), 'yes caught me just here I say and bore me down to Hell s flames I was thinking when when all of a sudden, thank the good God the barb ript its way along the flesh—clear along the whole length of my arm—came out nigh my wrist and up I floated —and that gentleman there will tell you the rest (by the way captain—Dr Bunger ship s surgeon Bunger my lad —the captain) Now Bunger boy spin your part of the yarn

The professional gentleman thus familiarly pointed out, had been all the time standing near them, with nothing specific visible to denote his gentlemanly rank on board His face was an exceedingly round but sober one he was dressed in a faded blue woollen frock or shirt, and patched trowsers and had thus far been dividing his attention between a marlingspike he held in one hand and a pill box held in the other occasionally casting a critical glance at the ivory limbs of the two crippled captains But at his superior s introduction of him to Ahab he politely bowed, and straightway went on to do his captain s bidding

'It was a shocking bad wound began the whale-surgeon 'and taking my advice Captain Boomer here, stood our old Sammy——

'Samuel Enderby is the name of my ship interrupted the one armed captain addressing Ahab go on boy

Stood our old Sammy off to the northward to get out of the blazing hot weather there on the Line But it was no use—I did all I could sat up with him nights was very severe with him in the matter of diet——

Oh very severe! chimed in the patient himself then suddenly altering his voice Drinking hot rum toddies with me every night till he couldn t see to put on the bandages and sending me to bed half seas over about three o clock in the morning Oh ye stars! he sat up with me indeed, and was very severe in my diet Oh! a great watcher and very dietetically severe is Dr Bunger (Bunger you dog laugh out! why don t ye? You know you re a precious jolly rascal) But heave ahead boy I d rather be killed by you than kept alive by any other man

My captain you must have ere this perceived respected sir —said the imperturbable godly looking Bunger slightly bowing to Ahab— is apt to be facetious at times he spins us many clever things of that sort But I may as well say —en pas ant as the French remark—that I myself—that is to say Jack Bunger late of the reverend clergy—am a strict total abstinence man I never drink——

'Water! cried the captain he never drinks it it s a sort of fits to him fresh water throws him into the hydro phobia but go on—go on with the arm story

Yes I may as well said the surgeon coolly I was about observing sir before Captain Boomer s facetious in terruption that spite of my best and severest endeavors the wound kept getting worse and worse the truth was sir it was as ugly gaping wound as surgeon ever saw more than two feet and several inches long I measured it with the lead line In short it grew black I knew what was threatened and off it came But I had no hand in shipping that ivory arm there that thing is against all rule — pointing at it with the marlingspike— 'that is the c work not mine he ordered the carpenter to make it

had that club hammer there put to the end to knock some ones brains out with I suppose as he tried mine once He flies into diabolical passions sometimes Do ye see this dent sir —removing his hat and brushing aside his hair, and exposing a bowl like cavity in his skull but which bore not the slightest scarry trace or any token of ever having been a wound— Well the captain there will tell you how that came there he knows

No I dont said the captain but his mother did he was born with it Oh you solemn rogue, you—you Bunger! was there ever such another Bunger in the watery world? Bunger when you die you ought to die in pickle you dog you should be preserved to future ages you rascal

What became of the White Whale? now cried Ahab who thus far had been impatiently listening to this byeplay between the two Englishmen

Oh!" cried the one armed captain 'oh yes! Well after he sounded we didn t see him again for some time in fact as I before hinted I didn t then know what whale it was that had served me such a trick till some time afterwards when coming back to the Line we heard about Moby Dick—as some call him—and then I knew it was he"

Did st thou cross his wake again?'

Twice

But could not fasten?"

Didn t want to try to ain t one limb enough? What should I do without this other arm? And I m thinking Moby Dick doesn t bite so much as he swallows'

Well then interrupted Bunger give him your left arm for bait to get the right Do you know, gentlemen — very gravely and mathematically bowing to each Captain in succession— Do you know gentlemen that the digestive organs of the whale are o inscrutably constructed by Divine Providence that it is quite impossible for him to completely digest even a man s arm? And he knows it too So that what you take for the White Whale s malice is only his awkwardness For he never means to swallow a single limb he only thinks to terrify by feints But sometimes he is like the old juggling fellow formerly a patient of mine in Ceylon, that making believe swallow jack knives

once upon a time let one drop into him in good earnest and there it stayed for a twelvemonth or more when I gave him an emetic and he heaved it up in small tacks d'ye see? No possible way for him to digest that jack knife and fully incorporate it into his general bodily system Yes Captain Boomer, if you are quick enough about it and have a mind to pawn one arm for the sake of the privilege of giving decent burial to the other why in that case the arm i yours only let the whale have another chance at you shortly that s all

'No thank you Bunger said the English Captain he s welcome to the arm he has ince I can t help it, and didn t know him then but not to another one No more White Whales for me I ve lowered for him once and that has satisfied me There would be great glory in killing him I know that and there is a ship-load of precious sperm in him but hark ye he s best let alone don t you think so Captain? —glancing at the ivory leg

He is But he will still be hunted for all that What is best let alone that accursed thing is not always what least allures He s all a magnet! How long since thou saw st him last? Which way heading?

Bless my soul and curse the foul fiend s cried Bunger stoopingly walking round Ahab and like a dog strangely nuffing this man s blood —bring the thermometer!—it at the boiling point!—his pulse makes these planks beat!—sir! —taking a lancet from his pocket and drawing near to Ahab s arm

'Avast! roared Ahab dashing him against the bul warks— Man the boat! Which way heading?

Good God! cried the English Captain to whom the question was put What s the matter? He was heading east I think —Is your Captain crazy? whispering Fedallah

But Fedallah putting a finger on his lip slid over the bulwarks to take the boat s steering oar and Ahab swing ing the cutting tackle toward him commanded the ship s sailors to stand by to lower

In a moment he was standing in the boat s stern and the Manilla men were springing to their oars In vain the English Captain hailed him With back to the

ship and face set like a flint to his own, Ahab stood upright till alongside of the Pequod

CHAPTER CI

THE DECANTER

Ere the English ship fades from sight be it set down here that she hailed from London and was named after the late Samuel Enderby merchant of that city, the original of the famous whaling house of Enderby & Sons a house which in my poor whaleman s opinion comes not far behind the united royal houses of the Tudors and Bourbons in point of real historical interest How long, prior to the year of our Lord 1775 this great whaling house was in existence my numerous fish-documents do not make plain but in that year (1775) it fitted out the first English ships that ever regularly hunted the Sperm Whale though for some score of years previous (ever since 1726) our valiant Coffins and Maceys of Nantucket and the Vineyard had in large fleets pursued the Leviathan but only in the North and South Atlantic not elsewhere Be it distinctly recorded here that the Nantucketers were the first among mankind to harpoon with civilized steel the great Sperm Whale and that for half a century they were the *only* people of the whole globe who so harpooned him

In 1778 a fine ship the Amelia fitted out for the express purpose and at the sole charge of the vigorous Enderbys boldly rounded Cape Horn and was the first among the nations to lower a whale boat of any sort in the great South Sea The voyage was a skilful and lucky one and returning to her berth with her hold full of the precious sperm the Amelia s example was soon followed by other ships English and American and thus the vast Sperm Whale grounds of the Pacific were thrown open But not content with this good deed the indefatigable house again bestirred itself Samuel and all his Sons—how many their mother only knows—and under their immediate auspices, and partly I think at their expense the British government was induced to send the sloop of war Rattler on a

whaling voyage of discovery into the South Sea Commanded by a naval Post Captain the Rattler made a rattling voyage of it and did some service how much does not appear But this is not all In 1819 the same house fitted out a discovery whale ship of their own to go on a tasting cruise to the remote waters of Japan That ship —well called the Syren —made a noble experimental cruise and it was thus that the great Japanese Whaling Ground first became generally known The Syren in this famous voyage was commanded by a Captain Coffin a Nantucketer

All honor to the Enderbies therefore whose house I think exists to the present day though doubtles the original Samuel must long ago have slipped his cable for the great South Sea of the other world

The ship named after him was worthy of the honor being a very fast sailer and a noble craft every way I boarded her once at midnight somewhere off the Patagonian coast and drank good flip down in the forecastle It was a fine gam we had and they were all trumps—every soul on board A short life to them and a jolly death And that fine gam I had—long very long after old Ahab touched her planks with his ivory heel—it minds me of the noble solid Saxon hospitality of that ship and may my parson forget me and the devil remember me if I ever lose sight of it Flip? Did I say we had flip? Yes and we flipped it at the rate of ten gallons the hour and when the squall came (for it s squally off there by Patagonia) and all hands —visitors and all—were called to reef topsails we were so top heavy that we had to swing each other aloft in bow lines and we ignorantly furled the skirts of our jackets into the sails so that we hung there reefed fast in the howling gale a warning example to all drunken tars However the masts did not go overboard and by and by we scrambled down so sober that we had to pass the flip again though the savage salt spray bursting down the forecastle scuttle rather too much diluted and pickled it for my taste

The beef was fine—tough but with body in it They said it was bull beef others, that it was dromedary beef but I

do not know for certain how that was They had dump lings too, small but substantial symmetrically globular and indestructible dumplings I fancied that you could feel them and roll them about in you after they were swal lowed If you stooped over too far forward you risked their pitching out of you like billiard balls The bread—but that couldn t be helped be ides it was an anti scorbu tic in short the bread contained the only fresh fare they had But the forecastle was not very light and it was very easy to step over into a dark corner when you ate it But all in all taking her from truck to helm, consider ing the dimensions of the cook's boilers including his own live parchment boilers fore and aft I say the Samuel Enderby was a jolly ship of good fare and plenty fine flip and strong crack fellows all and capital from boot heels to hat band

But why was it think ye, that the Samuel Enderby and some other English whalers I know of—not all though—were such famous hospitable ships that passed round the beef, and the bread and the can and the joke and were not soon weary of eating and drinking and laugh ing? I will tell you The abounding good cheer of these English whalers is matter for historical research Nor have I been at all sparing of historical whale research when it has seemed needed

The English were preceded in the whale fishery by the Hollanders Zealanders and Danes from whom they de rived many terms still extant in the fishery and what is yet more their fat old fashions touching plenty to eat and drink For as a general thing the Engli h merchant ship scrimps her crew but not so the English whaler Hence in the English this thing of whaling good cheer is not normal and natural but incidental and particular and therefore must have some special origin which is here pointed out and will be still further elucidated

During my researches in the Leviathanic histories I stumbled upon an ancient Dutch volume which by the musty whaling smell of it I knew must be about whalers The title was ' Dan Coopman wherefore I concluded that this must be the invaluable memoirs of some Amsterdam

cooper in the fishery, as every whale ship must carry its cooper I was reinforced in this opinion by seeing that it was the production of one Fitz Swackhammer But my friend Dr Snodhead, a very learned man professor of Low Dutch and High German in the college of Santa Claus and St Potts to whom I handed the work for translation giving him a box of sperm candles for his trouble—this same Dr Snodhead so soon as he spied the book assured me that Dan Coopman did not mean The Cooper but The Merchant In short this ancient and learned Low Dutch book treated of the commerce of Holland and among other subjects contained a very interesting account of its whale fishery And in this chapter it was headed Smeer or Fat that I found a long detailed list of the outfits for the larders and cellars of 180 sail of Dutch whalemen from which list as translated by Dr Snodhead I transcribe the following

400 000 lbs of beef
60 000 lbs Friesland pork
150 000 lbs of stock fish
550 000 lbs of biscuit
72 000 lbs of soft bread
2 800 firkins of butter
20 000 lbs of Texel & Leyden cheese
144 000 lbs cheese (probably an inferior article)
550 ankers of Geneva
10 800 barrels of beer

Most statistical tables are parchingly dry in the reading not so in the present case however where the reader is flooded with whole pipes barrels quarts and gills of good gin and good cheer

At the time I devoted three days to the studious digesting of all this beer beef and bread during which many profound thoughts were incidentally suggested to me capable of a transcendental and Platonic application and furthermore I compiled supplementary tables of my own touching the probable quantity of stock fish &c consumed by every Low Dutch harpooneer in that ancient Greenland and Spitzbergen whale fishery In the first place the amc of butter and Texel and Leyden cheese consumed

amazing I impute it though to their naturally unctuous natures being rendered still more unctuous by the nature of their vocation and especially by their pursuing their game in those frigid Polar Seas on the very coasts of that Esquimaux country where the convivial natives pledge each other in bumpers of train oil

The quantity of the beer too is very large 10 800 barrels Now as those polar fisheries could only be prosecuted in the short summer of that climate so that the whole cruise of one of these Dutch whalemen including the short voyage to and from the Spitzbergen sea did not much exceed three months say and reckoning 30 men to each of their fleet of 180 sail we have 5 400 Low Dutch seamen in all therefore I say we have precisely two barrels of beer per man for a twelve weeks allowance, exclusive of his fair proportion of that 550 ankers of gin Now whether these gin and beer harpooneers so fuddled as one might fancy them to have been were the right sort of men to stand up in a boat s head and take good aim at flying whales this would seem somewhat improbable Yet they did aim at them and hit them too But this was very far North be it remembered where beer agrees well with the constitution upon the Equator in our southern fishery beer would be apt to make the harpooneers sleepy at the mast head and boozy in his boat and grievous loss might ensue to Nantucket and New Bedford

But no more enough has been said to show that the old Dutch whalers of two or three centuries ago were high livers and that the English whalers have not neglected so excellent an example For say they when cruising in an empty ship if you can get nothing better out of the world get a good dinner out of it at least And this empties the decanter

CHAPTER CII

A BOWER IN THE ARSACIDES

HITHERTO, in descriptively treating of the Sperm Whale, I have chiefly dwelt upon the marvels of his outer aspect,

or separately and in detail upon some few interior structural features But to a large and thorough sweeping comprehension of him it behooves me now to unbutton him still further and untagging the points of his hose unbuckling his garters and casting loose the hooks and the eyes of the joints of his innermost bones set him before you in his ultimatum that is to say in his unconditional skeleton

But how now Ishmael? How is it that you a mere oarsman in the fishery pretend to know aught about the subterranean parts of the whale? Did erudite Stubb mounted upon your capstan deliver lectures on the anatomy of the Cetacea and by help of the windlass, hold up a specimen rib for exhibition? Explain thy elf Ishmael Can you land a full grown whale on your deck for examination as a cook dishes a roast pig? Surely not A veritable witness have you hitherto been Ishmael but have a care how you seize the privilege of Jonah alone the privilege of discoursing upon the joists and beams the rafters ridge pole sleepers and under pinnings, making up the frame work of leviathan and belike of the tallow vats dairy rooms butteries and cheeseries in his bowels

I confess that since Jonah few whalemen have penetrated very far beneath the skin of the adult whale nevertheless I have been blessed with an opportunity to dissect him in miniature In a ship I belonged to a small cub Sperm Whale was once bodily hoisted to the deck for hi poke or bag to make sheaths for the barbs of the harpoons and for the heads of the lances Think you I let th chance go without using my boat hatchet and jack knife and breaking the seal and reading all the contents of that young cub?

And as for my exact knowledge of the bones of the leviathan in their gigantic full grown development for that rare knowledge I am indebted to my late royal friend Tranquo king of Tranque one of the Arsacides For being at Tranque years ago when attached to the trading ship Dey of Algiers I was invited to spend part of the Arsacidean holidays with the lord of Tranque at his retired palm villa at Pupella a sea side glen not very far distant from what our sailors called Bamboo-Town his capital

Among many other fine qualities my royal friend Tranquo being gifted with a devout love for all matters of barbaric vertu had brought together in Pupella whatever rare things the more ingenious of his people could invent, chiefly carved woods of wonderful devices chiselled shells inlaid spears costly paddles aromatic canoes and all these distributed among whatever natural wonders the wonder freighted tribute-rendering waves had cast upon his shores

Chief among these latter was a great Sperm Whale which after an unusually long raging gale had been found dead and stranded with his head against a cocoa nut tree whose plumage like tufted droopings seemed his verdant jet When the vast body had at last been stripped of its fathom deep enfoldings and the bones become dust dry in the sun then the skeleton was carefully transported up the Pupella glen where a grand temple of lordly palms now sheltered it

The ribs were hung with trophies the vertebræ were carved with Arsacidean annals in strange hieroglyphics, in the skull the priests kept up an unextinguished aromatic flame so that the mystic head again sent forth its vapory spout while suspended from a bough the terrific lower jaw vibrated over all the devotees like the hair hung sword that so affrighted Damocles

It was a wondrous sight The wood was green as mosses of the Icy Glen the trees stood high and haughty feeling their living sap the industrious earth beneath was as a weaver s loom with a gorgeous carpet on it whereof the ground vine tendrils formed the warp and woof and the living flowers the figures All the trees with all their laden branches all the shrubs and ferns and grasses the message-carrying air all these unceasingly were active Through the lacings of the leaves the great sun seemed a flying shuttle weaving the unwearied verdure Oh busy weaver! unseen weaver!—pause!—one word!—whither flows the fabric? what palace may it deck? wherefore all these ceaseless toilings? Speak weaver!—stay thy hand!—but one single word with thee! Nay—the shuttle flies—the figures float from forth the loom the freshet rushing carpet for ever slides away The weaver god he weaves,

and by that weaving is he deafened that he hears no mortal voice and by that humming we too who look on the loom are deafened and only when we escape it hall we hear the thousand voices that speak through it For even so it is in all material factories The poken words that are inaudible among the flying spindles those same words are plainly heard without the walls bursting from the opened casements Thereby have villanies been detected Ah mortal! then be heedful for so in all this din of the great world s loom thy subtlest thinkings may be over heard afar

Now, amid the green life restless loom of that Arsaci dean wood the great white worshipped skeleton lay loung ing—a gigantic idler! Yet a the ever woven verdant warp and woof intermixed and hummed around him the mighty idler seemed the sunning weaver himself all woven over with the vines every month assuming greener fresher verdure but himself a skeleton Life folded Death Death trellised Life the grim god wived with youthful Life and begat him curly headed glories

Now when with royal Tranquo I visited this wondrous whale and saw the skull an altar and the artificial smoke ascending from where the real jet had issued I marvelled that the king should regard a chapel as an object of vertu He laughed But more I marvelled that the priests should swear that smoky jet of his was genuine To and fro I paced before this skeleton—brushed the vines aside—broke through the ribs—and with a ball of Arsacidean twine wan dered eddied long amid its many winding shaded colon nades and arbors But soon my line was out and follow ing back I emerged from the opening where I entered I saw no living thing within naught was there but bones

Cutting me a *green measuring* rod I once more dived within the skeleton From their arrow slit in the skull the prie ts perceived me taking the altitude of the final rib How now! they shouted Dar st thou measure this our god! That s for us Aye priests—well how long do ye make him then? But hereupon a fierce contest rose among them, concerning feet and inches they cracked each other s *sconces* with their yard sticks—the great

echoed—and seizing that lucky chance, I quickly concluded my own admeasurements

These admeasurements I now propose to set before you But first, be it recorded that in this matter, I am not free to utter any fancied measurements I please Because there are skeleton authorities you can refer to to test my accuracy There is a Leviathanic Museum they tell me in Hull England one of the whaling ports of that country, where they have some fine specimens of fin backs and other whales Likewise I have heard that in the museum of Manchester in New Hampshire, they have what the proprietors call the only perfect specimen of a Greenland or River Whale in the United States Moreover, at a place in Yorkshire England Burton Constable by name a certain Sir Clifford Constable has in his possession the skeleton of a Sperm Whale but of moderate size by no means of the full grown magnitude of my friend King Tranquo s

In both cases the stranded whales to which these two skeletons belonged were originally claimed by their proprietors upon similar grounds King Tranquo seizing his because he wanted it and Sir Clifford because he was lord of the seignories of those parts Sir Clifford s whale has been articulated throughout so that like a great chest of drawers you can open and shut him in all his bony cavities—spread out his ribs like a gigantic fan—and swing all day upon his lower jaw Locks are to be put upon some of his trap doors and shutters and a footman will show round future visitors with a bunch of keys at his side Sir Clifford thinks of charging twopence for a peep at the whispering gallery in the spinal column threepence to hear the echo in the hollow of his cerebellum and sixpence for the unrivalled view from his forehead

The skeleton dimensions I shall now proceed to set down are copied verbatim from my right arm where I had them tattooed as in my wild wanderings at that period there was no other secure way of preserving such valuable statistics But as I was crowded for space and wished the other parts of my body to remain a blank page for a poem I was then composing—at least, what untattooed parts

might remain—I did not trouble myself with the odd inches nor, indeed should inches at all enter into a congenial ad measurement of the whale

CHAPTER CIII

MEASUREMENT OF THE WHALE S SKELETON

In the first place I wish to lay before you a particular plain statement, touching the living bulk of this leviathan whose skeleton we are briefly to exhibit Such a statement may prove useful here

According to a careful calculation I have made and which I partly base upon Captain Scoresby s estimate of seventy tons for the largest sized Greenland whale of sixty feet in length according to my careful calculation I say a Sperm Whale of the largest magnitude between eighty five and ninety feet in length and something less than forty feet in its fullest circumference such a whale will weigh at lea t ninety tons so that reckoning thirteen men to a ton he would considerably outweigh the combined population of a whole village of one thousand one hundred inh ibitants

Think you not then that brains like yoked cattle should be put to this leviathan to make him at all budge to any landsman s imagination?

Having already in various ways put before you his skull, spout hole jaw teeth tail forehead fins and divers other parts I shall now simply point out what is most interesting in the general bulk of hi unobstructed bones But as the colossal skull embraces so very large a proportion of the entire extent of the skeleton as it is by far the most com plicated part and as nothing is to be repeated concerning it in this chapter you must not fail to carry it in your mind or under your arm as we proceed otherwise you will not gain a complete notion of the general structure we are about to view

In length the Sperm Whale s skeleton at Tranque meas ured seventy two feet so that when fully invested and ex tended in life he must have been ninety feet long

n the whale the skeleton loses about one fifth in length compared with the living body Of this seventy two feet, his skull and jaw comprised some twenty feet leaving some fifty feet of plain back bone Attached to this back bone for something less than a third of its length was the mighty circular basket of ribs which once enclo ed his vitals

To me this vast ivory ribbed chest, with the long, un relieved spine extending far away from it in a straight line not a little resembled the hull of a great ship new laid upon the stocks when only some twenty of her naked bow ribs are inserted and the keel is otherwise for the time but a long disconnected timber

The ribs were ten on a side The first to begin from the neck was nearly six feet long the second third and fourth were each successively longer till you came to the climax of the fifth or one of the middle ribs, which measured eight feet and some inches From that part, the remaining ribs diminished till the tenth and last only spanned five feet and some inches In general thickness they all bore a seemly correspondence to their length The middle ribs were the most arched In some of the Arsa cides they are used for beams whereon to lay footpath bridges over small streams

In considering these ribs I could not but be struck anew with the circumstance so variously repeated in this book that the skeleton of the whale is by no means the mould of his invested form The largest of the Tranque ribs one of the middle ones occupied that part of the fish which in life is greatest in depth Now, the greatest depth of the invested body of this particular whale must have been at least sixteen feet whereas the corresponding rib measured but little more than eight feet So that this rib only conveyed half of the true notion of the living mag nitude of that part Besides for some way where I now saw but a naked spine all that had been once wrapped round with tons of added bulk in flesh muscle blood and bowels Still more for the ample fins I here saw but a few disordered joints and in place of the weighty and majestic but boneless flukes an utter blank!

How vain and foolish, then, thought I, for timid un

travelled man to try to comprehend ari ht this wondrous whale, by merely poring over his dead attenuated skeleton stretched in this peaceful wood No Only in the heart of quickest perils only when within the eddyings of his angry flukes only on the profound unbounded sea can the fully invested whale be truly and livingly found out

But the spine For that the best way we can consider it is with a crane to pile its bones high up on end No speedy enterprise But now it s done it looks much like Pompey's Pillar

There are forty and odd vertebræ in all which in the skeleton are not locked together They mostly lie like the great knobbed blocks on a Gothic spire forming solid courses of heavy masonry The largest a middle one is in width something less than three feet and in depth more than four The smallest where the spine tapers away into the tail is only two inches in width and looks something like a white billiard ball I was told that there were still smaller ones but they had been lost by some little can nibal *urchins the priest s children who had stolen them* to play marbles with Thus we see how that the spine of even the hugest of living things tapers off at last into simple child s play

CHAPTER CIV

THE FOSSIL WHALE

FROM his mighty bulk the whale affords a most con genial theme whereon to enlarge amplify and generally expatiate Would you you could not compress him By good rights he hould only be treated of in imperial folio Not to tell over again his furlongs from spiracle to tail and the yards he measured about the waist only think of the gigantic involutions of his intestines where they lie in him like great cables and hawsers coiled away in the sub terranean orlop-deck of a line-of battle ship

Since I have undertaken to manhandle this Leviathan it behooves me to approve myself omnisciently exhaustive in the enterprise not overlooking the minutest seminal

of his blood and spinning him out to the uttermost coil of his bowels Having already described him in most of his present habitatory and anatomical peculiarities it now remains to magnify him in an archæological, fossiliferous and antediluvian point of view Applied to any other crea ture than the Leviathan—to an ant or a flea—such portly erms might justly be deemed unwarrantably grandiloquent But when Leviathan is the text the case is altered Fain am I to stagger to this emprise under the weightiest words of the dictionary And here be it said that whenever it has been convenient to consult one in the course of these dissertations, I have invariably used a huge quarto edition of Johnson expressly purchased for that purpose because that famous lexicographer's uncommon personal bulk more fitted him to compile a lexicon to be used by a whale author like me

One often hears of writers that rise and swell with their subject though it may seem but an ordinary one How, then with me writing of this Leviathan? Unconsciously my chirography expands into placard capitals Give me a condor s quill! Give me Vesuvius crater for an inkstand! Friends hold my arms! For in the mere act of penning my thoughts of this Leviathan they weary me and make me faint with their outreaching comprehensiveness of sweep, as if to include the whole circle of the sciences and all the generations of whales and men and mastodons past present and to come with all the revolving panoramas of empire on earth and throughout the whole universe not excluding its suburbs Such and so magnifying is the vir tue of a large and liberal theme! We expand to its bulk To produce a mighty book you must choose a mighty theme No great and enduring volume can ever be written on the flea though many there be who have tried it

Ere entering upon the subject of Fossil Whales I pre sent my credentials as a geologist, by stating that in my miscellaneous time I have been a stone mason and also a great digger of ditches canals and wells wine vaults cellars, and cisterns of all sorts Likewise by way of preliminary, I desire to remind the reader, that while in the earlier geo logical strata there are found the fo sils of monsters now

almost completely extinct the subsequent relics discovered in what are called the Tertiary formations seem the connecting or at any rate intercepted links between the antichronical creatures and those whose remote posterity are said to have entered the Ark all the Fossil Whales hitherto discovered belong to the Tertiary period which is the last preceding the superficial formations And though none of them precisely answer to any known species of the present time they are yet sufficiently akin to them in general respects to justify their taking rank as Cetacean fossils

Detached broken fossils of pre adamite whales fragments of their bones and skeletons have within thirty years past at various intervals been found at the base of the Alps in Lombardy in France in England in Scotland and in the States of Louisiana Mississippi and Alabama Among the more curious of such remains is part of a skull which in the year 1779 was disinterred in the Rue Dauphiné in Paris a short street opening almost directly upon the palace of the Tuileries and bones disinterred in excavating the great docks of Antwerp in Napoleon s time Cuvier pronounced these fragments to have belonged to some utterly unknown Leviathanic species

But by far the most wonderful of all cetacean relics was the almost complete vast skeleton of an extinct monster, found in the year 1842 on the plantation of Judge Creagh in Alabama The awe stricken credulous slaves in the vicinity took it for the bones of one of the fallen angels The Alabama doctors declared it a huge reptile and bestowed upon it the name of Basilosaurus But some specimen bones of it being taken across the sea to Owen the English Anatomist it turned out that this alleged reptile was a whale though of a departed species A significant illustration of the fact again and again repeated in this book that the skeleton of the whale furnishes but little clue to the shape of his fully invested body So Owen rechristened the monster Zeuglodon and in his paper read before the London Geological Society pronounced it in substance one of the most extraordinary creatures which the mutations of the globe have blotted out of existence

When I stand among these mighty Leviathan skeletons

skulls tusk jaws ribs and vertebræ all characterized by partial resemblances to the existing breeds of sea monsters, but at the same time bearing on the other hand similar affinities to the annihilated antichronical Leviathans, their incalculable seniors I am, by a flood borne back to that wondrous period ere time itself can be said to have begun for time began with man Here Saturn s grey chaos rolls over me and I obtain dim shuddering glimpses into those Polar eternities when wedged bastions of ice pressed hard upon what are now the Tropics and in all the 25 000 miles of this world s circumference not an inhabitable hand s breadth of land was visible Then the whole world was the whale s and king of creation he left his wake along the present lines of the Andes and the Himmalehs Who can show a pedigree like Leviathan? Ahab s harpoon had shed older blood than the Pharaoh s Methuselah seems a schoolboy I look round to shake hands with Shem I am horror struck at this antemosaic unsourced existence of the unspeakable terrors of the whale which having been before all time must needs exist after all humane ages are over

But not alone has this Leviathan left his pre-adamite traces in the stereotype plates of nature and in limestone and marl bequeathed his ancient bust but upon Egyptian tablets whose antiquity seems to claim for them an almost fossiliferous character we find the unmistakable print of his fin In an apartment of the great temple of Denderah some fifty years ago there was discovered upon the granite ceiling a sculptured and painted planisphere similar to the grotesque figures on the celestial globe of the moderns Gliding among them old Leviathan swam as of yore was there swimming in that planisphere, centuries before Solomon was cradled

Nor must there be omitted another strange attestation of the antiquity of the whale in his own osseous post diluvian reality as set down by the venerable John Leo the old Barbary traveller

"Not far from the Sea side they have a Temple the Rafter and Beams of which are made of Whale Bones for Whales of a monstrous size are oftentimes cast up dead

upon that shore The Common People imagine that by a secret Power bestowed by God upon the Temple no Whale can pass it without immediate death But the truth of the matter is, that on either side of the Temple there are Rocks that shoot two Miles into the Sea and wound the Whales when they light upon em They keep a Whale s Rib of an incredible length for a Miracle which lying upon the Ground with its convex part uppermost makes an Arch the Head of which cannot be reached by a Man upon a Camel s Back This Rib (says John Leo) is said to have layn there a hundred Years before I saw it Their Historians affirm that a Prophet who prophesy d of Mahomet came from this Temple and some do not stand to assert that the Prophet Jonas was cast forth by the Whale at the Base of the Temple

In this Afric Temple of the Whale I leave you reader and if you be a Nantucketer and a whaleman, you will silently worship there

CHAPTER CV

DOES THE WHALE S MAGNITUDE DIMINISH?—WILL HE PERISH?

INASMUCH then as this Leviathan comes floundering down upon us from the head waters of the Eternities it may be fitly inquired whether in the long course of his generations he has not degenerated from the original bulk of his sires

But upon investigation we find that not only are the whales of the present day superior in magnitude to those whose fossil remain are found in the Tertiary system (embracing a distinct geological period prior to man) but of the whales found in that Tertiary system those belonging to its latter formations exceed in size those of its earlier ones

Of all the pre adamite whale yet exhumed by far the largest is the Alabama one mentioned in the last chapter and that was less than seventy feet in length in the skeleton Whereas we have already seen that the tape-

measure gives seventy two feet for the skeleton of a large sized modern whale And I have heard, on whalemen s authority that Sperm Whales have been captured near a hundred feet long at the time of capture

But may it not be, that while the whales of the present hour are an advance in magnitude upon those of all previous geological periods may it not be, that since Adam's time they have degenerated?

A suredly we must conclude so if we are to credit the accounts of such gentlemen as Pliny, and the ancient natur alists generally For Pliny tells us of Whales that em braced acres of living bulk and Aldrovandus of others which measured eight hundred feet in length—Rope Walks and Thames Tunnels of Whales! And even in the days of Banks and Solander Cooke s naturalists we find a Danish mem ber of the Academy of Sciences setting down certain Ice land Whales (reydan siskur, or Wrinkled Bellies) at one hundred and twenty yards that is three hundred and sixty feet And Lacepede the French naturalist in his elaborate history of whales in the very beginning of his work (page 3), ets down the Right Whale at one hundred metres, three hundred and twenty eight feet And this work was published so late as A D 1825

But will any whaleman believe these stories? No The whale of to day is as big as his ancestors in Pliny s time And if ever I go where Pliny is I a whaleman (more than he was), will make bold to tell him so Because I cannot understand how it is that while the Egyptian mummies that were buried thousands of years before even Pliny was born, do not measure so much in their coffins as a modern Kentuckian in his socks and while the cattle and other animals sculptured on the oldest Egyptian and Nineveh tablets, by the relative proportions in which they are drawn, just as plainly prove that the high bred stall fed prize cattle of Smithfield not only equal but far exceed in mag nitude the fattest of Pharaoh s fat kine in the face of all this I will not admit that of all animals the whale alone should have degenerated

But still another inquiry remains, one often agitated by the more recondite Nantucketers Whether owing to the

almost omniscient look-outs at the mast heads of the whale ships now penetrating even through Behring s straits and into the remotest secret drawers and lockers of the world and the thousand harpoons and lances darted along all continental coasts the moot point is whether Leviathan can long endure so wide a chase and so remorseless a havoc whether he must not at last be exterminated from the waters and the last whale, like the last man smoke his last pipe, and then himself evaporate in the final puff

Comparing the humped herds of whales with the humped herds of buffalo which not forty years ago overspread by tens of thousands the prairies of Illinois and Missouri, and shook their iron manes and scowled with their thunder clotted brows upon the sites of populous river-capitals where now the polite broker sells you land at a dollar an inch in such a comparison an irresistible argument would seem furnished to how that the hunted whale cannot now escape speedy extinction

But you must look at this matter in every light Though so short a period ago—not a good lifetime—the census of the buffalo in Illinois exceeded the census of men now in London and though at the present day not one horn or hoof of them remains in all that region and though the cau e of this wondrous extermination was the spear of man yet the far different nature of the whale hunt peremptorily forbids so inglorious an end to the Leviathan Forty men in one ship hunting the Sperm Whales for forty eight months think they have done extremely well and thank God if at last they carry home the oil of forty fish Whereas in the days of the old Canadian and Indian hunters and trappers of the West when the far west (in whose sunset suns still rise) was a wilderness and a virgin the same number of moccasined men for the same number of months mounted on horse instead of sailing in ships would have slain not forty but forty thousand and more buffaloes a fact that if need were could be statistically stated

Nor considered aright does it seem any argument in favor of the gradual extinction of the Sperm Whale for example, that in former years (the latter part of the last century

say) these Leviathans in small pods, were encountered much oftener than at present, and in consequence, the voy ages were not so prolonged and were also much more remunerative Because, as has been elsewhere noticed those whales influenced by some views to safety, now swim the seas in immense caravans, so that to a large degree the scattered solitaries yokes and pods and schools of other days are now aggregated into vast but widely sepa rated unfrequent armies That is all And equally fal lacious seems the conceit that because the so-called whale bone whales no longer haunt many grounds in former years abounding with them hence that species also is declining For they are only being driven from promontory to cape and if one coast is no longer enlivened with their jets then be sure some other and remoter strand has been very recently startled by the unfamiliar spectacle

Furthermore concerning these last mentioned Leviathans, they have two firm fortresses which in all human proba bility will *for ever remain impregnable* And as upon the invasion of their valleys the frosty Swiss have retreated to their mountains so hunted from the savannas and glades of the middle seas the whale bone whales can at last resort to their Polars citadels and diving under the ultimate glassy barriers and walls there come up among icy fields and floes! and in a charmed circle of everlasting December bid defiance to all pursuit from man

But as perhaps fifty of these whale bone whales are harpooned for one cachalot some philosophers of the fore castle have concluded that this positive havoc has already very seriously diminished their battalions But though for some time past a number of these whales not less than 13 000, have been annually slain on the nor west coast by the Americans alone yet there are considerations which render even this circumstance of little or not account as an opposing argument in this matter

Natural as it is to be somewhat incredulous concern ing the populousness of the more enormous creatures of the globe yet what shall we say to Harto the historian of Goa when he tells us that at one hunting the King of Siam took 4,000 elephants that in those regions elephants are numer

ous as droves of cattle in the temperate climes And there seems no reason to doubt that if these elephants which have now been hunted for thousands of years by Semiramis, by Porus by Hannibal and by all the successive monarchs of the East—if they still survive there in great numbers, much more may the great whale outlast all hunting since he has a pasture to expatiate in which is precisely twice as large as all Asia both Americas Europe and Africa New Holland and all the Isles of the sea combined

Moreover we are to con ider that from the presumed great longevity of whales their probably attaining the age of a century and more therefore at any one period of time several distinct adult generations must be contemporary And what this is we may soon gain some idea of by im agining all the grave yards cemeteries and family vaults of creation yielding up the live bodies of all the men women and children who were alive seventy five years ago and adding thi countless host to the present human popu lation of the globe

Wherefore for all these things we account the whale immortal in his species however perishable in his individu ality He swam the seas before the continents broke water he once swam over the site of the Tuileries and Wind or Castle and the Kremlin In Noah s flood he despised Noah s Ark and if ever the world is to be again flooded like the Netherlands to kill off its rats then the eternal whale will still survive and rearing upon the topmost crest of the equatorial flood, spout his frothed defiance to the skies

CHAPTER CVI

AHAB S LEG

The precipitating manner in which Captain Ahab had quitted the Samuel Enderby of London had not been un attended with some small violence to his own person He had lighted with such energy upon a thwart of hi boat that his ivory leg had received a half splintering shock And when after gaining his own deck and his own pivot hole

there he so vehemently wheeled round with an urgent command to the steersman (it was as ever something about his not steering inflexibly enough) then the already shaken ivory received such an additional twist and wrench that though it still remained entire and to all appearances lusty, yet Ahab did not deem it entirely trustworthy

And indeed it seemed small matter for wonder that for all his pervading mad recklessness Ahab did at times give careful heed to the condition of that dead bone upon which he partly stood For it had not been very long prior to the Pequod s sailing from Nantucket that he had been found one night lying prone upon the ground and insensible by some unknown and seemingly inexplicable unimaginable casualty his ivory limb having been so violently displaced that it had stake wise smitten and all but pierced his groin nor was it without extreme difficulty that the agonizing wound was entirely cured

Nor at the time had it failed to enter his monomaniac mind that all the anguish of that then present suffering was but the direct issue of a former woe and he too plainly seemed to see that as the most poisonous reptile of the marsh perpetuates his kind as inevitably as the sweetest songster of the grove so equally with every felicity, all miserable events do naturally beget their like Yea more than equally thought Ahab since both the ancestry and posterity of Grief go further than the ancestry and posterity of Joy For not to hint of this that it is an inference from certain canonic teachings that while some natural enjoyments here shall have no children born to them for the other world but on the contrary shall be followed by the joy childlessness of all hell s despair whereas some guilty mortal miseries shall still fertilely beget to themselves an eternally progressive progeny of griefs beyond the grave not at all to hint of this there still seems an inequality in the deeper analysis of the thing For thought Ahab while even the highest earthly felicities ever have a certain unsignifying pettiness lurking in them but at bottom all heart woes a mystic significance and in some men an archangelic grandeur so do their diligent tracings-out not belie the obvious deduction To trail the genealogies of these

high mortal miseries carries us at last among the source less primogenitures of the gods so that in the face of all the glad hay making suns and soft-cymballing round harv est moons we must needs give in to this that the gods themselves are not for ever glad The ineffaceable sad birth mark in the brow of man is but the stamp of sorrow in the signers

Unwittingly here a secret has been divulged which per haps might more properly in set way have been disclosed before With many other particulars concerning Ahab al ways had it remained a mystery to some why it was that for a certain period both before and after the sailing of the Pequod, he had hidden himself away with such Grand Lama like exclusiveness and for that one interval sought speechless refuge as it were among the marble senate of the dead Captain Peleg s bruited reason for this thing appeared by no means adequate though indeed as touching all Ahab s deeper part every revelation partook more of significant darkness than of explanatory light But in the end it all came out this one matter did at least That direful mishap was at the bottom of his temporary recluse ness And not only this but to that ever-contracting dropping circle ashore who for any reason possessed the privilege of a less banned approach to him to that timid circle the above hinted casualty—remaining as it did moodily unaccounted for by Ahab—invested itself with terrors not entirely underived from the land of spirits and of wails So that through their zeal for him they had all conspired so far as in them lay to muffle up the knowledge of this thing from others and hence it was that not till a considerable interval had elapsed did it transpire upon the Pequod s decks

But be all this as it may let the unseen ambiguous synod in the air or the vindictive princes and potentates of fire have to do or not with earthly Ahab yet in this present matter of his leg he took plain practical procedures —he called the carpenter

And when that functionary appeared before him he bade him without delay set about making a new leg and di the mates to see him supplied with all the studs and

of jaw ivory (Sperm Whale) which had thus far been accumulated on the voyage in order that a careful selection of the stoutest clearest grained stuff might be secured This done, the carpenter received orders to have the leg completed that night and to provide all the fittings for it, independent of tho e pertaining to the distrusted one in use Moreover the ship s forge was ordered to be hoisted out of its temporary idleness in the hold and, to accelerate the affair the blacksmith was commanded to proceed at once to the forging of whatever iron contrivances might be needed

CHAPTER CVII

THE CARPENTER

SEAT thy elf sultanically among the moons of Saturn, and take high ab tracted man alone and he seems a wonder a grandeur and a woe But from the same point take mankind in mass, and for the most part they seem a mob of unnecessary duplicates both contemporary and hereditary But most humble though he was, and far from furnishing an example of the high, humane abstraction the Pequod s carpenter was no duplicate hence he now comes in person on this stage

Like all sea going ship carpenters and more especially those belonging to whaling vessels he was to a certain off handed practical extent alike experienced in numerous trades and callings collateral to his own the carpenter's pursuit being the ancient and outbranching trunk of all those numerous handicrafts which more or less have to do with wood as an auxiliary material But besides the application to him of the generic remark above this carpenter of the Pequod was singularly efficient in those thous and nameless mechanical emergencies continually recurring in a large ship upon a three or four years' voyage, in uncivilized and far distant seas For not to speak of his readiness in ordinary duties —repairing stove boats, sprung spars, reforming the shape of clumsy bladed oars inserting bull s eyes in the deck or new tree nails in the side

planks and other miscellaneous matters more directly pertaining to his special business he was moreover unhesitatingly expert in all manner of conflicting aptitudes both useful and capricious

The one grand stage where he enacted all his various parts so manifold was his vice bench a long rude ponderous table furnished with several vices of different sizes and both of iron and of wood At all times except when whales were alongside this bench was securely lashed athwartships against the rear of the Try works

A belaying pin is found too large to be easily inserted into its hole the carpenter claps it into one of his ever ready vices and straightway files it smaller A lost land bird of strange plumage strays on board and is made a captive out of clean shaved rods of right whale bone and cross beams of sperm whale ivory the carpenter makes a pagoda looking cage for it An oarsman sprains his wrist the carpenter concocts a soothing lotion Stubb longed for vermilion stars to be painted upon the blade of his every oar screwing each oar in his big vice of wood the carpenter symmetrically supplies the constellation A sailor takes a fancy to wear shark bone ear rings the carpenter drills his ears Another has the toothache the carpenter out pincers and clapping one hand upon his bench bids him be seated there but the poor fellow unmanageably winces under the unconcluded operation whirling round the handle of his wooden vice the carpenter signs him to clap his jaw in that if he would have him draw the tooth

Thus this carpenter was prepared at all points and alike indifferent and without respect in all Teeth he accounted bits of ivory heads he deemed but top-blocks men themselves he lightly held for capstans But while now upon so wide a field thus variously accomplished and with such liveliness of expertness in him too all this would seem to argue some uncommon vivacity of intelligence But not precisely so For nothing was this man more remarkable than for a certain impersonal stolidity as it were impersonal I say for it so shaded off into the surrounding infinite of things that it seemed one with the general stolidity discernible in the whole visible world

which while pauselessly active in uncounted modes, still eternally holds its peace and ignores you though you dig foundations for cathedrals Yet was this half horrible stolidity in him involving too, as it appeared an all ramifying heartlessness —yet was it oddly dashed at times, with an old crutch like, antediluvian wheezing humorousness not unstreaked now and then with a certain grizzled wittiness such as might have served to pass the time during the midnight watch on the bearded forecastle of Noah's ark Was it that this old carpenter had been a life long wanderer, whose much rolling to and fro not only had gathered no moss but what is more had rubbed off whatever small outward clingings might have originally pertained to him? He was a stript abstract an unfractioned integral uncompromised as a new born babe living without premeditated reference to this world or the next You might almost say that this strange uncompromisedness in him involved a sort of unintelligence for in his numerous trades he did not seem to work so much by reason or by instinct or simply because he had been tutored to it or by any intermixture of all these even or uneven but merely by a kind of deaf and dumb spontaneous literal process He was a pure manipulater his brain if he had ever had one must have early oozed along into the muscles of his fingers He was like one of those unreasoning but still highly useful *multum in parvo* Sheffield contrivances assuming the exterior—though a little swelled—of a common pocket knife but containing not only blades of various sizes but also screw drivers cork screws tweezers, awls pens rulers nail filers countersinkers So if his superiors wanted to use the carpenter for a screw driver all they had to do was to open that part of him, and the screw was fast or if for tweezers take him up by the leg and there they were

Yet, as previously hinted this omnitooled open and shut carpenter was after all *no mere machine of an automaton If he did not have a common soul in him, he had a subtle* something that somehow anomalously did its duty What that was, whether essence of quicksilver or a few drops of hartshorn there is no telling But there it was, and there it had abided for now some sixty years or more And this

it was this same unaccountable, cunning life principle in him, this it was that kept him a great part of the time soliloquizing, but only like an unreasoning wheel which also hummingly soliloquizes or rather his body was a sentry box and this soliloquizer on guard there and talking all the time to keep himself awake

CHAPTER CVIII

AHAB AND THE CARPENTER

THE DECK—FIRST NIGHT WATCH

(Carpenter standing before his vice bench and by the light of two lanterns busily filing the ivory joist for the leg which joist is firmly fixed in the vice Slabs of ivory leather straps pads screw and various tools of all sorts lying about the bench Forward the red flame of the forge is seen where the blacksmith is at work)

Drat the file and drat the bone! That is hard which should be so soft and that is soft which should be hard So we go who file old jaws and shin bones Let s try another Aye now this works better (*sneezes*) Halloa this bone dust is (*snee es*)—why it s (*sneezes*)—yes it s (*snee es*)—bless my soul it won t let me speak! This is what an old fellow gets now for working in dead lumber Saw a live tree and you don t get this dust amputate a live bone and you don t get it (*snee es*) Come come you old Smut, there bear a hand and let s have that ferrule and buckle screw I'll be ready for them presently Lucky now (*snee es*) there s no knee joint to make that might puzzle a little but a mere shin bone—why it s easy as mak ing hop poles only I should like to put a good finish on Time time if I but only had the time I could turn him out as neat a leg now as ever (*sneezes*) scraped to a lady in a parlor Tho e buck l in legs and calves of legs I ve een in shop windows wouldn t compare at all They soak they do and of course get rheumatic, and have to be tored (*neezes*) with tions just like live

There before I saw it off now, I must call his old Mogul ship and see whether the length will be all right too short if anything I guess Ha! that s the heel we are in luck here he comes or it s somebody else that s certain

AHAB (*advancing*)
(*During the ensuing scene the carpenter continues sneezing at times*)

Well manmaker!

Just in time sir If the captain pleases I will now mark the length Let me measure sir

Measured for a leg! good Well, it s not the first time About it! There keep thy finger on it This is a cogent vice thou hast here carpenter let me feel its grip once So, so it does pinch some

Oh sir it will break bones—beware beware!

No fear I like a good grip I like to feel something in this slippery world that can hold man What s Prometheus about there?—the blacksmith I mean—what s he about?

He must be forging the buckle screw sir, now

Right It s a partnership he supplies the muscle part He makes a fierce red flame there!

Aye sir he must have the white heat for his kind of fine work

Um m So he must I do deem it now a most meaning thing that that old Greek Prometheus who made men they say should have been a blacksmith, and animated them with fire for what s made in fire must properly be long to fire and so hell s probable How the soot flies! This must be the remainder the Greek made the Africans of Carpenter when he s through with that buckle, tell him to forge a pair of steel shoulder blades there s a pedlar aboard with a crushing pack

Sir?

Hold while Prometheus is about it I ll order a complete man after a desirable pattern Imprimis fifty feet high in his socks then chest modelled after the Thames Tunnel then legs with roots to em to stay in one place, then arms three feet through the wrist, no heart at all brass forehead,

and about a quarter of an acre of fine brains and let me see—shall I order eyes to see outwards? No but put a sky light on top of his head to illuminate inwards There take the order and away

Now whats he speaking about and whos he speaking to I should like to know? Shall I keep standing here? (*aside*)

'Tis but indifferent architecture to make a blind dome heres one No no no I must have a lantern

Ho ho! Thats it hey? Here are two sir one will serve my turn

What art thou thrusting that thief-catcher into my face for man? Thrusted light is worse than presented pistols

I thought sir that you spoke to carpenter

Carpenter? why thats—but no —a very tidy and I may say an extremely gentlemanlike ort of business thou art in here carpenter —or would st thou rather work in clay?

Sir?—Clay? clay ir? Thats mud we leave clay to ditchers sir

The fellows impious! What art thou neezing about?

Bone is rather dusty sir

Take the hint then and when thou art dead never bury thyself under living peoples noses

Sir?—oh! ah!—I guess so —yes—oh dear!

Look ye carpenter I dare say thou callest thyself a right good workmanlike workman eh? Well then will it speak thoroughly well for thy work if when I come to mount this leg thou makest I shall nevertheless feel another leg in the same identical place with it that is carpenter my old lost leg the flesh and blood one I mean Canst thou not drive that old Adam away?

Truly sir I begin to understand somewhat now Yes I have heard something curious on that score sir how that a dismasted men never entirely loses the feeling of his old par but it will be still pricking him at times May I humbly ask if it be really so ir?

It i man Look put thy live leg here in the place where mine was so now here is only one distinct leg to the eye yet two to the soul Where thou feelest tingling life there exactly there there to a hair do I Is t a riddle?

I should humblv call ıt a poser, sır

Hıst then How dost thou know that some entıre, lıv ıng thınkıng thıng may not be ınvısıbly and unınterpenetrat ıngly standıng precısely where thou now standest, aye and standıng there ın thy spıte? In thy most solıtary hours then dost thou not fear eavesdroppers? Hold don t speak! And ıf I stıll feel the smart of my crushed leg though ıt be now so long dıssolved then why mayst not thou car penter feel the fiery paıns of hell for ever and wıthout a body? Hah!

Good Lord! Truly sır ıf ıt comes to that I must cal culate over agaın I thınk I dıdn t carry a small figure, sır

Look ye puddıng heads should never grant premıses— How long before the leg ıs done?

Perhaps an hour sır

Bungle away at ıt then and brıng ıt to me (*turns to go*) Oh Lıfe! Here I am proud as Greek god and yet stand ıng debtor to thıs blockhead for a bone to stand on! Cursed be that mortal ınter ındebtedness whıch wıll not do away wıth ledgers I would be free as aır and I m down ın the whole world s books I am so rıch I could have gıven bıd for bıd wıth the wealthıest Prætorıans at the auctıon of the Roman empıre (whıch was the world's) and yet I owe for the flesh ın the tongue I brag wıth By heavens! I ll get a crucıble and ınto ıt and dı solve myself down to one small, compendıous vertebrae So

CARPENTER (*resumıng hıs work*)

Well, well well! Stubb knows hım best of all and Stubb always says he queer says nothıng but that one suffıcıent lıttle word queer he s queer says Stubb he s queer—queer queer and keeps dınnıng ıt ınto Mr Star buck all the tıme—queer—sır—queer queer very queer And here s hıs leg! Yes now that I thınk of ıt here s hıs bed fellow! has a stıck of whale s jaw bone for a wıfe! And thıs ıs hıs leg he ll stand on thıs What was that now about one leg standıng ın three places and all three places standıng ın one hell—how was that? Oh! I don t wonder he looked so scornful at me! I'm a sort of strange thoughted

sometimes they say but that s only haphazard like Then a short little old body like me should never under take to wade out into deep water with tall heron built captains the water chucks you under the chin pretty quick and there s a great cry for life boats And here s the heron s leg! long and slim sure enough! Now for mo t folks one pair of legs lasts a lifetime and that must be because they use them mercifully as a tender hearted old lady uses her roly poly old coach horses But Ahab oh he s a hard driver Look driven one leg to death and spavined the other for life and now wears out bone legs by the cord Halloa there you Smut! bear a hand there with those screws and let s fini h it before the resurrection fellow comes a calling with his horn for all legs true or false as brewery men go round collecting old beer barrels to fill em up again What a leg this is! It looks like a real live leg filed down to nothing but the core he ll be tanding on this to morrow he'll be taking altitudes on it Halloa! I almost forgot the little oval slate smoothed ivory where he figures up the latitude So so chisel file and sand paper now!

CHAPTER CIX

AHAB AND STARBUCK IN THE CABIN

ACCORDING to usage they were pumping the ship next morning and lo! no inconsiderable oil came up with the water the casks below must have sprung a bad leak Much concern was shown and Starbuck went down into the cabin to report this unfavorable affair

Now from the South and West the Pequod was drawing nigh to Formosa and the Bashee Isles between which lies one of the tropical outlets from the China waters into the Pacific And o Starbuck found Ahab with a general chart of the oriental archipelagoes pread before him and another

1 In Sp m wh l n w th y d rabl q t ty f l bo rd t a reg l em kly d ty to d t a h s t th h ld d d ch th ask th wat wh h ft rw d st v ry g t l is m ed by th h p p mps H by th c k a ght to b k pt d mply t ght h l by th ch g d h t f the w thd w w t th m n rs read ly detect any se iou l k g i th p ous carg

separate one representing the long eastern coasts of the Japanese islands—Niphon Matsmai and Sikoke With his snow white new ivory leg braced against the screwed leg of his table, and with a long pruning hook of a jack knife in his hand, the wondrous old man, with his back to the gangway door was wrinkling his brow and tracing his old courses again

Who s there? hearing the footstep at the door but not turning round to it On deck! Begone!'

Captain Ahab mistakes it is I The oil in the hold is leaking sir We must up Burtons and break out

Up Burtons and break out? Now that we are nearing Japan heave to here for a week to tinker a parcel of old hoops?

Either do that sir or waste in one day more oil than we may make good in a year What we come twenty thousand miles to get is worth saving sir

So it is o it is if we get it

I was speaking of the oil in the hold sir'

And I was not speaking or thinking of that at all Begone! Let it leak! I m all aleak myself Aye! leaks in leaks! not only full of leaky casks but those leaky casks are in a leaky ship and that s a far worse plight than the Pequod s man Yet I don t stop to plug my leak for who can find it in the deep loaded hull or how hope to plug it even if found in this life s howling gale? Starbuck! I ll not have the Burtons hoisted

What will the owners say sir?

Let the owners stand on Nantucket beach and outyell the Typhoons What cares Ahab? Owners owners? Thou art always prating to me Starbuck about those miserly owners as if the owners were my conscience But look ye the only real owner of anything is its commander and hark ye my conscience is in this ship s keel —On deck!'

Captain Ahab said the reddening mate moving further into the cabin with a daring so strangely respectful and cautious that it almost seemed not only every way seeking to avoid the slightest outward manifestation of itself but within also seemed more than half distrustful of itself 'A better man than I might well pass over in thee what he

would quickly enough resent in a younger man aye and in a happier Captain Ahab

Devils! Dost thou then so much as dare to critically think of me?—On deck!

'Nay, sir, not yet I do entreat And I do dare sir—to be forbearing! Shall we not understand each other better than hitherto Captain Ahab?

Ahab seized a loaded musket from the rack (forming part of most South Sea men s cabin furniture) and point ng it towards Starbuck exclaimed There is one God that is Lord over the earth and one Captain that is lord over the Pequod —On deck!

For an instant in the flashing eyes of the mate and his fiery cheeks you would have almost thought that he had really received the blaze of the levelled tube But master ing his emotion he half calmly rose and as he quitted the cabin paused for an instant and said Thou hast out raged not insulted me sir but for that I ask thee not to beware of Starbuck thou wouldst but laugh but let Ahab beware of Ahab beware of thyself old man

'He waxes brave but nevertheless obeys most careful bravery that!' murmured Ahab as Starbuck disappeared What s that he said— Ahab beware of Ahab—there s ome thing there! Then unconsciously using the musket for a staff with an iron brow he paced to and fro in the littl cabin but presently the thick plaits of his forehead relaxed and returning the gun to the rack he went to the deck

Thou art but too good a fellow Starbuck he said lowly to the mate then raising his voice to the crew Furl the t gallant sails and close reef the top sails fore and aft back the main yard up Burtons and break out in the main hold

It were perhaps vain to surmise exactly why it was that as respecting Starbuck Ahab thus acted It may have been a fla h of honesty in him or mere prudential policy which under the circumstance imperiously forbade the slightest symptom of open disaffection however transient, in the important chief officer of his ship However it was hi orders were executed and the Burtons were hoisted

CHAPTER CX

QUEEQUEG IN HIS COFFIN

UPON searching it was found that the casks last struck into the hold were perfectly sound and that the leak must be further off So it being calm weather, they broke out deeper and deeper disturbing the slumbers of the huge ground tier butts and from that black midnight sending those gigantic moles into the daylight above So deep did they go and so ancient and corroded and weedy the aspect of the lowermost puncheons that you almost looked next for some mouldy corner stone cask containing coins of Captain Noah with copies of the posted placard vainly warning the infatuated old world from the flood Tierce after tierce too of water and bread and beef and shooks of staves and iron bundles of hoop were hoisted out till at last the piled decks were hard to get about, and the hollow hull echoed under foot as if you were treading over empty catacomb and reeled and rolled in the sea like an air freighted demijohn Top heavy was the ship as a dinnerless student with all Aristotle in his head Well was it that the Typhoons did not visit them then

Now at this time it was that my poor pagan companion, and fast bosom friend Queequeg was seized with a fever which brought him nigh to his endless end

Be it said that in this vocation of whaling sinecures are unknown dignity and danger go hand in hand, till you get to be Captain the higher you rise the harder you toil So with poor Queequeg who as harpooneer must not only face all the rage of the living whale but—as we have elsewhere seen—mount his dead back in a rolling sea and finally descend into the gloom of the hold and bitterly sweating all day in that subterraneous confinement resolutely manhandle the clumsiest casks and see to their stowage To be short among whalemen, the harpooneers are the holders so called

Poor Queequeg! when the ship was about half disembowelled you should have stooped over the hatchway and peered down upon him there, where stripped to his woollen

drawers the tattooed savage was crawling about amid that dampness and slime like a green spotted lizard at the bottom of a well And a well or an ice house it somehow proved to him poor pagan where strange to say for all the heat of his sweatings he caught a terrible chill which lapsed into a fever and at last after some days suffering laid him in his hammock close to the very sill of the door of death How he wa ted and wasted away in those few long lingering days till there seemed but little left of him but his frame and tattooing But as all else in him thinned and his cheek bones grew sharper his eyes nevertheless seemed growing fuller and fuller they became of a strange softness of lustre and mildly but deeply looked out at you there from his sickness a wondrous testimony to that im mortal health in him which could not die or be weakened And like circles on the water which as they grow fainter expand o his eyes seemed rounding and rounding like the rings of Eternity An awe that cannot be named would steal over you as you sat by the side of this waning savage and saw as trange things in his face as any beheld who were bystanders when Zoroaster died For whatever is truly wondrous and fearful in man never yet was put into words or books And the drawing near of Death which alike levels all alike impresses all with a last revelation which only an author from the dead could adequately tell So that—let us say it again—no dying Chaldee or Greek had higher and holier thoughts than those whose mysterious shades you aw creeping over the face of poor Queequeg a he quietly lay in his swaying hammock and the rolling sea seemed gently rocking him to his final rest and the ocean s invisible flood tide lifted him higher and higher towards his destined heaven

Not a man of the crew but gave him up and as for Queequeg himself what he thought of his case was forcibly shown by a curious favor he asked He called one to him in the grey morning watch when the day wa just breaking and taking his hand said that while in Nantucket he had chanced to see certain little canoes of dark wood like the rich war wood of his native isle and upon inquiry he had learned that all whalemen who died in Nantucket were laid

in those same dark canoes and that the fancy of being so laid had much pleased him for it was not unlike the custom of his own race who after embalming a dead warrior stretched him out in his canoe, and so left him to be floated away to the starry archipelagoes for not only do they believe that the stars are isles but that far beyond all visible horizons their own mild, uncontinented seas interflow with the blue heavens and so form the white breakers of the milky way He added, that he shuddered at the thought of being buried in his hammock according to the usual sea custom tossed like something vile to the death devouring sharks No he desired a canoe like those of Nantucket all the more congenial to him being a whaleman, that like a whale boat these coffin canoes were without a keel, though that involved but uncertain steering and much lee way adown the dim ages

Now when this strange circumstance was made known aft the carpenter was at once commanded to do Queequeg s bidding whatever it might include There was some heathenish coffin-colored old lumber aboard, which upon a long previous voyage had been cut from the aboriginal groves of the Lackaday islands and from these dark planks the coffin was recommended to be made No sooner was the carpented apprised of the order, than taking his rule he forthwith with all the indifferent promptitude of his char acter, proceeded into the forecastle and took Queequeg s measure with great accuracy regularly chalking Queequeg s person as he shifted the rule

Ah! poor fellow! he ll have to die now,' ejaculated the Long Island sailor

Going to his vice bench the carpenter for convenience sake and general reference now transferringly measured on it the exact length the coffin was to be and then made the transfer permanent by cutting two notches at its extremities This done he marshalled the planks and his tools and to work

When the last nail was driven and the lid duly planed and fitted he lightly shouldered the coffin and went forward with it inquiring whether they were ready for it yet in that direction

Overhearing the indignant but half humorous cries with which the people on deck began to drive the coffin away Queequeg to every ones consternation commanded that the thing should be instantly brought to him nor was there any denying him seeing that of all mortals some dying men are the most tyrannical and certainly since they will shortly trouble us so little for evermore the poor fellows ought to be indulged

Leaning over in his hammock Queequeg long regarded the coffin with an attentive eye He then called for his harpoon had the wooden stock drawn from it and then had the iron part placed in the coffin along with one of the paddles of his boat All by his own request also biscuits were then ranged round the sides within a flask of fresh water was placed at the head and a small bag of woody earth scraped up in the hold at the foot and a piece of sail-cloth being rolled up for a pillow Queequeg now entreated to be lifted into his final bed that he might make trial of its comforts if any it had He lay without moving a few minutes then told one to go to his bag and bring out his little god Yojo Then crossing his arms on his breast with Yojo between he called for the coffin lid (hatch he called it) to be placed over him The head part turned over with a leather hinge and there lay Queequeg in his coffin with little but his composed countenance in view Rarmai (it will do it is easy), he murmured at last and signed to be replaced in his hammock

But ere this was done Pip who had been slily hovering near by all this while drew nigh to him where he lay and with soft sobbings took him by the hand in the other holding his tambourine

Poor rover! will ye never have done with all this weary roving? where go ye now? But if the currents carry ye to those sweet Antilles where the beaches are only beat with water lilies will ye do one little errand for me? Seek out one Pip who s now been missing long I think he s in those far Antilles If ye find him then comfort him for he must be very sad for look! he s left his tambourine behind —I found it Rig a dig dig dig! Now, Queequeg die, and I ll beat ye your dying march

"I have heard" murmured Starbuck gazing down the scuttle that in violent fevers men all ignorance have talked in ancient tongues and that when the mystery is probed it turns out always that in their wholly forgotten childhood those ancient tongues had been really spoken in their hearing by some lofty scholars So to my fond faith poor Pip in this strange sweetness of his lunacy brings heavenly vouchers of all our heavenly homes Where learned he that but there?—Hark! he speaks again, but more wildly now

Form two and two! Let s make a General of him! Ho, where s his harpoon? Lay it across here—Rig a dig dig dig! huzza! Oh for a game cock now to sit upon his head and crow! Queequeg dies game!—mind ye that Queequeg dies game!—take ye good heed of that Queequeg dies game! I say game game game! but base little Pip he died a coward died all a shiver—out upon Pip! Hark ye, if ye find Pip tell all the Antilles he s a runaway a coward a coward a coward! Tell them he jumped from a whale boat! I d never beat my tambourine over base Pip and hail him General if he were once more dying here No no! shame upon all cowards—shame upon them! Let em go drown like Pip that jumped from a whale boat Shame! shame!

During all this Queequeg lay with closed eyes as if in a dream Pip was led away and the sick man was replaced in his hammock

But now that he had apparently made every preparation for death now that his coffin was proved a good fit Queequeg suddenly rallied soon there seemed no need of the carpenter s box and thereupon when some expressed their delighted surprise he in substance said that the cause of his sudden convalescence was this—at a critical moment, he had just recalled a little duty ashore which he was leaving undone and therefore had changed his mind about dying he could not die yet he averred They asked him then whether to live or die was a matter of his own sovereign will and pleasure He answered certainly In a word it was Queequeg s conceit that if a man made up his mind to live mere sickness could not kill him nothing but a

whale or a gale, or some violent ungovernable unintelligent destroyer of that sort

Now there is this noteworthy difference between savage and civilized that while a sick civilized man may be six months convalescing, generally speaking a sick savage i almost half well again in a day So in good time my Queequeg gained strength and at length after sitting on the windlass for a few indolent days (but eating with a vigorous appetite) he suddenly leaped to his feet threw out his arms and legs gave himself a good stretching yawned a little bit and then springing into the head of his hoisted boat anc poising a harpoon, pronounced himself fit for a fight

With a wild whimsine s he now used his coffin for a sea chest and emptying into it his canvas bag of clothes set them in order there Many spare hours he spent in carving the lid with all manner of grotesque figures and drawings and it seemed that hereby he was striving in his rude way to copy parts of the twisted tattooing on his body And this tattooing had been the work of a departed prophet and seer of his island who by those hieroglyphic marks had written out on his body a complete theory of the heavens and the earth and a mystical treatise on the art of attaining truth so that Queequeg in his own proper person was a riddle to unfold a wondrous work in one volume but whose mysteries not even himself could read though his own live heart beat against them and these mysteries were therefore destined in the end to moulder away with the living parchment whereon they were inscribed and so be unsolved to the last And this thought it must have been which suggested to Ahab that wild exclamation of his when one morning turning away from surveying poor Queequeg— Oh devilish tantalization of the gods!

CHAPTER CXI

THE PACIFIC

WHEN gliding by the Bashee isles we emerged at last upon the great South Sea were it not for other things I could have greeted my dear Pacific with uncounted thanks

for now the long supplication of my youth was answered, that serene ocean rolled eastwards from me a thousand leagues of blue

There is one knows not what sweet mystery about this sea whose gently awful stirrings seem to speak of some hidden soul beneath like those fabled undulations of the Ephesian sod over the buried Evangelist St John And meet it is that over these sea pastures wide rolling watery prairies and Potters Fields of all four continents the waves should rise and fall and ebb and flow unceasingly for here millions of mixed shades and shadows drowned dreams somnambulisms reveries all that we call lives and souls lie dreaming dreaming still tossing like slumberers in their beds the ever rolling waves but made so by their restlessness

To any meditative Magian rover this serene Pacific once beheld must ever after be the sea of his adoption It rolls the midmost waters of the world, the Indian ocean and Atlantic being but its arms The same waves wash the moles of the new built Californian towns but yesterday planted by the recentest race of men and lave the faded but still gorgeous skirts of Asiatic lands older than Abraham, while all between float milky ways of coral isles and low lying endless unknown Archipelagoes and impenetrable Japans Thus this mysterious divine Pacific zones the world s whole bulk about makes all coasts one bay to it, seems the tide beating heart of earth Lifted by those eternal swells you needs must own the seductive god, bowing your head to Pan

But few thoughts of Pan stirred Ahab s brain as standing like an iron statue at his accustomed place beside the mizen rigging with one nostril he unthinkingly snuffed the sugary musk from the Bashee isles (in whose sweet woods mild lovers must be walking) and with the other consciously inhaled the salt breath of the new found sea that sea in which the hated White Whale must even then be swimming Launched at length upon these almost final waters and gliding towards the Japanese cruising ground the old man s purpose intensified itself His firm lips met like the lips of a vice the Delta of his forehead s veins swelled like

overladen brooks, in his very sleep his ringing cry ran through the vaulted hull Stern all! the White Whale spouts thick blood!'

CHAPTER CXII

THE BLACKSMITH

AVAILING himself of the mild summer-cool weather that now reigned in these latitudes and in preparation for the peculiarly active pursuits shortly to be anticipated Perth the begrimed blistered old blacksmith had not removed his portable forge to the hold again after concluding his contributory work for Ahab s leg but still retained it on deck fast lashed to ringbolts by the foremast being now almost incessantly invoked by the headsmen and harpooneers and bowsmen to do some little job for them altering or repairing or new shaping their various weapons and boat furniture Often he would be surrounded by an eager circle all waiting to be served holding boat spades pike heads harpoons and lances and jealously watching his every sooty movement as he toiled Nevertheless this old man s was a patient hammer wielded by a patient arm No murmur no impatience no petulance did come from him Silent slow and solemn bowing over still further his chronically broken back he toiled away as if toil were life itself, and the heavy beating of his hammer the heavy beating of his heart And so it was —Most miserable!

A peculiar walk in this old man a certain slight but painful appearing yawing in his gait had at an early period of the voyage excited the curiosity of the mariners And to the importunity of their persisted questionings he had finally given in and so it came to pass that every one now knew the shameful story of his wretched fate

Belated and not innocently one bitter winter s midnight on the road running between two country towns the blacksmith half stupidly felt the deadly numbness stealing over him and sought refuge in a leaning dilapidated barn The issue was the loss of the extremities of both feet Out of this revelation part by part at last came out the four

of the gladness, and the one long and as yet uncatastrophied fifth act of the grief of his life s drama

He was an old man who, at the age of nearly sixty had postponedly encountered that thing in sorrow s technicals called *ruin* He had been an artisan of famed excellence, and with plenty to do owned a house and garden embraced a youthful daughter like, loving wife and three blithe, ruddy children every Sunday went to a cheerful looking church planted in a grove But one night under cover of darkness, and further concealed in a most cunning disguisement a de perate burglar slid into his happy home and robbed them all of everything And darker yet to tell, the blacksmith himself did ignorantly conduct this burglar into his family s heart It was the Bottle Conjuror! Upon the opening of that fatal cork forth flew the fiend and shrivelled up his home Now, for prudent most wise and economic reasons the blacksmith s shop was in the basement of his dwelling but with a separate entrance to it so that always had the young and loving healthy wife listened with no unhappy nervousness but with vigorous pleasure to the stout ringing of her young armed old husband s hammer, whose reverberations muffled by passing through the floors and walls came up to her not unsweetly in her nursery and so to stout Labor s iron lullaby the blacksmith s infants were rocked to slumber

Oh woe on woe! Oh Death why canst thou not some times be timely? Hadst thou taken this old blacksmith to thyself ere his full ruin came upon him then had the young widow had a delicious grief and her orphans a truly venerable legendary sire to dream of in their after years and all of them a care killing competency But Death plucked down some virtuous elder brother on whose whistling daily toil solely hung the responsibilities of some other family and left the worse than useless old man standing till the hideous rot of life should make him easier to harvest

Why tell the whole? The blows of the basement hammer every day grew more and more between and each blow every day grew fainter than the last the wife sat frozen at the window with tearless eyes glitteringly gazing into

the weeping faces of her children the bellows fell the forge choked up with cinders the house was sold the mother dived down into the long church yard grass her children twice followed her thither and the houseless familyless old man staggered off a vagabond in crape his every woe unreverenced his grey head a scorn to flaxen curls!

Death seems the only desirable sequel for a career like this but Death is only a launching into the region of the strange Untried it is but the first salutation to the possibilities of the immense Remote the Wild the Watery, the Unshored, therefore to the death longing eyes of such men who still have left in them some interior compunctions against suicide does the all contributed and all receptive ocean alluringly pread forth his whole plain of unimaginable, taking terrors and wonderful new life adventures and from the hearts of infinite Pacifics the thousand mermaids sing to them— Come hither broken hearted here is another life without the guilt of intermediate death here are wonders supernatural without dying for them Come hither! bury thyself in a life which to your now equally abhorred and abhorring landed world is more oblivious than death Come hither' put up *thy* grave stone too within the churchyard and come hither till we marry thee!

Hearkening to these voices East and West by early sun rise and by fall of eve the blacksmith s soul responded, Aye I come! And so Perth went a whaling

CHAPTER CXIII

THE FORGE

WITH matted beard and swathed in a bristling shark skin apron about mid day Perth was standing between his forge and anvil the latter placed upon n iron wood log with one hand holding a pike head in the coals and with the other at his forge s lungs when Captain Ahab came along carrying in his hand a small rusty looking leathern bag While yet a little distance from the forge moody Ahab paused till at last Perth withdrawing his iron from the fire began

hammering it upon the anvil—the red mass sending off the sparks in thick hovering flights some of which flew close to Ahab

'Are these thy Mother Carey s chickens, Perth? they are always flying in thy wake birds of good omen too but not to all —look here they burn, but thou—thou liv'st among them without a scorch

Because I am scorched all over Captain Ahab' answered Perth resting for a moment on his hammer I am past scorching not easily can st thou scorch a scar'

Well well no more Thy shrunk voice sounds too calmly sanely woful to me In no Paradise myself I am impatient of all misery in others that is not mad Thou should st go mad blacksmith say, why dost thou not go mad? How can st thou endure without being mad? Do the heavens yet hate thee that thou can st not go mad?—What wert thou making there?

Welding an old pike head sir there were seams and dents in it

And can st thou make it all smooth again blacksmith after such hard usage as it had?

I think so, sir

And I suppose thou can st smoothe almost any seams and dents never mind how hard the metal blacksmith?

Aye sir I think I can all seams and dents but one'

Look ye here then cried Ahab passionately advancing and leaning with both hands on Perth s shoulders '*look ye here—here*—can ye smoothe out a seam like this blacksmith sweeping one hand across his ribbed brow 'if thou could st blacksmith glad enough would I lay my head upon thy anvil and feel thy heaviest hammer between my eyes Answer! Can st thou smoothe this seam?

Oh! that is the one, sir! Said I not all seams and dents but one?

Aye blacksmith it is the one aye man it is unsmoothable for though thou only see st it here in my flesh it has worked down into the bone of my skull—*that* is all wrinkles! But away with child s play no more gaffs and pikes to day Look ye here! jingling the leathern bag as if it were full of gold coins I too want a harpoon made one that a

thousand yoke of fiends could not part Perth something that will stick in a whale like his own fin bone There s the stuff flinging the pouch upon the anvil Look ye blacksmith these are the gathered nail stubbs of the steel shoes of racing horses

Horse shoe stubbs sir? Why Captain Ahab thou hast here then the best and stubbornest stuff we blacksmiths ever work '

I know it old man these stubbs will weld together like glue from the melted bones of murderers Quick! forge me the harpoon And forge me first twelve rods for its shank then wind and twist and hammer these twelve together like the yarns and strands of a tow line Quick! I'll blow the fire

When at last the twelve rods were made Ahab tried them one by one by spiralling them with his own hand round a long heavy iron bolt A flaw! rejecting the last one Work that over again Perth

This done Perth was about to begin welding the twelve into one when Ahab stayed his hand and said he would weld his own iron As then with regular gasping hems he hammered on the anvil Perth passing to him the glowing rods after the other and the hard pressed forge shoot ing up its intense straight flame the Parsee passed silently and bowing over his head towards the fire seemed invoking some cur e or some blessing on the toil But as Ahab looked up he slid a ide

What s that bunch of lucifers dodging about there for? muttered Stubb looking on from the forecastle That Parsee smells fire like a fusee and smells of it himself like a hot musket s powder pan

At last the shank in one complete rod received its final heat and as Perth to temper it plunged it all hissing into the cask of water near by the scalding steam shot up into Ahab s bent face

Would st thou brand me Perth? wincing for a moment with the pain have I been but forging my own branding iron then?

Pray God not that yet I fear something Captain Ahab Is not this harpoon for the White Whale?

"For the white fiend! But now for the barbs, thou must make them thyself man Here are my razors—the best of steel here and make the barbs sharp as the needle sleet of the Icy Sea

For a moment the old blacksmith eyed the razors as though he would fain not use them

Take them man I have no need for them, for I now neither shave sup nor pray till—but here—to work!'

Fashioned at last into an arrowy shape and welded by Perth to the shank the steel soon pointed the end of the iron and as the blacksmith was about giving the barbs their final heat prior to tempering them he cried to Ahab to place the water cask near

No no—no water for that I want it of the true death temper Ahoy there! Tashtego Queequeg Daggoo! What say ye pagans! Will ye give me as much blood as will cover this barb?' holding it high up A cluster of dark nods replied, Yes Three punctures were made in the heathen flesh, and the White Whale s barbs were then tempered

Ego non baptizo te in nomine patris sed in nomine diaboli! deliriously howled Ahab as the malignant iron scorchingly devoured the baptismal blood

Now mustering the spare poles from below and selecting one of hickory with the bark still investing it Ahab fitted the end to the socket of the iron A coil of new tow line was then unwound and some fathoms of it taken to the windlass and stretched to a great tension Pressing his foot upon it till the rope hummed like a harp-string then eagerly bending over it, and seeing no strandings Ahab exclaimed Good! and now for the seizings'

At one extremity the rope was unstranded and the separate spread yarns were all braided and woven round the socket of the harpoon the pole was then driven hard up into the socket from the lower end the rope was traced half way along the pole s length and firmly secured so with inter twisting of twine This done pole iron, and rope—like the Three Fates—remained inseparable and Ahab moodily stalked away with the weapon the sound of his ivory leg and the sound of the hickory pole both hollowly

ringing along every plank But ere he entered his cabin a light unnatural half bantering yet most piteous sound was heard Oh! Pip thy wretched laugh thy idle but unresting eye all thy strange mummeries not unmeaningly blended with the black tragedy of the melancholy ship and mocked it!

CHAPTER CXIV

THE GILDER

PENETRATING further and further into the heart of the Japanese cruising ground the Pequod was soon all astir in the fishery Often in mild pleasant weather for twelve fifteen eighteen and twenty hours on the stretch they were engaged in the boats steadily pulling or sailing or paddling after the whales, or for an interlude of sixty or seventy minutes calmly awaiting their uprising though with but small success for their pains

At such times under an abated sun afloat all day upon smooth slow heaving swells seated in his boat light as a birch canoe and so sociably mixing with the soft waves themselves that like hearth stone cat they purr against the gunwale these are the times of dreamy quietude when be holding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean s skin one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it and would not willingly remember that this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang

These are the times when in his whale boat the rover softly feels a certain filial confident land like feeling towards the sea that he regards it as so much flowery earth and the distant ship revealing only the tops of her ma ts seems struggling forward not through high rolling waves but through the tall grass of a rolling prairie as when the western emigrants horses only show their erected ears while their hidden bodies widely wade through the amazing verdure

The long drawn virgin vales the mild blue hill sides as over these there steals the hush the hum you almost swear that play wearied children lie sleeping in these soli

tudes, in some glad May time, when the flowers of the woods are plucked And all this mixes with your most mystic mood, so that fact and fancy, half way meeting interpenetrate and form one seamless whole

Nor did such soothing scenes however temporary, fail of at least as temporary an effect on Ahab But if these secret golden keys did seem to open in him his own secret golden treasuries yet did his breath upon them prove but tarnishing

Oh grassy glades! oh ever vernal endless landscapes in the soul in ye—though long parched by the dead drought of the earthly life—in ye men yet may roll like young horses in new morning clover and for some few fleeting moments feel the cool dew of the life immortal on them Would to God these blessed calms would last But the mingled mingling threads of life are woven by warp and woof calms crossed by storms a storm for every calm There is no steady unretracing progress in this life we do not advance through fixed gradations and at the last one pause—through infancy's unconscious spell boyhood's thoughtless faith adolescence doubt (the common doom) then scepticism then disbelief resting at last in manhood's pondering repose of If But once gone through we trace the round again and are infants boys and men, and Ifs eternally Where lies the final harbor whence we unmoor no more? In what rapt ether sails the world of which the weariest will never weary? Where is the foundling's father hidden? Our souls are like those orphans whose unwedded mothers die in bearing them the secret of our paternity lies in their grave and we must there to learn it

And that same day too, gazing far down from his boat's side into that same golden sea Starbuck lowly murmured—

Loveliness unfathomable as ever lover saw in his young bride's eye!—Tell me not of thy teeth tiered sharks and thy kidnapping cannibal ways Let faith oust fact let fancy oust memory I look deep down and do believe

And Stubb fish like with sparkling scale, leaped up in that same golden light—

'I am Stubb and Stubb has his history but here Stubb takes oaths that he has always been jolly!

CHAPTER CXV

THE PEQUOD MEETS THE BACHELOR

AND jolly enough were the sights and the sounds that came bearing down before the wind some few weeks after Ahab s harpoon had been welded

It was a Nantucket ship the Bachelor which had just wedged in her last cask of oil and bolted down her bursting hatches and now in glad holiday apparel was joyou ly though somewhat vain gloriously sailing round among the widely separated ships on the ground previous to pointing her prow for home

The three men at her mast head wore long streamers of narrow red bunting at their hats from the stern a whale boat was suspended bottom down and hanging captive from the bowsprit was seen the long lower jaw of the last whale they had slain Signals ensigns and jacks of all colors were flying from her rigging on every side Side ways lashed in each of her three basketed tops were two barrels of perm above which in her top-mast cross trees you saw slender breakers of the same precious fluid and nailed to her main truck was a brazen lamp

As was afterwards learned the Bachelor had met with the most surprising success all the more wonderful for that while cruising in the same seas numerous other vessels had gone entire months without securing a single fish Not only had barrels of beef and bread been given away to make room for the far more valuable sperm but additional supple mental ca ks had been bartered for from the ships she had met and these were stowed along the deck and in the captain s and officers state rooms Even the cabin table itself had been knocked into kindling wood and the cabin me s dined off the broad head of an oil butt lashed down to the floor for a centerpiece In the forecastle the sailors had actually caulked and pi ched their chests and filled them it was humorou ly added that the cook had clapped a head on his largest boiler and filled it that the steward had plugged his spare coffee pot and filled it that the har pooneers had headed the sockets of their irons and filled

them that indeed everything was filled with sperm except the captain s pantaloons pockets and those he reserved to thrust his hands into, in self complacent testimony of his entire satisfaction

As this glad ship of good luck bore down upon the moody Pequod the barbarian sound of enormous drums came from her forecastle and drawing still nearer a crowd of her men were seen standing round her huge try pots which covered with the parchment like *poke* or stomach skin of the black fish gave forth a loud roar to every stroke of the clenched hands of the crew On the quarter-deck the mates and harpooneers were dancing with the olive hued girls who had eloped with them from the Polynesian Isles while su pended in an ornamental boat firmly secured aloft between the foremast and mainmast three Long Island negroes, with glittering fiddle bows of whale ivory were presiding over the hilarious jig Meanwhile others of the ship s company were tumultuously busy at the masonry of the try works, from which the huge pots had been removed You would have almost thought they were pulling down the cursed Bastille such wild cries they raised as the now useless brick and mortar were being hurled into the sea

Lord and master over all this scene the captain stood erect on the ship s elevated quarter-deck so that the whole rejoicing drama was full before him and seemed merely contrived for his own individual diversion

And Ahab he too was standing on his quarter deck, shaggy and black with a stubborn gloom and as the two ships crossed each other s wakes—one all jubilations for things passed the other all forebodings as to things to come—their two captains in themselves impersonated the whole striking contrast of the cene

'Come aboard come aboard! cried the gay Bachelor s commander, lifting a gla s and a bottle in the air

'Hast seen the White Whale? gritted Ahab in reply

'No only heard of him but don t believe in him at all," said the other good humoredly Come aboard!

'Thou art too damned jolly Sail on Hast lost any men?'

Not enough to speak of—two islanders that s all —but

come aboard old heartv, come along I ll soon take that black from your brow Come along will ye (merry s the play), a full ship and homeward bound

'How wondrous familiar is a fool! muttered Ahab then aloud 'Thou art a full ship and homeward bound thou sayst well, then, call me an empty ship and outward bound So go thy wavs and I will mine Forward there! Set all sail and keep her to the wind!

And thus while the one ship went cheerily before the breeze the other stubbornly fought against it and so the two vessels parted the crew of the Pequod looking with grave lingering glances towards the receding Bachelor but the Bachelor s men never heeding their gaze for the lively revelry they were in And as Ahab leaning over the taffrail eyed the homeward bound craft he took from his pocket a small vial of sand and then looking from the ship to the vial seemed thereby bringing two remote associations together for that vial was filled with Nantucket soundings

CHAPTEP CXVI

THE DYING WHALE

Not seldom in this life when on the right side fortune s favorites sail close by us we though all adroop before catch somewhat of the rushing breeze and joyfully feel our bagging sails fill out So seemed it with the Pequod For next day after encountering the gay Bachelor whales were seen and four were slain and one of them by Ahab

It wa far down the afternoon and when all the spearings of the crimson fight were done and floating in the lovely sunset sea and sky sun and whale both stilly died together then such a sweetne s and such plaintiveness such in wreathing orisons curled up in that rosy air that it almost seemed as if far over from the deep green convent valleys of the Manilla isles the Spanish land breeze wantonly turned sailor had gone to sea freighted with these vesper hymns

Soothed again but only soothed to deeper gloom Ahab who had sterned off from the whale, sat intently watching

his final wanings from the now tranquil boat For that strange spectacle observable in all sperm whales dying—the turning sunwards of the head, and so expiring—that strange spectacle beheld of such a placid evening somehow to Ahab conveyed a wondrousness unknown before

He turns and turns him to it —how slowly, but how steadfastly his homage rendering and invoking brow, with his last dying motions He too worships fire most faithful, broad baronial vassal of the sun!—Oh that these too favoring eyes should see these too favoring ights Look! here far water locked beyond all hum of human weal or woe in these most candid and impartial seas where to traditions no rocks furnish tablets where for long Chinese ages the billows have still rolled on speechless and unspoken to as stars that shine upon the Niger s unknown source, here too life dies sunwards full of faith but see! no sooner dead than death whirls round the corpse and it heads some other way —

Oh thou dark Hindoo half of nature who of drowned bones hast builded thy separate throne somewhere in the heart of these unverdured seas thou art an infidel, thou queen and too truly speakest to me in the wide slaughtering Typhoon and the hushed burial of its after calm Nor has this thy whale sunwards turned his dying head and then gone round again without a lesson to me

Oh trebly hooped and welded hip of power! Oh high aspiring rainbowed jet!—that one strivest, this one jettest all in vain! In vain oh whale dost thou seek intercedings with yon all-quickening sun that only calls forth life but gives it not again Yet dost thou darker half rock me with a prouder if a darker faith All thy unnamable imminglings float beneath me here I am buoyed by breaths of once living things exhaled as air but water now

'Then hail for ever hail O sea in whose eternal tossings the wild fowl finds his only rest Born of earth yet suckled by the sea though hill and valley mothered me ye billows are my foster brothers!

CHAPTER CXVII

THE WHALE WATCH

THE four whales slain that evening had died wide apart one far to windward one less distant to leeward one ahead one astern These last three were brought alongside ere nightfall but the windward one could not be reached till morning and the boat that had killed it lay by its side all night and that boat was Ahab's

The waif pole was thrust upright into the dead whale s spout hole and the lantern hanging from its top cast a troubled flickering glare upon the black glossy back and far out upon the midnight waves which gently chafed the whale s broad flank like soft surf upon a beach

Ahab and all his boat s crew seemed asleep but the Parsee who crouching in the bow sat watching the sharks that pectrally played round the whale and tapped the light cedar planks with their tails A sound like the moaning in squadrons over A phaltites of unforgiven ghosts of Gomor rah ran shuddering through the air

Started from his slumbers Ahab face to face saw the Parsee and hooped round by the gloom of the night they seemed the last men in a flooded world I have dreamed it again said he

'Of the hearses? Have I not said old man that neither hearse nor coffin can be thine?

'And who are hearsed that die on the sea?

'But I said old man that ere thou couldst die on this voyage two hearses must verily be seen by thee on the sea the fir t not made by mortal hands and the visible wood of the last one must be grown in America

Aye aye! a strange sight that Parsee!—a hearse and its plumes floating over the ocean with the waves for the pall bearers Ha! Such a sight we shall not soon see

Believe it or not thou canst not die till it be seen old man

'And what was that saying about thyself?

'Though it come to the last I shall still go before thee thy pilot

"And when thou art so gone before—if that ever befall—then ere I can follow thou must still appear to me to pilot me still?—Was it not so? Well then, did I believe all ye say oh my pilot! I have here two pledges that I shall yet slay Moby Dick and survive it

Take another pledge old man' said the Parsee, as his eyes lighted up like fire flies in the gloom—"Hemp only can kill thee

The gallows ye mean—I am immortal then on land and on sea cried Ahab with a laugh of derision —'Im mortal on land and on sea!'

Both were silent again as one man The grey dawn came on and the slumbering crew arose from the boat s bottom and ere noon the dead whale was brought to the ship

CHAPTER CXVIII

THE QUADRANT

THE sea on for the Line at length drew near and every day when Ahab coming from his cabin cast his eyes aloft, the vigilant helmsman would ostentatiously handle his spokes and the eager mariners quickly run to the braces, and would stand there with all their eyes centrally fixed on the nailed doubloon impatient for the order to point the ship s prow for the equator In good time the order came It was hard upon high noon and Ahab seated in the bows of his high hoisted boat was about taking his wonted daily ob ervation of the sun to determine his latitude

Now in that Japanese sea, the days in summer are as freshets of effulgences That unblinkingly vivid Japanese sun seems the blazing focus of the glassy ocean s immeasur able burning glass The sky looks lacquered clouds there are none the horizon floats and this nakedness of unre lieved radiance is as the insufferable splendors of God s throne Well that Ahab s quadrant was furnished with colored gla es through which to take sight of that solar fire So swinging his seated form to the roll of the ship, and with his astrological looking instrument placed to his eye, he

remained in that posture for some moments to catch the precise instant when the sun should gain its precise meridian. Meantime while his whole attention was absorbed, the Parsee was kneeling beneath him on the ship's deck, and with face thrown up like Ahab's, was eyeing the same sun with him; only the lids of his eyes half hooded their orbs, and his wild face was subdued to an earthly passionlessness. At length the desired observation was taken; and with his pencil upon his ivory leg, Ahab soon calculated what his latitude must be at that precise instant. Then falling into a moment's revery, he again looked up towards the sun and murmured to himself: "Thou sea-mark! thou high and mighty Pilot! thou tellest me truly where I *am*—but canst thou cast the least hint where I *shall* be? Or canst thou tell where some other thing besides me is this moment living? Where is Moby Dick? This instant thou must be eyeing him. These eyes of mine look into the very eye that is even now beholding him; aye, and into the eye that is even now equally beholding the objects on the unknown, thither side of thee, thou sun!"

Then gazing at his quadrant, and handling, one after the other, its numerous cabalistical contrivances, he pondered again, and muttered: "Foolish toy! babies' plaything of haughty Admirals, and Commodores, and Captains; the world brags of thee, of thy cunning and might; but what after all canst thou do, but tell the poor, pitiful point, where thou thyself happenest to be on this wide planet, and the hand that holds thee: no! not one jot more! Thou canst not tell where one drop of water or one grain of sand will be to-morrow noon; and yet with thy impotence thou insultest the sun! Science! Curse thee, thou vain toy; and cursed be all the things that cast man's eyes aloft to that heaven, whose live vividness but scorches him, as these old eyes are even now scorched with thy light, O sun! Level by nature to this earth's horizon are the glances of man's eyes; not shot from the crown of his head, as if God had meant him to gaze on his firmament. Curse thee, thou quadrant!" dashing it to the deck, "no longer will I guide my earthly way by thee; the level ship's compass, and the level dead-reckoning, by log and by line; *these* shall conduct me, and

show me my place on the sea Aye' lighting from the boat to the deck thus I trample on thee thou paltry thing that feebly pointest on high thus I split and destroy thee!'

As the frantic old man thus spoke and thus trampled with his live and dead feet a sneering triumph that seemed meant for Ahab and a fatalistic despair that seemed meant for himself—the e passed over the mute motionless Parsee s face Unobserved he rose and glided away while, awe-struck by the aspect of their commander the seamen clustered together on the forecastle till Ahab troubledly pacing the deck shouted out— To the braces! Up helm! —square in!

In an in tant the yards swung round and as the ship half wheeled upon her heel her three firm seated graceful masts erectly poised upon her long, ribbed hull, seemed as the three Horatii pirouetting on one sufficient steed

Standing between the knight heads Starbuck watched the Pequod s tumultuous way and Ahab s also as he went lurching along the deck

'I have sat before the dense coal fire and watched it all aglow full of its tormented flaming life and I have seen it wane at last down down to dumbest dust Old man of oceans! of all this fiery life of thine what will at length remain but one little heap of ashes!'

Aye' cried Stubb 'but sea coal ashes—mind ye that, Mr Starbuck—sea-coal not your common charcoal Well well! I heard Ahab mutter Here some one thrusts the e cards into these old hands of mine swears that I must play them and no others And damn me Ahab, but thou actest right, live in the game, and die in it!

CHAPTER CXIX

THE CANDLES

WARMEST limes but nurse the cruellest fangs the tiger of Bengal crouches in spaced groves of ceaseless verdure Skies the most effulgent but basket the deadliest thunders gorgeous Cuba knows tornadoes that never swept tame

northern lands So too it is that in these resplendent Japanese seas the mariner encounters the direst of all storms the Typhoon It will sometimes burst from out that cloudless sky, like an exploding bomb upon a dazed and sleepy town

Towards evening of that day the Pequod was torn of her canvas and bare poled was left to fight a Typhoon which had struck her directly ahead When darkness came on sky and sea roared and split with the thunder and blazed with the lightning that showed the disabled mast fluttering here and there with the rags which the first fury of the tempest had left for its after sport

Holding by a shroud Starbuck was standing on the quarter-deck at every flash of the lightning glancing aloft to see what additional disaster might have befallen the intricate hamper there while Stubb and Flask were directing the men in the higher hoisting and firmer lashing of the boats But all their pains seemed naught Though lifted to the very top of the cranes the windward quarter boat (Ahab s) did not escape A great rolling sea dashing high up against the reeling ship s high teetering side stove in the boat s bottom at the stern and left it again all dripping through like a sieve

'Bad work bad work! Mr Starbuck said Stubb regarding the wreck but the sea will have its way Stubb for one can t fight it You see Mr Starbuck a wave has such a great long start before it leaps all round the world it runs and then comes the spring! But as for me all the start I have to meet it is just across the deck here But never mind it s all in fun so the old songs says — (*sings*)

Oh! jolly is the gale
And a joker is the whale
A flourishin his tail —
Such a funny porty gamy jesty joky hoky poky lad is the Ocean oh

The scud all a flyin
That s his flip only foamin
When he stirs in the spicin —
Such a funny porty gamy jesty joky hoky poky lad is the Ocean oh!

Thunder splits the ships
But he only smacks his lips
A tastin of this flip,—
Such a funny porty gamy je ty joky hoky poky lad is the Ocean oh!

Avast Stubb cried Starbuck let the Typhoon sing and strike hi harp here in our rigging but if thou art a brave man thou wilt hold thy peace

But I am not a brave man never aid I was a brave man I am a coward and I sing to keep up my spirit And I tell you what it is Mr Starbuck there s no way to stop my singing in this world but to cut my throat And when that s done ten to one I sing ye the doxology for a wind up

Madman! look through my eyes if thou hast none of thine own

What! how can you see better of a dark night than any body else never mind now foolish?

Here! cried Starbuck seizing Stubb by the shoulder, and pointing his hand towards the weather bow 'markest thou not that the gale comes from the eastward, the very cour e Ahab is to run for Moby Dick? the very course he swung to this day noon? now mark his boat there, where is that stove? In the tern sheets man where he is wont to stand—his stand point is stove man! Now jump over board and sing away if thou must!

I don t half understand ye what s in the wind?

Yes yes round the Cape of Good Hope is the shortest way to Nantucket oliloquized Starbuck suddenly heed less of Stubb s question The gale that now hammers at us to stave us we can turn it into a fair wind that will drive us towards home Yonder to windward all is blackness of doom but to leeward homeward—I see it lightens up there but not with the lightning

At that moment in one of the interval of profound dark ne s following the flashes a voice was heard at his side and almost at the same instant a volley of thunder peals rolled overhead

'Who s there? '

'Old Thunder!" said Ahab groping his way along the

bulwarks to his pivot hole but suddenly finding his path made plain to him by elbowed lances of fire

Now as the lightning rod to a spire on shore is intended to carry off the perilous fluid into the soil so the kindred rod which at sea some ships carry to each mast is intended to conduct it into the water But as this conductor must descend to considerable depth that its end may avoid all contact with the hull and as moreover if kept constantly towing there it would be liable to many mishaps besides interfering not a little with some of the rigging and more or less impeding the vessel s way in the water because of all this the lower parts of a ship s lightning rods are not always overboard but are generally made in long slender links so as to be the more readily hauled up into the chains out side or thrown down into the sea as occasion may require

The rods! the rods! cried Starbuck to the crew suddenly admonished to vigilance by the vivid lightning that had just been darting flambeaux to light Ahab to his post 'Are they overboard? drop them over fore and aft Quick!

'Avast! cried Ahab let s have fair play here though we be the weaker side Yet I'll contribute to raise rods on the Himmalehs and Andes that all the world may be secured but out on privileges! Let them be sir

'Look aloft! cried Starbuck The corpusant ! the corpusants!

All the yard arms were tipped with a pallid fire and touched at each tri pointed lightning rod end with three tapering white flames each of the three tall masts wa silently burning in that sulphurous air like three gigantic wax tapers before an altar

Blast the boat! let it go! cried Stubb at this instant as a swashing sea heaved up under his own little craft so that its gunwale violently jammed his hand as he was pass in a lashing Blast it! —but slipping backward on the deck his uplifted eyes caught the flames and immediately shifting his tone he cried— The corpusants have mercy on us all!

To sailors oaths are household words they will swear in the trance of the calm and in the teeth of the tempest they

will imprecate cur es from he topsail yard arms when most they teeter over to a seething sea but in all my voyagings, seldom have I heard a common oath when God's burning finger has been laid on the ship when His "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin has been woven into the shrouds and the cordage

While this pallidness was burning aloft, few words were heard from the enchanted crew who in one thick cluster stood on the forecastle all their eyes gleaming in that pale phosphorescence like a faraway constellation of stars Relieved against the ghostly light the gigantic jet negro, Daggoo loomed up to thrice his real stature and seemed the black cloud from which the thunder had come The parted mouth of Tashtego revealed his shark white teeth which strangely gleamed as if they too had been tipped by cor pusants while lit up by the preternatural light Queequeg's tattooing burned like Satanic blue flames on his body

The tableau all waned at last with the pallidness aloft and once more the Pequod and every oul on her decks were wrapped in a pall A moment or two passed when Star buck going forward pushed against some one It was Stubb 'What thinkest thou now man I heard thy cry it was not the same in the song'

No no it wasn t I said the corpusants have mercy on us all and I hope they will, still But do they only have mercy on long faces?—have they no bowels for a laugh? And look ye Mr Starbuck—but it s too dark to look Hear me then I take that mast head flame we saw for a sign of good luck for those masts are rooted in a hold that is going to be chock a block with sperm-oil d ye ee, and so all that sperm will work up into the masts like sap in a tree Yes, our three masts will yet be as three spermaceti candles—that s the good promise we saw'

At that moment Starbuck caught sight of Stubb s face slowly beginning to glimmer into sight Glancing upwards, he cried See! see! and once more the high tapering flames were beheld with what seemed redoubled supernatural ness in their pallor

'The corpusants have mercy on us all,' cried Stubb, again

At the base of the main mast full beneath the doubloon and the flame the Parsee was kneeling in Ahab s front but with his head bowed away from him while near by, from the arched and overhanging rigging where they had just been engaged securing a spar a number of the seamen arrested by the glare now cohered together and hung pendulous like a knot of numbed wasps from a drooping orchard twig In various enchanted attitudes like the standing or stepping or running skeletons in Herculaneum others remained rooted to the deck but all their eyes upcast.

Aye aye men! cried Ahab Look up at it mark it well the white flame but lights the way to the White Whale! Hand me those mainmast links there I would fain feel this pulse and let mine beat against it blood against fire! So

Then turning—the last link held fast in his left hand he put his foot upon the Parsee and with fixed upward eye and high flung right arm he stood erect before the lofty tri pointed trinity of flames

Oh! thou clear spirit of clear fire whom on these seas I as Persian once did worship till in the sacramental act so burned by thee that to this hour I bear the scar I now know thee thou clear spirit and I now know that thy right worship is defiance To neither love nor reverence wilt thou be kind and e en for hate thou canst but kill and all are killed No fearless fool now fronts thee I own thy speechless placeless power but to the last gasp of my earthquake life will dispute its unconditional unintegral mastery in me In the midst of the personified impersonal, a personality stands here Though but a point at best whencesoe er I came wheresoe er I go yet while I earthly live the queenly personality lives in me, and feels her royal rights But war is pain and hate is woe Come in thy lowest form of love and I will kneel and kiss thee but at thy highest come as mere supernal power and though thou launchest navies of full freighted worlds there s that in here that still remains indifferent Oh thou clear spirit of thy fire thou madest me and like a true child of fire I breathe it back to thee

[Sudden repeated flashes of lightning the nine flames leap lengthwise to thrice their previous height, Ahab with the rest closes his eyes, his right hand pressed hard upon them]

'I own thy speechless placeless power said I not so? Nor was it wrung from me nor do I now drop these links Thou canst blind but I can then grope Thou canst con sume but I can then be ashes Take the homage of these poor eyes and shutter hands I would not take it The lightning flashes through my skull mine eyeballs ache and ache my whole beaten brain seems as beheaded and rolling in some stunning ground Oh oh! Yet blindfold yet will I talk to thee Light though thou be thou leapest out of darkness but I am darkness leaping out of light leaping out of thee! The javelins cease open eyes see or not? There burn the flames! Oh thou magnanimous! now I do glory in my genealogy But thou art but my fiery father, my sweet mother I know not Oh cruel! what hast thou done with her? There lies my puzzle but thine is greater Thou knowest not how came ye hence callest thyself un begotten certainly knowest not thy beginning hence callest thyself unbegun I know that of me which thou knowest not of thyself oh thou omnipotent There is some unsuf fusing thing beyond thee thou clear spirit, to whom all thy eternity is but time all thy creativeness mechanical Through thee thy flaming self my scorched eyes do dimly see it Oh thou foundling fire thou hermit immemorial thou too hast thy incommunicable riddle thy unparticipated grief Here again with haughty agony I read my sire Leap! leap up and lick the sky! I leap with thee I burn with thee would fain be welded with thee defyingly I worship thee!

The boat! the boat! cried Starbuck, 'look at thy boat old man!

Ahab s harpoon, the one forged at Perth s fire remained firmly lashed in its conspicuous crotch so that it projected beyond his whale boat s bow, but the sea that had stove its bottom had caused the loose leather sheath to drop off and from the keen steel barb there now came a levelled

flame of pale forked fire As the silent harpoon burned *there like a serpent s tongue* Starbuck grasped Ahab by the arm— God God is against thee old man forbear! t is an ill voyage! ill begun ill continued let me square the yards while we may old man and make a fair wind of it homewards to go on a better voyage than this

Overhearing Starbuck the panic stricken crew instantly ran to the braces—though not a sail was left aloft For the moment all the aghast mate s thoughts seemed theirs they raised a half mutinous cry But dashing the rattling lightning links to the deck and snatching the burning harpoon Ahab waved it like a torch among them swearing to transfix with it the first ailor that but cast lo.e a rope s end Petrified by his a pect and still more shrinking from the fiery dart that he held the men fell back in dismay and Ahab again poke —

All your oaths to hunt the White Whale are as binding as mine and heart soul and body lungs and life old Ahab s bound And that ye may know to what tune this heart beats look ye here thus I blow out the last fear And with one blast of his breath he extinguished the flame

As in the hurricane that weeps the plain men fly the neighborhood of some lone gigantic elm whose very height and s rength but render it o much the more unsafe because so much the more a mark for thunderbolts so at those last words of Ahab s many of the mariners did run from him in a terror of dismay

CHAPTER CXX

THE DECK TOWARDS THE END OF THE FIRST NIGHT WATCH

Ahab standing by the helm Starbuck approaching him

We must send down the main top-sail yard sir The band is working loo e and the lee lift is half stranded Shall I strike it sir?

Strike nothing lash it If I had sky sail poles I d sway them up now

Sir?—in God s name!—sir?

'Well'

The anchors are working, sir Shall I get them in board?"

'Strike nothing and stir nothing but lash everything The wind rises but it has not got up to my table hands yet Quick and see to it — By masts and keels! he takes me for the hunchbacked skipper of some coasting smack Send down my main top sail yard! Ho gluepots! Loftiest trucks were made for wildest winds and this brain truck of mine now sails amid the cloud scud Shall I strike that? Oh none but cowards send down their brain trucks in tempest time What a hooroo h aloft there! I would e en take it for ublime did I not know that the colic is a noisy maladv Oh tal e medicine take medicine!

CHAPTER CXXI

MIDNIGHT—THE FORECASTLE BULWARKS

Stubb and Flask mounted on them and passing additional lashings over the anchors there hangu g

'No Stubb you may pound that knot there as much as you please but you will never pound into me what you were just now saying And how long ago is it since you said the very contrary? Didn t you once say that what ever ship Ahab sails in that ship should pav something ex tra on its insurance policy just as though it were loaded with powder barrels aft and boxes of lucifers forward? Stop now didn t you say so?

Well suppose I did? What then! I ve part changed my flesh since that time why not my mind? Besides supposu g we *are* loaded with powder barrels aft and lucifers forward how the devil could the lucifers get afire in this drenching spray here? Why my little man you have pretty red hair but you couldn t get afire now Shake your self you re Aquarius or the water bearer, Flask might fill pitchers at your coat collar Don't you see then that for these extra risks the Marine Insurance companies have extra guarantees? Here are hydrants Flask But hark,

again and I'll answer ye the other thing First take your leg off from the crown of the anchor here though so I can pass the rope now listen What s the mighty difference between holding a mast s lightning rod in the storm and standing close by a mast that hasn t got any lightning rod at all in a storm? Don t you see you timber head that no harm can come to the holder of the rod unless the mast is first struck? What are you talking about then? Not one ship in a hundred carries rods and Ahab —aye, man and all of us —were in no more danger hen in my poor opinion than all the crews in ten thousanc hips now sail ing the seas Why you King Po t you I suppose you would have every man in the world go about with a small lightning rod running up the corner of his hat like a militia officer s skewered feather and trailing behind like his sash Why don t ye be sensible Flask? it s easy to be sensible why don t ye then? any man with half an eye can be sen ible

'I don t know that Stubb You sometimes find it rather hard

Yes when a fellow's soaked through it s hard to be sensible that s a fact And I am about drenched with this spray Never mind catch the turn there, and pass it Seems to me we are lashing down these anchors now as if they were never going to be used again Tying these two anchors here Flask seems like tying a man s hands behind him And what big generous hands they are to be sure These are your iron fits hey? What a hold they have too! I wonder Flask whether the world is anchored anywhere if she is she swings with an uncommon long cable though There hammer that knot down and we ve done So next to touching land lighting on deck is the most satisfactory I say just wring out my jacket skirts will ye? Thank ye They laugh at long togs so Flask but seems to me a long tailed coat ought always to be worn in all storms afloat The tails tapering down that way serve to carry off the water d ye see Same with cocked hats the cocks form gable end eave troughs Fla k No more monkey jackets and tarpaulins for me I must mount a swallow tail and drive down • beaver so Halloa! whew!—

there goes my tarpaulin overboard Lord Lord, that the winds that come from heaven should be so unmannerly! This is a nasty night lad

CHAPTER CXXII

MIDNIGHT ALOFT—THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

The Main top sail yard—Tashtego passing new lashings around it

'UM um um Stop that thunder! Plenty too much thunder up here What s the use of thunder? Um um, um We don t want thunder we want rum give us a glass of rum Um um um!

CHAPTER CXXIII

THE MUSKET

DURING the most violent hocks of the Typhoon the man at the Pequod s jaw bone tiller had several times been reelingly hurled to the deck by its spasmodic mo tions even though preventer tackles had been attached to it—for they were slack—because some play to the tiller was indi pen able

In a evere gale like this while the ship is but a tos ed shuttlecock to the blast it is by no means uncommon to see the needles in the compasses at intervals go round and round It was thus with the Pequod s at almost every shock the helm man had not failed to notice the whirling velocity with which they revolved upon the cards it is a sight that hardly anyone can behold without some sort of u nwonted emotion

Some hours after midnight the Typhoon abated so much that through the strenuous exertions of Starbuck and Stubb —one engaged forward and the other aft—the shivered rem nants of the jib and fore and main top sails were cut adrift from the spars and went eddying away to leeward, like

the feathers of an albatross which sometimes are cast to *the winds when that storm tossed bird is on the wing*

The three corresponding new sails were now bent and reefed and a storm trysail was set further aft so that the ship soon went through the water with some pre cision again and the course—for the present East south east—which he was to steer if practicable was once more given to the helmsman For during the violence of the gale he had only steered according to its vicissitudes But as he was now bringing the ship as near her course as po sible watching the compass meanwhile lo! a good sign! the wind seemed coming round astern aye the foul breeze became fair!

Instantly the yards were squared to the lively song of *Ho! the fair wind! oh-ye ho cheerly men!* the crew singing for joy that so promising an event should so soon have falsified the evil portends preceding it

In compliance with the standing order of his commander —to report immediately, and at any one of the twenty four hours any decided change in the affairs of the deck — Starbuck had no sooner trimmed the yards to the breeze— however reluctantly and gloomily —than he mechanically went below to apprise Captain Ahab of the circumstance

Ere knocking at his state room he involuntarily paused before it a moment The cabin lamp—taking long swing this way and that—was burning fitfully and casting fitful shadows upon the old man s bolted door —a thin one with fixed blinds inserted in place of upper panels The isolated subterraneou ness of the cabin made a certain humming silence to reign there though it was hooped round by all the roar of the elements The loaded muskets in the rack were shiningly revealed as they stood upright against the forward bulkhead Starbuck was an honest upright man but out of Starbuck s heart at that instant when he saw the muskets there strangely evolved an evil thought but so blent with its neutral or good accompaniments that for the instant he hardly knew it for itself

He would have shot me once he murmured yes there s the very musl et that he pointed at me —that one with the studded lock let me touch it—lift it Strange that I

who have handled so many deadly lances strange that I should shake so now Loaded? I must see Aye, aye and powder in the pan —that s not good Best spill it? —wait I ll cure myself of this I ll hold the musket boldly while I think —I come to report a fair wind to him But how fair? Fair for death and doom —*that s* fair for Moby Dick It s a fair wind that s only fair for that accursed fish —The very tube he pointed at me!—the very one *this* one—I hold it here he would have killed me with the very thing I handle now —Aye and he would fain kill all his crew Does he not say he will not strike his spars to any gale? Has he not dashed his heavenly quadrant? and in these same perilous seas gropes he not his way by mere dead reckoning of the error abounding log? and in this very Typhoon did he not swear that he would have no lightning rods? But shall this crazed old man be tamely suffered to drag a whole ship s company down to doom with him?—Yes it would make him the wilful murderer of thirty men and more if this ship come to any deadly harm, and come to deadly harm my soul swears this ship will, if Ahab have his way If, then he were this instant—put aside that crime would not be his Ha! is he muttering in his sleep? Yes just there —in there he s sleeping Sleeping? aye but still alive and soon awake again I can t withstand thee then, old man Not reasoning not remon strance not entreaty wilt thou hearken to, all this thou scornest Flat obedience to thy own flat commands, this is all thou breathest Aye and say st the men have vow d thy vow say st all of us are Ahabs Great God forbid!—But is there no other way? no lawful way?—Make him a prisoner to be taken home? What! hope to wrest this old man s living power from his own living hands? Only a fool would try it Say he were pinioned even, knotted all over with ropes and hawsers chained down to ring bolts on this cabin floor he would be more hideous than a caged tiger then I could not endure the sight, could not possibly fly his howlings all comfort, sleep itself in estimable rea on would leave me on the long intolerable voyage What, then remains? The land is hundreds of leagues away, and locked Japan the nearest I stand alone

here upon an open sea with two oceans and a whole continent between me and law—Aye aye tis so—Is heaven a murderer when its lightning strikes a would be murderer in his bed tindering sheets and skin together?—And would I be a murderer then if ——and slowly stealthily and half sideways looking, he placed the loaded musket's end against the door

On this level Ahab s hammock swings within his head this way A touch and Starbuck may survive to hug his wife and child again—Oh Mary ! Mary!—boy! boy! boy! —But if I wake thee not to death old man who can tell to what *unsounded deeps Starbuck s body this day week* may sink with all the crew! Great God where art Thou? Shall I? shall I?—— The wind has gone down and shifted sir the fore and main topsails are reefed and set! she heads her course

Stern all! Oh Moby Dick I clutch thy heart at last!'

Such were the ounds that now came hurtling from out the old man s tormented sleep as if Starbuck s voice had caused the *long dumb dream to speak*

The yet levelled musket shook like a drunkard s arm against the panel Starbuck seemed wrestling with an angel but turning from the door he placed the death tube in its rack and left the place

He s too sound asleep Mr Stubb go thou down and wake him and tell him I must see to the deck here Thou know st what to say

CHAPTER CXXIV

THE NEEDLE

NEXT morning the not yet subsided sea rolled in long slow billows of mighty bulk and striving in the Pequod gurgling track pushed her on like giants palms outspread The strong unstaggering breeze abounded so that sky and air seemed vast outbellying sails the whole world boomed before the wind Muffled in the full morning light the invisible sun was only known by the spread intensity of his place where his bayonet rays moved on in stacks Em

blazonings as of crowned Babylonian kings and queens, reigned over everything The sea was as a crucible of molten gold that bubblingly leaps with light and heat

Long maintaining an enchanted silence Ahab stood apart, and every time the teetering ship loweringly pitched down her bowsprit he turned to eye the bright sun s rays pro duced ahead and when she profoundly settled by the stern he turned behind and saw the sun s rearward place and how the same yellow rays were blending with his undevi ating wake

Ha ha my ship! thou mightest well be taken now for the sea chariot of the sun Ho ho! all ye nations before my prow I bring the sun to ye! Yoke on the further bil lows hallo! a tandem I drive the sea!

But suddenly reined back by some counter thought, he hurried towards the helm huskily demanding how the ship was head ng

East ou ea t sir said the frightened steersman

Thou liest! smiting him with his clenched fist "Head ing East at this hour in the morning and the sun astern?

Upon this every soul was confounded for the phenomenon ju t then observed by Ahab had unaccountably escaped every one else but its very blinding palpableness must have been the cause

Thru ting his head half way into the binnacle Ahab caught one glimpse of the compasses his uplifted arm slowly fell for a moment he almost seemed to tagger Standing behind him Starbuck looked, and lo! the two com passes pointed East and the Pequod was as infallibly going West

But ere the first wild alarm could get out abroad among the crew the old man with a rigid laugh exclaimed I have it! It has happened before Mr Starbuck last night s thunder turned our compas e —that s all Thou hast before now heard of such a thing I tal e it

Aye but never before has it happened to me sir" said the pale mate gloomily

Here it must needs be said that accidents like this have in more than one ase occurred to ships in violent storm The magnetic energy as developed in the mariner s needle

is as all know, essentially one with the electricity beheld in heaven hence it is not to be much marvelled at that such things should be Instances where the lightning has actually struck the vessel so as to smite down some of *the spars and rigging the effect upon the needle has at* times been still more fatal all its loathsome virtue being annihilated so that the before magnetic steel was of no more use than an old wife s knitting needle But in either case the needle never again of itself recovers the original virtue thus marred or lost and if the binnacle compasses be affected the same fate reaches all the others that may be in the ship even were the lowermost one inserted into the kelson

Deliberately standing before the binnacle and eyeing the transpointed compasses the old man with the sharp of his extended hand now took the precise bearing of the sun and satisfied that the needles were exactly inverted shouted out his orders for the ship s course to be changed accordingly The yards were hard up and once more the Pequod thrust her undaunted bows into the opposing wind for the supposed fair one had only been juggling her

Meanwhile whatever were his own secret thoughts Starbuck said nothing but quietly he issued all requisite orders while Stubb and Flask—who in some small degree seemed then to be sharing his feelings—likewise unmurmuringly acquiesced As for the men though some of them lowly rumbled their fear of Ahab was greater than their fear of Fate But as ever before the pagan harpooneers remained almost wholly unimpressed or if impressed it was only with a certain magnetism shot into their congenial hearts from inflexible Ahab s

For a space the old man walked the deck in rolling reveries But chancing to slip with his ivory heel he saw the crushed copper sight tubes of the quadrant he had the day before dashed to the deck

Thou poor proud heaven gazer and sun s pilot! yesterday I wrecked thee and to-day the compasses would fain have wrecked me So so But Ahab is lord over the level loadstone yet Mr Starbuck—a lance without the

pole a top-maul, and the smallest of the sail maker's needles Quick!

Accessory, perhaps, to the impulse dictating the thing he was now about to do, were certain prudential motives, whose object might have been to revive the spirits of his crew by a stroke of his subtile skill, in a matter so wondrous as that of the inverted compasses Beside , the old man well knew that to steer by transpointed needles though clumsily practicable was not a thing to be passed over by superstitious sailors without some shudderings and evil portents

Men said he steadily turning upon the crew, as the mate handed him the things he had demanded 'my men the thunder turned old Ahab s needles but out of this bit of steel Ahab can make one of his own that will point as true as any '

Abashed glances of servile wonder were exchanged by the sailors as this was said and with fascinated eyes they awaited whatever magic might follow But Starbuck looked away

With a blow from the top maul Ahab knocked off the steel head of the lance and then handing to the mate the long iron rod remaining bade him hold it upright without its touching the deck Then with the maul, after repeatedly smiting the upper end of this iron rod, he placed the blunted needle endwise on the top of it, and less strongly hammered that several times the mate still holding the rod as before Then going through some small strange motions with it—whether indispensable to the magnetizing of the steel or merely intended to augment the awe of the crew s uncertain—he called for linen thread and moving to the binnacle slipped out the two reversed needles there and horizontally suspended the sail needle by its middle over one of the compass cards At first the steel went round and round quivering and vibrating at either end but at last it settled to its place when Ahab, who had been intently watching for this result stepped frankly back from the binnacle, and pointing his stretched arm towards it exclaimed — Look ye, for yourselves, if

Ahab be not lord of the level loadstone! The sun is East, and that compass swears it!

One after another they peered in for nothing but their own eyes could persuade such ignorance as theirs and one after another they slunk away

In his fiery eyes of scorn and triumph you then saw Ahab in all his fatal pride

CHAPTER CXXV

THE LOG AND LINE

While now the fated Pequod had been so long afloat thi voyage the log and line had but very seldom been in use *Owing to a confident reliance upon other means of determin* ing the vessel s place some merchantmen and many whale men especially when cruising wholly neglect to heave the log though at the same time and frequently more for form s sake than anything else regularly putting down upon the customary slate the course steered by the ship as well as the presumed average rate of progression every hour It had been thus with the Pequod The wooden reel and angular log attached hung long untouched just be neath the railing of the after bulwarks Rains and spray had damped it sun and wind had warped it all the ele ments had combined to rot a thing that hung so idly But heedless of all this his mood seized Ahab as he happened to glance upon the reel not many hours after the magnet scene and he remembered how his quadrant was no more and recalled his frantic oath about the level log and line The ship was sailing plungingly astern the billows rolled in riots

'Forward there! Heave the log!

Two seamen came The golden hued Tahitian and the grizzly Manxman Take the reel one of ye I ll heave

They went towards the extreme stern on the ship s lee side where the deck with the oblique energy of the wind *was now almost dipping into the creamy* sidelong rushing sea

The Manxman took the reel and holding it high up by

the projecting handle ends of the spindle, round which the spool of line revolved so stood with the angular log hanging downwards till Ahab advanced to him

Ahab stood before him and was lightly unwinding some thirty or forty turns to form a preliminary hand coil to toss overboard when the old Manxman who was intently eyeing both him and the line made bold to speak

Sir I mistrust it this line looks far gone, long heat and wet have spoiled it

Twill hold old gentleman Long heat and wet have they spoiled thee? Thou seem st to hold Oh truer perhaps life holds thee not thou it

I hold the spool sir But just as my captain says With these grey hairs of mine tis not worth while disputing specially with a superior, who ll ne er confess

What s that? There now s a patched professor in Queen Nature s granite founded College but methinks he s too subservient Where wert thou born?'

In the little rocky Isle of Man sir

Excellent! Thou st hit the world by that"

I know not sir but I was born there'

In the Isle of Man hey? Well the other way, it s good Here s a man from Man a man born in once independent Man and now unmanned of Man which is sucked in—by what? Up with the reel! The dead blind wall butts all inquiring heads at last Up with it! So'

The log was heaved The loose coils rapidly straightened out in a long dragging line astern and then instantly the reel began to whirl In turn jerkingly raised and lowered by the rolling billows the towing resistance of the log caused the old reelman to stagger strangely

Hold hard!

Snap! the overstrained line sagged down in one long festoon the tugging log was gone

I crush the quadrant the thunder turns the needles, and now the mad sea parts the log line But Ahab can mend all Haul in here Tahitian reel up Manxman And look ye let the carpenter make another log, and mend thou the line See to it

'There he goes now to him nothing s happened but

to me, the skewer seems loosening out of the middle of the world Haul in haul in Tahitian! These lines run whole and whirling out come in broken, and dragging slow Ha Pip? come to help eh Pip?

Pip? whom call ye Pip? Pip jumped from the whale boat Pips missing Lets see now if ye havent fished him up here fisherman It drags hard I guess hes holding on Jerk him Tahiti! Jerk him off we haul in no cowards here Ho! theres his arm just breaking water A hatchet! a hatchet! cut it off—we haul in no cowards here Captain Ahab! sir sir! heres Pip trying to get on board again

Peace thou crazy loon cried the Manxman seizing him by the arm Away from the quarter-deck!

The greater idiot ever scolds the lesser muttered Ahab advancing Hands off from that holiness! Where *sayest thou Pip was boy?*

Astern there sir astern! Lo! lo!

And who art thou boy? I see not my reflection in the vacant pupils of thy eyes Oh God! that man should be a thing for immortal souls to sieve through! Who art thou boy?

Bell boy sir ships-crier ding dong ding! Pip! Pip! Pip! One hundred pounds of clay reward for Pip five feet high—looks cowardly—quickest known by that! Ding dong ding! Whos seen Pip the coward?

There can be no hearts above the snow line Oh ye frozen heavens! look down here Ye did beget this luck less child and have abandoned him ye creative libertines Here boy Ahabs cabin shall be Pips home henceforth, while Ahab lives Thou touchest my inmost centre boy thou art tied to me by cords woven of my heart strings Come lets down

Whats this? heres velvet shark skin,' intently gazing at Ahabs hand and feeling it Ah now had poor Pip but felt so kind a thing as this perhaps he had neer been lost! This seems to me sir as a man rope something that weak souls may hold by Oh sir let old Perth now come and rivet these two hands together the black one with the white for I will not let this go

Oh boy nor will I thee unless I should thereby drag

thee to worse horrors than are here Come then, to my cabin Lo! ye believers in gods all goodness and in man all ill lo you! see the omniscient gods oblivious of suffering man and man though idiotic and knowing not what he does yet full of the sweet things of love and gratitude Come! I feel prouder leading thee by thy black hand than though I grasped an Emperor s!'

There go two daft ones now" muttered the old Manx man One daft with strength the other daft with weakness But here s the end of the rotten line—all dripping, too Mend it eh? I think we had best have a new line altogether I ll see Mr Stubb about it'

CHAPTER CXXVI

THE LIFE BUOY

STEERING now south eastward by Ahab's levelled steel, and her progress solely determined by Ahab s level log and line the Pequod held on her path towards the Equator Making o long a passage through such unfrequented waters descrying no ships and ere long sideways impelled by unvarying trade winds over waves monotonously mild, all these seemed the strange calm things preluding some riotous and desperate scene

At last when the ship drew near to the outskirts as it were of the Equatorial fishing ground, and in the deep darkness that goes before the dawn was sailing by a cluster of rocky i lets the watch—then headed by Flask—was startled by a cry so plaintively wild and unearthly—like half articulated wailings of the ghosts of all Herod s murdered Innocents—that one and all they started from their reveries and for the pace of some moments stood or sat, or leaned all transfixed by listening like the carved Roman slave while that wild cry remained within hearing The Christian or civilized part of the crew said it was mermaids and shuddered but the pagan harpooneers remained unappalled Yet the grey Manxman—the oldest mariner of all—declared that the wild thrilling sounds that were heard, were the voices of newly drowned men in the sea

Below in his hammock Ahab did not hear of this till grey dawn when he came to the deck it was then recounted to him by Flask not unaccompanied with hinted dark meanings He hollowly laughed and thus explained the wonder

Those rocky islands the ship had passed were the resort of great numbers of seals and some young seals that had lost their dams or some dams that had lo t their cubs must have risen nigh the ship and kept company with her cry *ing and sobbing with their human ort of wail* But thi only the more affected some of them becau e most mariners cherish a very superstitious feeling about seals arising not only from their peculiar tones when in distress but also from the human look of their round head ard emi intelligent faces een peeringly uprising from the w ter alongside In the sea under certain circumstance eals have more than once been mistaken for men

But the bodings of the crew were destined to receive a most plausible confirmation in the fate of one of their number that morning At sun rise this man went from his hammock to his mast head at the fore and whether it was that he was not yet half waked from his sleep (for sailors sometimes go aloft in a transition state) whether it was thus with the man there is now no telling but, be that as it may he had not been long at his perch when a cry was heard—a cry and a rushing—and looking up they saw a falling phantom in the air and looking down a little tossed heap of white bubbles in the blue of the sea

The life buoy—a long slender cask—was dropped from the stern where it always hung obedient to a cunning spring but no hand rose to seize it and the sun having long beat upon this cask it had shrunken so that it slowly filled and the parched wood also filled at its every pore and the studded i on bound ca k followed the sailor to the bottom as if to yield him his pillow though in sooth but a hard one

And thus the first man of the Pequod that mounted the mast to look out for the White Whale on the White Whale s own peculiar ground that man was swallowed up in the deep But few perhaps thought of that at the time

Indeed in some sort they were not grieved at this event, at least as a portent for they regarded it not as a foreshadowing of evil in the future, but as the fulfilment of an evil already presaged They declared that now they knew the reason of those wild shrieks they had heard the night before But again the old Manxman said nay

The lost life buoy was now to be replaced Starbuck was directed to see to it but as no cask of sufficient lightness could be found and as in the feverish eagerness of what seemed the approaching crisis of the voyage all hands were impatient of any toil but what was directly connected with its final end whatever that might prove to be, therefore they were going to leave the ship s stern unprovided with a buoy when by certain strange signs and inuendoes Queequeg hinted a hint concerning his coffin

A life buoy of a coffin! cried Starbuck starting

Rather queer that I should say said Stubb

It will make a good enough one' said Flask, 'the carpenter here can arrange it easily

Bring it up there s nothing else for it said Starbuck *after a melancholy pause* 'Rig it carpenter do not look at me so—the coffin I mean Dost thou hear me? Rig it

And shall I nail down the lid sir? moving his hand as with a hammer

Aye

And shall I caulk the seams sir? moving his hand as with a caulking iron

"Aye

And shall I then pay over the same with pitch, sir? moving his hand as with a pitch pot

Away what possesses thee to this? Make a life buoy of the coffin and no more—Mr Stubb Mr Flask come forward with me

'He goes off in a huff The whole he can endure at the parts he baulks Now I don t like this I make a leg for Captain Ahab and he wears it like a gentleman but I make a bandbox for Queequeg and he won t put his head into it Are all my pains to go for nothing with that coffin? And now I m ordered to make a life buoy of it It s like

turning an old coat going to bring the flesh on the other side now I don t like this cobbling sort of business—I don t like it at all it s undignified it s not my place Let tinkers brats do tinkerings we are their betters I like to take in hand none but clean virgin fair and square mathematical jobs omething that regularly begins at the beginning and is at the middle when midway and comes to an end at the conclusion not a cobbler s job that s at an end in the middle and at the beginning at the end It s the old woman s tricks to be giving cobbling jobs Lord! what an affection all old women have for tinkers I know an old woman of sixty five who ran away with a bald headed young tinker once And that s the reason I never would work for lonely widow old women ashore when I kept my job shop in the Vineyard they might have taken it into their lonely old heads to run off with me But heigh ho! there are no caps at sea but snow caps Let me see Nail down the lid caulk the seams pay over the same with pitch batten them down tight and hang it with the snap pring over the ship s stern Were ever such things done before with a coffin? Some superstitious old carpenters now would be tied up in the rigging ere they would do the job But I m made of knotty Aroostook hemlock I don t budge Cruppered with a coffin! Sailing about with a grave yard tray! But never mind We workers in woods make bridal bedsteads and card tables as well as coffins and hearses We work by the month, or by the job or by the profit not for us to a k the why and wherefore of our work unless it be too confounded cobbling and then we stash it if we can Hem! I ll do the job now tenderly I'll have me—let s see—how many in the ship s company all told? But I ve forgotten Any way I ll have me thirty separate Turk s headed life lines each three feet long hanging all round to the coffin Then if the hull go down there ll be thirty lively fellow all fighting for one coffin a sight not seen very often beneath the sun! Come hammer caulking iron pitch pot and marling spike! Let s to it

me Will ye never have done Carpenter, with that accursed sound? I go below let me not see that thing here when I return again Now then Pip we ll talk this over I do suck most wondrous philosophies from thee! Some un known worlds must empty into thee! '

CHAPTER CXXVIII

THE PEQUOD MEETS THE RACHEL

NEXT day, a large ship the Rachel was descried bearing directly down upon the Pequod all her spars thickly clus tering with men At the time the Pequod was making good speed through the water but as the broad winged windward stranger shot nigh to her the boastful sails all fell together as blank bladders that are burst and all life fled from the smitten hull

Bad news she brings bad news muttered the old Manxman But ere her commander who with trumpet to mouth stood up in his boat ere he could hopefully hail Ahab s voice was heard

Hast seen the White Whale?

Aye yesterday Have ye seen a whale boat adrift?

Throttling his joy Ahab negatively answered this un expected question and would then have fain boarded the stranger when the stranger captain himself having stopped his vessel s way was seen descending her side A few keen pulls and his boat hook soon clinched the Pequod s main-chains and he sprang to the deck Immediately he was recognized by Ahab for a Nantucketer he knew But no formal salutation was exchanged

Where was he?—not killed!—not killed!' cried Ahab closely advancing How was it?

It seemed that somewhat late on the afternoon of the day previous while three of the stranger s boats were en gaged with a shoal of whales which had led them some four or five miles from the ship and while they were yet in swift chase to windward the white hump and head of Moby Dick had suddenly loomed up out of the water not

very far to leeward whereupon the fourth rigged boat—a reserved one—had been instantly lowered in chase After a keen sail before the wind this fourth boat—the swiftest keeled of all—seemed to have succeeded in fastening—at least as well as the man at the mast head could tell any thing about it In the distance he saw the diminished dotted boat and then a swift gleam of bubbling white water and after that nothing more whence it was concluded that the stricken whale must have indefinitely run away with his pursuers as often happens There was some apprehension but no positive alarm as yet The recall signals were placed in the rigging darkness came on and forced to pick up her three far to windward boats—ere going in quest of the fourth one in the precisely opposite direction—the ship had not only been necessitated to leave that boat to its fate till near midnight but for the time to increase her distance from it But the rest of her crew being at last safe aboard she crowded all sail—stunsail on stunsail—after the miss ing boat kindling a fire in her try pots for a beacon and every other man aloft on the look-out But though when she had thus sailed a sufficient distance to gain the pre sumed place of the absent ones when last seen though she then paused to lower her spare boats to pull all around her and not finding anything had again dashed on again paused and lowered her boats and though she had thus continued doing till daylight yet not the least glimpse of the missing keel had been seen

The story told the stranger Captain immediately went on to reveal his object in boarding the Pequod He desired that ship to unite with his own in the search by sailing over the sea some four or five miles apart on parallel lines and so sweeping a double horizon as it were

I will wager something now whispered Stubb to Flask that ome one in that missing boat wore off that Captain s best coat mayhap his watch—he s o cursed anxious to get it back Who ever heard of two pious whale ships cruising after one mi sing whale boat in the height of the whaling season? See Flask only see how pale he looks —pale in the very buttons of his eyes—look—it wasn t the coat—it must have been th

"My boy my own boy is among them For God's sake —I beg I conjure —here exclaimed the stranger Captain to Ahab who thus far had but icily received his petition For eighty and forty hours let me charter your ship—I will gladly pay for it, and roundly pay for it—if there be no other way—for eight and forty hours only—only that —you must oh you must and you *shall* do this thing"

His son! cried Stubb oh it's his son he's lost! I take back the coat and watch—what says Ahab? We must save that boy

He's drowned with the rest on em, last night,' said the old Manx sailor standing behind them "I heard, all of ye heard their spirits

Now as it shortly turned out what made this incident of the Rachel's the more melancholy, was the circumstance, that not only was one of the Captain's sons among the number of the missing boat's crew but among the number of the other boats crews at the same time, but on the other hand separated from the ship during the dark vicissitudes of the chase there had been still another son as that for a time the wretched father was plunged to the bottom of the cruellest perplexity which was only solved for him by his chief mate's instinctively adopting the ordinary procedure of a whale ship in such emergencies, that is when placed between jeopardized but divided boats always to pick up the majority first But the captain for some unknown constitutional reason, had refrained from mentioning all this and not till forced to it by Ahab's iciness did he allude to his one yet missing boy a little lad but twelve years old whose father with the earnest but unmisgiving hardihood of a Nantucketer's paternal love had thus early sought to initiate him in the perils and wonders of a vocation almost immemorially the destiny of all his race Nor does it unfrequently occur that Nantucket captains will send a son of such tender age away from them, for a protracted three or four years voyage in some other ship than their own so that their first knowledge of a whaleman's career shall be unenervated by any chance display of a father's natural but untimely partiality, or undue apprehensiveness and concern

Meantime now the stranger was still beseeching his poor boon of Ahab and Ahab still stood like an anvil receiving every shock but without the least quivering of his own

I will not go said the stranger till you say *aye* to me Do to me as you would have me do to you in the like ca e For *you* too have a boy Captain Ahab—though but a child and nestling safely at home now—a child of your old age too— Yes yes you relent I see it—run run men now and stand by to square in the yards

'Avast cried Ahab— touch not a rope yarn then in a voice that prolongingly moulded every word— Captain Gardiner I will not do it Even now I lose time Good bye good bye God bless ye man and may I forgive my self but I must go Mr Starbuck look at the binnacle watch and in three minutes from this present instant warn off all strangers then brace forward again and let the ship sail as before

Hurriedly turning with averted face he descended into his cabin leaving the strange captain transfixed at this un conditional and utter rejection of his so earnest suit But starting from his enchantment Gardiner silently hurried to the side more fell than stepped into his boat and re turned to his ship

Soon the two ships diverged their wakes and long as the strange vessel was in view she was seen to yaw hither and thither at every dark spot however small on the sea This way and that her yards were swung around starboard and larboard she continued to tack now she beat against a head sea and again it pushed her before it while all the while her masts and yards were thickly clustered with men as three tall cherry trees when the boys are cherrying among the boughs

But by her still halting course and winding woful way, you plainly saw that this ship that so wept with spray, still remained without comfort She was Rachel, weeping for her children because they were not

CHAPTER CXXIX

THE CABIN

(Ahab moving to go on deck Pip catches him by the hand to follow)

LAD lad I tell thee thou must not follow Ahab now The hour is coming when Ahab would not scare thee from him yet would not have thee by him There is that in thee, poor lad which I feel too curing to my malady Like cures like and for this hunt my malady becomes my most desired health Do thou abide below here where they shall serve thee as if thou wert the captain Aye, lad thou shalt sit here in my own screwed chair another screw to it thou must be

No no no! ye have not a whole body sir, do ye but use poor me for your one lost leg only tread upon me sir I ask no more so I remain a part of ye

Oh! spite of million villains this makes me a bigot in the fadeless fidelity of man!—and a black! and crazy!—but methinks like-cures like applies to him too he grows so sane again

They tell me sir that Stubb did once desert poor little Pip whose drowned bones now show white for all the blackness of his living skin But I will never desert ye sir as Stubb did him Sir I must go with ye

If thou speakest thus to me much more Ahab s purpose keels up in him I tell thee no it cannot be

Oh good master master master!

Weep so and I will murder thee! have a care for Ahab too is mad Listen and thou wilt often hear my ivory foot upon the deck and still know that I am there And now I quit thee Thy hand!—Met! True art thou lad as the circumference to its centre So God for ever bless thee and if it come to that —God for ever save thee, let what will befall

(Ahab goes Pip steps one step forward)

'Here he this instant stood I stand in his air —but I m alone Now were even poor Pip here I could endure it but

he s missing Pip Pip! Ding dong ding! Who seen Pip? He must be up here let s try the door What? neither lock nor bolt nor bar and yet there s no opening it It must be the pell he told me to stay here Aye and told me this screwed chair was mine Here then I ll seat me against the transom in the ship s full middle all her keel and her three masts before me Here our old sailors say in their black seventy fours great admirals sometimes sit at table and lord it over rows of captains and lieutenants Ha! what s this? epaulets! epaulets! the epaulets all come crowding Pass round the decanters *glad to see ye fill up monsieurs! What an odd feeling* now when a black boy s host to white men with gold lace upon their coats!—Monsieurs have ye see one Pip?—a little negro lad five feet high hang dog look and cowardly! Jumped from a whale boat once —seen him? No! Well then fill up again captains and let s drink shame upon all cowards! I name no names Shame upon them! Put one foot upon the table Shame upon all cowards —Hist! above there I hear ivory—Oh master! master! I am indeed down hearted when you walk over me But there I ll stay, though this stern strikes rocks and they bulge through and oysters come to join me

CHAPTER CXXX

THE HAT

AND now that at the proper time and place after so long and wide a preliminary cruise Ahab —all other whaling waters swept—seemed to have chased his foe into an ocean fold to lay him the more securely there now that he found himself hard by the very latitude and longitude where his tormenting wound had been inflicted now that a vessel had been spoken which on the very day preceding had actually encountered Moby Dick —and now that all his successive meetings with various ships contrastingly concurred to show the demoniac indifference with which the white whale tore his hunters whether sinning or sinned against now it was that there lurked a something in the

old man's eyes which it was hardly sufferable for feeble souls to see As the unsetting polar star, which through the livelong arctic six months night sustains its piercing steady, central gaze so Ahab s purpose now fixedly gleamed down upon the constant midnight of the gloomy crew It domineered above them so, that all their bodings, doubts misgivings fears were fain to hide beneath their souls and not sprout forth a single spear or leaf

In this foreshadowing interval too all humor forced or natural vanished Stubb no more strove to raise a smile Starbuck no more strove to check one Alike, joy and sorrow hope and fear seemed ground to finest dust, and powdered for the time in the clamped mortar of Ahab s iron soul Like machines they dumbly moved about the deck ever conscious that the old man s despot eye was on them

But did you deeply scan him in his more secret con fidential hours when he thought no glance but one was on him then you would have seen that even as Ahab's eyes so awed the crew s the inscrutable Parsee s glance awed his or somehow at least in some wild way at times af fected it Such an added gliding strangeness began to invest the thin Fedallah now such ceaseless shudderings shook him that the men looked dubious at him half un certain as it seemed whether indeed he were a mortal sub stance or else a tremulous shadow cast upon the deck by some unseen being s body And that shadow was always hovering there For not by night even had Fedallah ever certainly been known to slumber or go below He would stand still for hours but never sat or leaned his wan but wondrous eyes did plainly say—We two watchmen never rest

Nor at any time, by night or day could the mariners now step upon the deck unless Ahab was before them either standing in his pivot hole or exactly pacing the planks between two undeviating limits —the main mast and the mizen or else they saw him standing in the cabin scuttle—his living foot advanced upon the deck as if to step, his hat slouched heavily over his eyes so that how ever motionless he stood however the days and nights were

added on that he had not swung in his hammock yet hidden beneath that slouching hat they could never tell unerringly whether for all this his eyes were really closed at times or whether he was still intently scanning them no matter, though he stood so in the scuttle for a whole hour on the stretch and the unheeded night-damp gathered in beads of dew upon that stone-carved coat and hat The clothes that the night had wet the next day s sunshine dried upon him and so, day after day and night after night he went no more beneath the planks whatever he wanted from the cabin that thing he sent for

He ate in the same open air that is his two only meals—breakfast and dinner supper he never touched nor reaped his beard which darkly grew all gnarled as unearthed roots of trees blown over which still grow idly on at naked base though perished in the upper verdure But though his whole life was now become one watch on deck and though the Parsee s mystic watch was without intermission as his own yet these two never seemed to speak—one man to the other—unless at long intervals some passing unmomentous matter made it necessary Though such a potent spell seemed secretly to join the twain openly and to the awe struck crew they seemed pole like asunder If by day they chanced to speak one word by night dumb men were both so far as concerned the slightest verbal interchange At times for longest hours without a single hail they stood far parted in the starlight Ahab in his scuttle the Parsee by the mainma t but still fixedly gazing upon each other as if in the Parsee Ahab saw his forethrown shadow in Ahab the Parsee his abandoned substance

And yet somehow did Ahab—in his own proper self *as daily hourly and every instant commandingly revealed* to his subordinates—Ahab seemed an independent lord the Parsee but his slave Still again both seemed yoked together and an unseen tyrant driving them the lean shade siding the solid rib For be this Parsee what he may all rib and keel was solid Ahab

At the first faintest glimmering of the dawn his iron voice was heard from aft— Man the mast heads! —and

all through the day till after sunset and after twilight, the same voice every hour at the striking of the helmsman s bell, was heard— What d'ye see?—sharp! sharp!

But when three or four days had slided by after meeting the children seeking Rachel and no spout had yet been seen the monomaniac old man seemed distrustful of his crew s fidelity at least of nearly all except the Pagan harpooneers he seemed to doubt even, whether Stubb and Flask might not willingly overlook the sight he sought But if these suspicions were really his he sagaciously refrained from verbally expressing them however his actions might seem to hint them

I will have the first sight of the whale myself —he said Aye! Ahab must have the doubloon! and with his own hands he rigged a nest of basketed bowlines and sending a hand aloft with a single sheaved block to secure to the mainmast head he received the two ends of the downward reeved rope and attaching one to his basket prepared a pin for the other end in order to fasten it at the rail This done with that end yet in his hand and standing beside the pin he looked round upon his crew sweeping from one to the other pausing his glance long upon Daggoo Queequeg Tashtego but shunning Fedallah, and then settling his firm relying eye upon the chief mate said— Take the rope sir—I give it into thy hands Starbuck" Then arranging his person in the basket he gave the word for them to hoist him to his perch Starbuck being the one who secured the rope at last and afterwards stood near it And thus with one hand clinging round the royal mast Ahab gazed abroad upon the sea for miles and miles—ahead a tern this side and that—within the wide expanded circle commanded at so great a height

When in working with his hands at some lofty almost isolated place in the rigging which chances to afford no foothold the sailor at sea is hoisted up to that spot and sustained there by the rope under these circumstances its fastened end on deck is always given in strict charge to some one man who has the special watch of it Because in such a wilderness of running rigging whose various different relations aloft cannot always be infallibly discerned

by what is seen of them at the deck and when the deck ends of these ropes are being every few minutes cast down from the fastenings it would be but a natural fatality if unprovided with a constant watchman the hoisted sailor should by some carelessness of the crew be cast adrift and fall all swooping to the sea So Ahab s proceedings in this matter were not unusual the only strange thing about them seemed to be that Starbuck almost the one only man who had ever ventured to oppose him with anything in the slightest degree approaching to decision—one of those too whose faithfulness on the look-out he had seemed to doubt somewhat it was strange that this was the very man he should select for his watchman freely giving his whole life into such an otherwise distrusted person s hands

Now the first time Ahab was perched aloft ere he had been there ten minutes one of those red billed savage sea hawks which so often fly incommodiously close round the manned mast heads of whalemen in these latitudes one of these birds came wheeling and screaming round his head in a maze of untrackably swift circlings Then it darted a thousand feet straight up into the air then spiralized down wards and went eddying again round his head

But with his gaze fixed upon the dim and distant horizon Ahab seemed not to mark this wild bird nor indeed would any one else have marked it much it being no un common circumstance only now almost the least heedful eye seemed to see some sort of cunning meaning in almost every sight

Your hat your hat sir! suddenly cried the Sicilian seaman who being posted at the mizen mast head stood di rectly behind Ahab though somewhat lower than his level and with a deep gulf of air dividing them

But already the sable wing was before the old man s eyes the long hooked bill at his head with a scream the black hawk darted away with his prize

An eagle flew thrice round Tarquin s head removing his cap to replace it and thereupon Tanaquil his wife declared that Tarquin would be king of Rome But only by the replacing of the cap was that omen accounted good Ahab s hat was never restored the wild hawk flew on and

with it far in advance of the prow and at last disappeared, while from the point of that disappearance a minute black spot was dimly discerned, falling from that vast height into the sea

CHAPTER CXXXI

THE PEQUOD MEETS THE DELIGHT

The intense Pequod sailed on, the rolling waves and days went by the life buoy coffin still lightly swung and another ship most miserably misnamed the Delight was descried As she drew nigh all eyes were fixed upon her broad beams called shears which in some whaling ships, cross the quarter-deck at the height of eight or nine feet serving to carry the spare unrigged, or disabled boats

Upon the stranger s shears were beheld the shattered white ribs and some few splintered planks of what had once been a whale boat but you now saw through this wreck as plainly as you see through the peeled, half un hinged and bleaching skeleton of a horse

Hast seen the White Whale?

Look! replied the hollow-cheeked captain from his taffrail and with his trumpet he pointed to the wreck

Hast killed him?

'The harpoon is not yet forged that ever will do that,' answered the other sadly glancing upon a rounded ham mock on the deck whose gathered sides some noiseless sailors were busy in sewing together

Not forged! and snatching Perth s levelled iron from the crotch Ahab held it out exclaiming— Look ye Nan tucketer here in this hand I hold his death! Tempered in blood and tempered by lightning are these barbs and I swear to temper them triply in that hot place behind the fin where the White Whale most feels his accursed life!"

'Then God keep thee old man—see st thou that —point ing to the hammock— I bury but one of five stout men who were alive only yesterday but were dead ere night Only *that* one I bury the rest were buried before they died You sail upon their tomb ' Then turning to his crew—

"Are ye ready there? place the plank then on the rail and lift the body so then—Oh! God —advancing towards the hammock with uplifted hands— may the resurrection and the life——

Brace forward! Up helm!" cried Ahab like lightning to his men

But the suddenly started Pequod was not quick enough to escape the sound of the splash that the corpse soon made as it struck the sea not so quick indeed but that some of the flying bubbles might have sprinkled her hull with their ghostly baptism

As Ahab now glided from the dejected Delight the strange life buoy hanging at the Pequod s stern came into conspicuous relief

Ha! yonder! look yonder men! cried a foreboding voice in her wake In vain oh ye strangers ye fly our sad burial ye but turn us your taffrail to show us your coffin!

CHAPTER CXXXII

THE SYMPHONY

It was a clear steel blue day The firmaments of air and sea were hardly separable in that all pervading azure only the pensive air was transparently pure and soft with a woman s look and the robust and man like sea heaved with long strong lingering swells as Samson s chest in his sleep

Hither and thither on high glided the snow white wings of small unspeckled birds these were the gentle thoughts of the feminine air but to and fro in the deeps far down in the bottomless blue rushed mighty leviathans sword fish and sharks and these were the strong troubled murderous thinkings of the masculine sea

But though thus contrasting within the contrast was only in shades and shadows without those two seemed one it was only the sex as it were that distinguished them

Aloft, like a royal czar and king the sun seemed giving this gentle air to this bold and rolling sea even as bride to

groom And at the girdling line of the horizon, a soft and tremulous motion—most seen here at the Equator—denoted the fond throbbing trust the loving alarms, with which the poor bride gave her bosom away

Tied up and twisted gnarled and knotted with wrinkles haggardly firm and unyielding his eyes glowing like coals that still glow in the ashes of ruin untottering Ahab stood forth in the clearness of the morn lifting his splintered helmet of a brow to the fair girl s forehead of heaven

Oh immortal infancy and innocency of the azure! Invisible winged creatures that frolic all round us! Sweet childhood of air and sky! how oblivious were ye of old Ahab s close coiled woe! But so have I seen little Miriam and Martha laughing eyed elves heedlessly gambol around their old sire sporting with the circle of singed locks which grew on the marge of that burnt-out crater of his brain

Slowly crossing the deck from the scuttle Ahab leaned over the side and watched how his shadow in the water sank and sank to his gaze the more and the more that he strove to pierce the profundity But the lovely aromas in that enchanted air did at last seem to dispel, for a moment the cankerous thing in his soul That glad happy air that winsome sky did at last stroke and caress him the step-mother world so long cruel—forbidding—now threw affectionate arms round his stubborn neck, and did seem to joyously sob over him as if over one, that however wilful and erring she could yet find it in her heart to save and to bless From beneath his slouched hat Ahab dropped a tear into the sea nor did all the Pacific contain such wealth as that one wee drop

Starbuck saw the old man saw him how he heavily leaned over the side and he seemed to hear in his own true heart the measureless sobbing that stole out of the centre of the serenity around Careful not to touch him or be noticed by him he yet drew near to him and stood there

Ahab turned

'Starbuck!

"Sir '

'Oh Starbuck! it is a mild mild wind and a mild looking sky On such a day—very much such a sweetness as this—I truck my fir t whale—a boy harpooneer of eighteen! Forty—forty—forty years ago!—ago! Forty years of con tinual whaling! forty years of privation and peril and storm time! forty years on the pitiless sea! for forty years has Ahab forsaken the peaceful land for forty years to make war on the horrors of the deep! Aye and yes Star buck out of tho e forty years I have not pent three ashore When I think of this life I have led the desolation of solitude it has been the masoned walled town of a Cap tain s exclusiveness which admits but small entrance to any sympathy from the green country without—oh weari ness! heaviness! Guinea-coast slavery of solitary com mand!—when I think of all this only half suspected not so keenly known to me before—and how for forty years I have fed upon dry salted fare—fit emblem of the dry nourishment of my oul!—when the poorest landsman has had fresh fruit to his daily hand and broken the world s fresh bread to my mouldy crusts—away whole oceans away from that young girl wife I wedded past fifty and sailed for Cape Horn the next day leaving but one dent in my marriage pillow—wife? wife?—rather a widow with her husband alive! Aye I widowed that poor girl when I married her Starbuck and then the madness the frenzy the boiling blood and the smoking brow with which for a thousand lowerings old Ahab has furiously foamingly chased his prey—more a demon than a man!—aye aye! what a forty years fool—fool—old fool has old Ahab been! Why this strife of the chase? why weary and palsy the arm at the oar and the iron and the lance? how the richer or better is Ahab now? Behold Oh Starbuck! is it not hard that with this weary load I bear one poor leg should have been snatched from under me? Here brush this old hair aside it blinds me that I eem to weep Locks so grey did never grow but from out some ashes! But do I look very old so very very old Starbuck? I feel deadly faint bowed and humped as though I were Adam staggering beneath the piled centuries since Paradise God! God! God!—crack my heart!—stave my brain!

mockery! bitter, biting mockery of grey hairs, have I lived enough joy to wear ye and seem and feel thus intolerably old? Close! stand clo e to me Starbuck, let me look into a human eye it is better than to gaze into sea or sky, better than to gaze upon God By the green land by the bright hearth stone! thi is the magic glass man I see my wife and my child in thine eye No no stay on board on board!—lower not when I do when branded Ahab gives chase to Moby Dick That hazard shall not be thine No, no! not with the far away home I ee in that eye!'

'Oh my Captain! my Captain! noble soul! grand old heart after all! why should any one give chase to that hated fish! Away with me! let us fly the e deadly waters! let us home! Wife and child too are Starbuck s—wife and child of his brotherly sisterly play fellow youth even as thine sir are the wife and child of thy loving longing paternal old age! Away! let us away!—this instant let me alter the course! How cheerily how hilariously, O my Captain would we bowl on our way to see old Nantucket again! I think sir they have some such mild blue days even as this in Nantucket

They have they have I have seen them—some summer days in the morning About this time—yes it is his noon nap now—the boy vivaciously wakes sits up in bed and his mother tells him of me of cannibal old me, how I am abroad upon the deep but will yet come back to dance him again'

"'Tis my Mary my Mary herself! She promised that my boy every morning should be carried to the hill to catch the first glimpse of his father's sail! Yes yes! no more! it is done! we head for Nantucket! Come, my Captain tudy out the course and let us away! See ee! the boy s face from the window! the boy s hand on the hill!'

But Ahab s glance was averted, like a blighted fruit tree he shook and cast his last cindered apple to the soil

"What is it what nameless inscrutable, unearthly thing is it what cozening hidden lord and master, and cruel remorseless emperor commands me that against all natural lovings and longings, I so keep pushing, and crowding, and

jamming myself on all the time recklessly making me ready to do what in my own proper natural heart I durst not so much as dare? Is Ahab Ahab? Is it I God or who that lifts this arm? But if the great sun move not of him self but is as an errand boy in heaven nor one single star can revolve but by some invisible power how then can this one small heart beat this one small brain think thoughts unless God does that beating does that thinking does that living and not I By heaven man we are turned round and round in this world like yonder windlass and Fate is the handspike And all the time lo! that smiling sky and this unsounded sea! Look! see yon Albicore! who put it into him to chase and fang that flying fish? Where do murderers go man! Who s to doom when the judge him self is dragged to the bar? But it is a mild mild wind and a mild looking sky and the airs smells now as if it blew from a far away meadow they have been making hay somewhere under the slopes of the Andes Starbuck and the mowers are sleeping among the new mown hay Sleeping? Aye toil we how we may we all sleep at last on the field Sleep? Aye and rust amid greenness as last year s scythes flung down and left in the half-cut swaths—Starbuck!

But blanched to a corpse s hue with despair the Mate had stolen away

Ahab crossed the deck to gaze over on the other side but started at two reflected fixed eyes in the water there Fedallah was motionlessly leaning over the same rail

CHAPTER CXXXIII

THE CHASE—FIRST DAY

That night in the mid watch when the old man—as his wont at intervals—stepped forth from the scuttle in which he leaned and went to his pivot hole he suddenly thrust out his face fiercely snuffing up the sea air as a sagacious ship s dog will in drawing nigh to some barbarous isle He declared that a whale must be near Soon that peculiar

odor sometimes to a great distance given forth by the living sperm whale was palpable to all the watch, nor was any mariner surprised when, after inspecting the compass, and then the dog vane and then ascertaining the precise bearing of the odor as nearly as possible, Ahab rapidly ordered the ships course to be slightly altered, and the sail to be shortened

The acute policy dictating these movements was sufficiently vindicated at daybreak by the sight of a long sleek on the sea directly and lengthwise ahead smooth as oil and resembling in the pleated watery wrinkles bordering it the polished metallic like marks of some swift tide rip at the mouth of a deep rapid stream

Man the mast heads! Call all hands! '

Thundering with the butts of three clubbed handspikes on the forecastle deck Daggoo roused the sleepers with such judgment claps that they seemed to exhale from the scuttle so instantaneously did they appear with their clothes in their hands

What d ye see? cried Ahab flattening his face to the sky

Nothing nothing sir! was the sound hailing down in reply

T gallant sails!—stunsails! alow and aloft, and on both sides!

All sail being set he now cast loose the life line, reserved for swaying him to the main royal mast head and in a few moments they were hoisting him thither when while but two thirds of the way aloft and while peering ahead through the horizontal vacancy between the main top sail and top gallant sail he raised a gull like cry in the air

There she blows!—there she blows! A hump like a snow hill! It is Moby Dick!

Fired by the cry which seemed simultaneously taken up by the three look-outs the men on deck rushed to the rigging to behold the famous whale they had so long been pursuing Ahab had now gained his final perch some feet above the other look-outs Tashtego standing just beneath him on the cap of the top gallant mast so that the Indian s head was almost on a level with Ahab s heel From this

height the whale was *now* seen some *mile* or so ahead at every roll of the sea revealing his high sparkling hump and regularly jetting his silent spout into the air To the credulous mariners it seemed the same silent spout they had so long ago beheld in the moonlit Atlantic and Indian Oceans

'And did none of ye see it before? cried Ahab hailing the perched men all around him

I saw him almost that same instant sir that Captain Ahab did and I cried out said Tashtego

Not the same instant not the same—no the doubloon is mine Fate reserved the doubloon for me *I* only none of ye could have raised the White Whale first There she blows! there she blows'—there she blows! There again!—there again! he cried in long drawn lingering methodic tones attuned to the gradual prolongings of the whale s vi ible jets He s going to sound' In stunsail! Down top-gallant sails! Stand by three boats Mr Starbuck remember stay on board and keep the ship Helm there! *Luff luff a point! So steady man steady' There go* flukes! No no only black water! All ready the boats there? Stand by stand by! Lower me Mr Starbuck lower lower—quick quicker! and he slid through the air to the deck

He is heading straight to leeward sir cried Stubb right away from us cannot have seen the ship yet

Be dumb man! Stand by the braces! Hard down the helm!—brace up! Shiver her!—shiver her!—So well that! Boats boats!

Soon all the boats but Starbuck s were dropped all the boat sails set—all the paddles plying with rippling swift ness shooting to leeward and Ahab heading the onset A pale death glimmer lit up Fedallah s sunken eyes a hideous motion gnawed his mouth

Like no sele s nautilus shells their light prows sped through the sea but only slowly they neared the foe As they neared him the ocean grew still more smooth seemed drawing a carpet over its waves seemed a noon meadow so *serenely it spread* At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey that his entire dazzling

hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing and continually set in a revolving ring of finest fleecy greenish foam He saw the vast, involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond Before it far out on the soft Turkish rugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shade, and behind the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake, and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side But these were broken again by the light toes of hundreds of gay fowls softly feathering the sea, alternate with their fitful flight and like to some flag staff rising from the painted hull of an argosy the tall but shattered pole of a recent lance projected from the white whale s back and at intervals one of the cloud of soft toed fowls hovering and to and fro skimming like a canopy over the fish, silently perched and rocked on this pole the long tail feathers streaming like pennons

A gentle joyousness—a mighty mildness of repose in swiftness invested the gliding whale Not the white bull Jupiter swimming away with ravished Europa clinging to his graceful horns his lovely leering eyes sideways intent upon the maid with smooth bewitching fleetness, rippling straight for the nuptial bower in Crete not Jove not that great majesty Supreme! did surpass the glorified White Whale as he so divinely swam

On each soft side—coincident with the parted swell that but once leaving him then flowed so wide away—on each bright side the whale shed off enticings No wonder there had been some among the hunters who namelessly transported and allured by all this serenity, had ventured to assail it but had fatally found that quietude but the vesture of tornadoes Yet calm enticing calm oh whale! thou glidest on to all who for the first time eye thee, no matter how many in that same way thou mayst have bejuggled and destroyed before

And thus through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea among waves whose hand-clappings were suspended by exceeding rapture Moby Dick moved on still withhol-

ing from ight the full terrors of his submerged trunk entirely hiding the wrenched hideousness of his jaw But soon the fore part of him slowly rose from the water for an instant his whole marbleized body formed a high arch like Virginia s Natural Bridge and warningly waving his bannered flukes in the air the grand god revealed himself sounded and went out of sight Hoveringly halting and dipping on the wing the white sea fowls longingly lingered *over the agitated pool that he left*

With oars apeak and paddles down the sheets of their sails adrift the three boats now stilly floated awaiting Moby Dick s reappearance

An hour said Ahab standing rooted in his boat s stern and he gazed beyond the whale s place towards the dim blue spaces and wide wooing vacancies to leeward It wa only an instant for again his eyes seemed whirling round in his head as he swept the watery circle The breeze now freshened the sea began to swell

The birds!—the birds! cried Tashtego

In long Indian file as when herons take wing the white birds were now all flying towards Ahab s boat and when within a few yards began fluttering over the water there, wheeling round and round with joyous expectant cries Their vision was keener than man s Ahab could discover *no sign in the ea But suddenly as he peered down and* down into its depths he profoundly saw a white living spot no bigger than a white weasel with wonderful celerity uprising and magnifying as it rose till it turned and then there were plainly revealed two long crooked rows of white glistening teeth floating up from the undiscoverable bottom It was Moby Dick s open mouth and scrolled jaw his vast shadowed bulk still half blending with the blue of the sea The glittering mouth yawned beneath the boat like an open doored marble tomb and giving one sidelong sweep with his teering oar Ahab whirled the craft aside from this tremendous apparition Then calling upon Fedallah to change places with him went forward to the bows and seizing Perth s harpoon commanded his crew to grasp their oars and stand by to stern

Now by reason of this timely spinning round the boat

upon its axis its bow, by anticipation, was made to face the whale s head while yet under water But as if perceiving this stratagem Moby Dick, with that malicious intelligence ascribed to him sidelingly transplanted himself as it were, in an instant shooting his pleated head lengthwise beneath the boat

Through and through through every plank and each rib it thrilled for an instant, the whale obliquely lying on his back in the manner of a biting shark slowly and feelingly taking its bows full within his mouth, so that the long narrow scrolled lower jaw curled high up into the open air and one of the teeth caught in a row lock The bluish pearl white of the inside of the jaw was within six inches of Ahab s head and reached higher than that In this attitude the White Whale now shook the slight cedar as a mildly cruel cat her mouse With unastoni hed eyes Fedallah gazed and crossed his arms but the tiger yellow crew were tumbling over each other s heads to gain the utter most stern

And now while both elastic gunwales were springing in and out as the whale dallied with the doomed craft in this devilish way and from his body being submerged beneath the boat he could not be darted at from the bows for the bows were almo t inside of him as it were and while the other boats involuntarily paused as before a quick crisis impossible to withstand then it was that monomaniac Ahab furious with this tantalizing vicinity of his foe which placed him all alive and helpless in the very jaws he hated frenzied with all this he seized the long bone with his naked hands and wildly strove to wrench it from its gripe As now he thus vainly strove the jaw slipped from him the frail gunwales bent in collapsed and snapped as both jaws like an enormous shears sliding further aft, bit the craft com pletely in twain and locked them elves fast again in the ea midway between the two floating wrecks These floated aside the brol en ends drooping the crew at the stern wreck clinging to the gunwales and triving to hold fast to the oars to lash them across

At that preluding moment ere the boat was yet snapped Ahab the first to perceive the whale s intent by the crafty

upraising of his head a movement that loosed his hold for the time at that moment his hand had made one final effort to push the boat out of the bite But only slipping further into the whale s mouth and tilting over sideways as it slipped the boat had shaken off his hold on the jaw spilled him out of it as he leaned to the push and so he fell flat faced upon the sea

Ripplingly withdrawing from his prey Moby Dick now lay at a little distance vertically thrusting his oblong white head up and down in the billows and at the same time slowly revolving his whole spindled body so that when his vast wrinkled forehead rose—some twenty or more feet out of the water—the now rising swells with all their con fluent waves dazzlingly broke against it vindictively tossing their shivered pray still higher into the air So in a gale the but half baffled Channel billows only recoil from the base of the Eddystone triumphantly to overleap its summit with their scud

But soon resuming his horizontal attitude Moby Dick swam swiftly round and round the wrecked crew sideways churning the water in his vengeful wake as if lashing him self up to still another and more deadly assault The sight of the splintered boat seemed to madden him as the blood of grapes and mulberries cast before Antiochus s elephants in the book of Maccabees Meanwhile Ahab half smothered in the foam of the whale s insolent tail and too much of a cripple to swim —though he could still keep afloat even in the heart of such a whirlpool as that helpless Ahab s head was seen like a tossed bubble which the least chance shock might burst From the boat s fragmentary stern Fedallah incu iously and mildly eyed him the clinging crew at the other drifting end could not succor him more than enough was it for them to look to themselves For so revolvingly appalling was the White Whale s aspect and so pl inetarily wift the ever contracting circles he made that he seemed horizontally swooping upon them And though the other

Th m t on p l t th p m wh l It es t des gnat (p t h t l g) f m t b g l k ed t th t p lim ry p d-d p is f th wh le- l th ex ci called p tchp l g prev usly described By th mot th wh l must b t d most mp hen ly vi w wh t object m y be circl g him

boats unharmed still hovered hard by, still they dared not pull into the eddy to strike, lest that should be the signal for the instant destruction of the jeopardized castaways Ahab and all nor in that case could they themselves hope to escape With straining eyes, then they remained on the outer edge of the direful zone whose centre had now become the old man s head

Meantime from the beginning all this had been descried from the ship s mast heads and squaring her yards, she had borne down upon the scene and was now so nigh that Ahab in the water hailed her!— Sail on the —but that moment a breaking sea dashed on him from Moby Dick and whelmed him for the time But struggling out of it again and chancing to rise on a towering crest, he shouted, — Sail on the whale!—Drive him off!'

The Pequod s prows were pointed and breaking up the charmed circle she effectually parted the white whale from his victim As he sullenly swam off the boats flew to the rescue

Dragged into Stubb s boat with blood shot blinded eyes the white brine caking in his wrinkles the long tension of Ahab s bodily strength did crack and helplessly he yielded to his body s doom for a time lying all crushed in the bottom of Stubb s boat like one trodden under foot of herds of elephants Far inland nameless wails came from him as desolate sounds from out ravines

But this intensity of his physical prostration did but so much the more abbreviate it In an instant s compass great hearts sometimes condense to one deep pang the sum total of those shallow pains kindly diffused through feebler men s whole lives And so such hearts though summary in each one suffering still if the gods decree it in their life time aggregate a whole age of woe, wholly made up of instantaneous intensities for even in their pointless centres those noble natures contain the entire circumferences of inferior souls

The harpoon said Ahab half way rising, and draggingly leaning on one bended arm— is it safe?

'Aye sir, for it was not darted, this is it,' said Stubb, showing it

'Lay it before me —any missing men?'

'One, two, three four five —there were five oars sir and here are five men

'That s good —Help me man I wish to stand So so I see him' there' there! going to leeward still what a leaping spout!—Hands off from me! The eternal sap runs up in Ahab s bones again! Set the sail out oars the helm!

It is often the case that when a boat is stove its crew being picked up by another boat help to work that second boat and the chase is thus continued with what is called double banked oars It was thus now But the added power of the boat did not equal the added power of the whale for he seemed to have treble banked his every fin swimming with a velocity which plainly showed that if now under these circumstances pushed on the chase would prove an indefinitely prolonged if not a hopeless one nor could any crew endure for so long a period such an unintermitted inten e straining at the oar a thing barely tolerable only in some one brief vicissitude The ship *itself then as it sometimes happens offered the most* promising intermediate means of overtaking the chase Accordingly the boats now made for her and were soon swayed up to their cranes—the two parts of the wrecked boats having been previously secured by her—and then hoisting everything to her side and stacking her canvas high up and sideways outstretching it with stun sails like the double jointed wings of an albatross the Pequod bore down in the leeward wake of Moby Dick At the well known methodic intervals the whale s glittering spout was regularly announced from the manned mast heads and when he would be reported as just gone down Ahab would take the time and then pacing the deck binnacle-watch in hand so soon as the last second of the allotted hour expired his voice was heard — Whose is the doubloon now? D ye see him? and if the reply was No sir' straightway he commanded them to lift him to his perch In this way the day wore on Ahab now aloft and motionless anon un restingly pacing the planks

As he was thus walking uttering no sound except to hail the men aloft or to bid them hoist a sail still higher,

or to spread one to a still greater breadth—thus to and fro pacing, beneath his slouched hat, at every turn he passed his own wrecked boat, which had been dropped upon the quarter deck, and lay there reversed broken bow to shattered stern At last he paused before it and as in an already over clouded sky fresh troops of clouds will some times sail across, so over the old man s face there now stole some such added gloom as this

Stubb saw him pause and perhaps intending not vainly, though to evince his own unabated fortitude, and thus keep up a valiant place in his Captain s mind he advanced and eyeing the wreck exclaimed—' The thistle the ass refused it pricked his mouth too keenly sir, ha! ha!"

What soulless thing is this that laughs before a wreck? Man man! did I not know thee brave as fearless fire (and as mechanical) I could swear thou wert a poltroon Groan nor laugh should be heard before a wreck '

Aye sir said Starbuck drawing near " 'tis a solemn sight an omen and an ill one

Omen? omen?—the dictionary! If the gods think to speak outright to man they will honorably speak outright, not shake their heads and give an old wives darkling hint —Begone! Ye two are the opposite poles of one thing Starbuck is Stubb reversed and Stubb is Starbuck and ye two are all mankind and Ahab stands alone among the millions of the peopled earth nor gods nor men his neigh bors! Cold cold—I shiver!—How now? Aloft there! D ye see him? Sing out for every spout, though he spout ten times a second!

The day was nearly done only the hem of his golden robe was rustling Soon it was almost dark but the look-out men still remained unset

Can t see the spout now sir —too dark —cried a voice from the air

' How heading when last seen?

As before sir —straight to leeward "

' Good! he will travel lower now tis night Down royals and top gallant stun sails Mr Starbuck We must not run over him before morning he s making a passage now and may heave to a while Helm there! keep her full

before the wind!—Aloft! come down!—Mr Stubb, send a fresh hand to the fore mast head and see it manned till morning —Then advancing towards the doubloon in the main mast— Men this gold is mine for I earned it, but I shall let it abide here till the White Whale is dead and then whosoever of ye first raises him upon the day he shall be killed this gold is that man s and if on that day I shall again raise him then ten times its sum shall be divided among all of ye! Away now! the deck is thine sir

And so saying he placed himself half way within the scuttle and slouching his hat stood there till dawn except when at intervals rousing himself to see how the night wore on

CHAPTER CXXXIV

THE CHASE—SECOND DAY

At day break the three mast heads were punctually manned afresh

D ye see him? cried Ahab after allowing a little space for the light to spread

See nothing sir

Turn up all hands and make sail! he travels faster than I thought for —the top gallant sails!—aye they should have been kept on her all night But no matter— tis but resting for the rush

Here be it said that this pertinacious pursuit of one par ticular whale continued through day into night and through night into day is a thing by no means unpre cedented in the South sea fishery For such is the wonderful skill prescience of experience and invincible confidence acquired by some great natural geniuses among the Nan tucket commanders that from the simple observation of a whale when last descried they will under certain given circumstances pretty accurately foretell both the direction in which he will continue to swim for a time while out of sight as well as his probable rate of progression during that period And in these cases somewhat as a pilot when about losing sight of a coast whose general trending he well

knows and which he desires shortly to return to again, but at some further point, like as this pilot stands by his com pass, and takes the precise bearing of the cape at pre ent visible in order the more certainly to hit aright the remote unseen headland eventually to be visited so does the fisherman at his compass with the whale, for after being chased and diligently marked, through several hours of day light then when night obscures the fish, the creature s future wake through the darkness is almost as established to the sagacious mind of the hunter, as the pilot s coast is to him So that to this hunter s wondrous skill, the prover bial evanescence of a thing writ in water a wake is to all desired purposes well nigh as reliable as the steadfast land And as the mighty iron Leviathan of the modern railway is so familiarly known in its every pace, that with watches in their hands men time his rate as doctors that of a baby s pulse and lightly say of it the up train or the down train will reach such or such a spot at such or such an hour even so almost there are occasions when these Nantucketers time that other Leviathan of the deep according to the observed humor of his speed and say to themselves so many hours hence this whale will have gone two hundred miles will have about reached this or that degree of latitude or longitude But to render this acuteness at all successful in the end the wind and the sea must be the whaleman s allies for of what present avail to the becalmed or wind bound mariner is the skill that assures him he is exactly ninety three leagues and a quarter from hi port? Inferable from these statements are many collateral subtile matters touching the chase of whales

The ship tore on leaving such a furrow in the sea as when a cannon ball missent, becomes a plough share and turns up the level field

By salt and hemp' cried Stubb "but this swift motion of the deck creeps up one s legs and tingles at the heart This ship and I are two brave fellows!—Ha ha! Some one take me up, and launch me, spine wise, on the sea —for by live-oaks! my spine s a keel Ha, ha! we go the gait that leaves no dust behind!"

There she blows—she blows!—she blows!—*right* ahead! was now the mast head cry

'Aye aye! cried Stubb I knew it—ye can t escape—blow on and split your spout O whale! the mad fiend him self is after ye! blow your trump—blister your lungs!—Ahab will dam off your blood as a miller shuts his water gate upon the stream!

And Stubb did but speak out for well nigh all that crew The frenzies of the chase had by this time worked them bubblingly up like old wine worked anew Whatever pale fears and forebodings ome of them might have felt before these were not only now kept out of sight through the growing awe of Ahab but they were broken up and on all sides routed as timid prairie hares that scatter before the bounding bison The hand of Fate had snatched all their souls and by the stirring perils of the previous day the rack of the pa t night s suspense the fixed unfearing blind reckless way in which their wild craft went plunging towards its flying mark by all these things their hearts were bowled along The wind that made great bellies of their sails and rushed the vessel on by arms invisible as irresistible this seemed the symbol of that unseen agency which so enslaved them to the race

They were one man not thirty For as the one ship that held them all though it was put together of all contrasting things—oak and maple and pine wood iron and pitch and hemp—yet all the e ran into each other in the one concrete hull which shot on its way both balanced and directed by the long central keel even so all the individ ualities of the crew this man s valor that man s fear guilt *and guiltiness all varieties were welded into oneness* and were all directed to that fatal goal which Ahab their one lord and keel did point to

The rigging lived The mast heads like the tops of tall palms were out preadingly tufted with arms and legs Clinging to a par with one hand some reached forth the other with impatient wavings others shading their eyes from the vivid sunlight sat far out on the rocking yards all the spars in full bearing of mortals ready and ripe for

their fate Ah! how they still strove through that infinite blueness to seek out the thing that might destroy them!

'Why sing ye not out for him if ye see him?" cried Ahab when after the lapse of some minutes since the first cry no more had been heard Sway me up men, ye have been deceived not Moby Dick casts one odd jet that way, and then disappears

It was even o in their headlong eagerness the men had mistaken some other thing for the whale spout as the event itself soon proved for hardly had Ahab reached his perch, hardly was the rope belayed to its pin on deck when he struck the key note to an orchestra, that made the air vibrate a with the combined discharges of rifles The triumphant halloo of thirty buckskin lungs was heard as—much nearer to the ship than the place of the imaginary jet less than a mile ahead—Moby Dick bodily burst into view! For not by any calm and indolent spoutings not by the peaceable gush of that mystic fountain in his head did the White Whale now reveal his vicinity but by the far more wondrous phenomenon of breaching Rising with his utmost velocity from the furthest depths the Sperm Whale thus booms his entire bulk into the pure element of air and piling up a mountain of dazzling foam shows his place to the distance of seven miles and more In those moments the torn enraged waves he shakes off seem his mane, in some cases this breaching is his act of defiance

There she breaches! there she breaches!' was the cry as in his immeasurable bravadoes the White Whale tossed himself salmon like to Heaven So suddenly seen in the blue plain of the sea and relieved against the still bluer margin of the sky the spray that he rai ed for the moment intolerably glittered and glared like a glacier, and stood there gradually fading and fading away from its first sparkling intensity to the dim mistiness of an advancing hower in a vale

Aye breach your last to the sun Moby Dick! ' cried Ahab thy hour and thy harpoon are at hand!—Down! down all of ye but one man at the fore The boats!—stand by!"

Unmindful of the tedious rope ladders of the shrouds, the

men like shooting stars slid to the deck, by the isolated backstays and halyards while Ahab less dartingly but still rapidly was dropped from his perch

Lower away he cried so soon as he had reached his boat—a spare one rigged the afternoon previous Mr Starbuck the ship *is thine*—*keep away from the boats but keep near them* Lower all!

As if to strike a quick terror into them by this time being the first assailant himself Moby Dick had turned and was now coming for the three crews Ahab s boat was central and cheering his men he told them he would take the whale head and head —that is pull straight up to his forehead —a not uncommon thing for when within a certain limit such a course excludes the coming onset from the whale s sidelong vision But ere that close limit was gained and while yet all three boats were plain as the ship s three masts to his eye the White Whale churning himself into furious speed almost in an instant as it were rushing among the boats with open jaws and a lashing tail offered appalling battle on every side and heedless of the irons darted at him from every boat seemed only intent on annihilating each separate plank of which those boats were made But skilfully manœuvred incessantly wheeling like trained chargers in the field the boats for a while eluded him though at times but by a plank s breadth while all the time Ahab s un earthly slogan tore every other cry but his to shreds

But at last in his untraceable evolutions the White Whale so crossed and recros ed and in a thousand ways entangled the slack of the three lines now fast to him that they fore shortened and of them elves warped the devoted boats towards the planted irons in him though now for a moment the whale drew aside a little as if to rally for a more tre mendous charge Seizing that opportunity Ahab first paid out more line and then was rapidly hauling and jerking in upon it again—hoping that way to disencumber it of some snarls—when lo!—a sight more savage than the embattled teeth of sharks!

Caught and twisted—corkscrewed in the mazes of the line loose harpoons and lances with all their bristling barb and points came flashing and dripping up to the chocks

in the bows of Ahab's boat Only one thing could be done Seizing the boat knife he critically reached within—through—and then without—the rays of steel dragged in the line beyond passed it inboard to the bowsman and then, twice sundering the rope near the chocks—dropped the intercepted fagot of steel into the sea and was all fast again That instant the White Whale made a sudden rush among the remaining tangles of the other lines by so doing, irresistibly dragged the more involved boats of Stubb and Flask towards his flukes dashed them together like two rolling husks on a surf beaten beach and then diving down into the sea disappeared in a boiling maelstrom in which for a space the odorous cedar chips of the wrecks danced round and round, like the grated nutmeg in a swiftly stirred bowl of punch

While the two crews were yet circling in the waters reaching out after the revolving line tubs oars and other floating furniture while aslope little Flask bobbed up and down like an empty vial twitching his legs upwards to escape the dreaded jaws of sharks and Stubb was lustily singing out for some one to ladle him up and while the the old man's line—now parting—admitted of his pulling into the creamy pool to rescue whom he could —in that wild simultaneousness of a thousand concreted perils —Ahab's yet unstricken boat seemed drawn up towards Heaven by invisible wires—as arrow like shooting perpendicularly from the sea, the White Whale dashed his broad forehead against its bottom and sent it turning over and over into the air, till it fell again—gunwale downwards—and Ahab and his men struggled out from under it like seals from a sea side cave

The first uprising momentum of the whale—modifying its direction as he struck the surface—involuntarily launched him along it to a little distance from the centre of the destruction he had made and with his back to it he now lay for a moment slowly feeling with his flukes from side to side and whenever a stray oar bit of plank the least chip or crumb of the boats touched his skin his tail swiftly drew back and came sideways smiting the sea But soon as if satisfied that his work for that time was done he pushed his pleated forehead through the ocean and trailing after

him the intertangled lines continued his leeward way at a traveller s methodic pace

As before the attentive ship having descried the whole fight again came bearing down to the rescue and dropping a boat picked up the floating mariners tubs oars and whatever else could be caught at and safely landed them on her decks Some sprained shoulders wrists and ankles livid contusions wrenched harpoons and lances inextric able intricacies of rope shattered oars and planks all these were there but no fatal or even serious ill seemed to have befallen any one As with Fedallah the day before so Ahab was now found grimly clinging to his boat s broken half which afforded a comparatively easy float nor did it so exhaust him as the previous day s mishap

But when he was helped to the deck all eyes were fastened upon him as instead of standing by himself he still half hung upon the shoulder of Starbuck who had thus far been the foremc t to assist him His ivory leg had been snapped off leaving but one short sharp splinter

Aye aye Starbuck tis sweet to lean sometimes be the leaner who he will and would old Ahab had leaned oftener than he has

The ferrule has not stood sir said the carpenter now coming up I put good work into that leg

But no bones broken sir I hope ' said Stubb with true concern

Aye! and all splintered to pieces Stubb!—d ye see it —But even with a broken bone old Ahab is untouched and I account no living bone of mine one jot more me than this dead one that s lost Nor white whale nor man nor fiend can so much as graze old Ahab in his own proper and inaccessible being Can any lead touch yonder floor, any mast scrape yonder roof?—Aloft there! which way?

"Dead to leeward sir

Up helm then pile on the sail again ship keepers! down the rest of the spare boats and rig them—Mr Star buck away and muster the boat s crews

"Let me first help thee towards the bulwarks sir

Oh oh oh! how this splinter gores me now!

fate! that the unconquerable captain in the soul should have such a craven mate!"

"Sir?"

"My body, man, not thee. Give me something for a cane—there, that shivered lance will do. Muster the men. Surely I have not seen him yet. By heaven it cannot be!—missing?—quick! call them all."

The old man's hinted thought was true. Upon mustering the company, the Parsee was not there.

"The Parsee!" cried Stubb—"he must have been caught in——"

"The black vomit wrench thee!—run all of ye above, alow, cabin, forecastle—find him—not gone—not gone!"

But quickly they returned to him with the tidings that the Parsee was nowhere to be found.

"Aye, sir," said Stubb—"caught among the tangles of your line—I thought I saw him dragging under."

"*My* line! *my* line? Gone?—gone? What means that little word?—What death-knell rings in it, that old Ahab shakes as if he were the belfry. The harpoon, too!—toss over the litter there,—d'ye see it?—the forged iron, men, the white whale's—no, no, no,—blistered fool! this hand did dart it!—'tis in the fish!—Aloft there! Keep him nailed—Quick!—all hands to the rigging of the boats—collect the oars—harpooneers! the irons, the irons!—hoist the royals higher—a pull on all the sheets!—helm there! steady, steady for your life! I'll ten times girdle the unmeasured globe; yea and dive straight through it, but I'll slay him yet!"

"Great God! but for one single instant show thyself," cried Starbuck; "never, never wilt thou capture him, old man—In Jesus' name no more of this, that's worse than devil's madness. Two days chased; twice stove to splinters; thy very leg once more snatched from under thee; thy evil shadow gone—all good angels mobbing thee with warnings:—what more wouldst thou have?—Shall we keep chasing this murderous fish till he swamps the last man? Shall we be dragged by him to the bottom of the sea? Shall we be towed by him to the infernal world? Oh, oh,—Impiety and blasphemy to hunt him more!"

'Starbuck of late I ve felt strangely moved to thee ever since that hour we both saw—thou know st what in one another s eyes But in this matter of the whale be the front of thy face to me as the palm of this hand—a lipless unfeatured blank Ahab is for ever Ahab man This whole act s immutably decreed 'Twas rehearsed by thee and me a billion years before this ocean rolled Fool' I am the Fates lieutenant I act under orders Look thou under ling! that thou obeyest mine —Stand round me men Ye see an old man cut down to the stump leaning on a shivered lance propped up on a lonely foot Tis Ahab—his body s part but Ahab s soul s a centipede that moves upon a hundred legs I feel strained half stranded as ropes that tow dismasted frigates in a gale and I may look so But ere I break ye ll hear me crack and till ye hear *that* know that Ahab s hawser tows his purpose yet Believe ye men in the things called omens? Then laugh aloud and cry encore! For ere they drown drowning things will twice rise to the surface then rise again to sink for evermore So with Moby Dick—two days he s floated—to morrow will be the third Aye men he ll rise once more —but only to spout his la t! D ye feel brave men brave?

As fearless fire cried Stubb

'And as mechanical muttered Ahab Then as the men went forward he muttered on The things called omens! And yesterday I talked the same to Starbuck there concern ing my broken boat Oh! how valiantly I seek to drive out of others hearts what s clinched so fast in mine!—The Parsee—the Parsee!—gone gone? and he was to go before —but still was to be seen again ere I could perish—How s that?—There s a riddle now might baffle all the lawyers backed by the ghosts of the whole line of judges —like a hawk s beak it pecks my brain *I ll I ll* solve it though!

When du k descended the whale was still in sight to leeward

So once more the sail was shortened and everything passed nearly as on the previous night only the sound of hammers and the hum of the grindstone was heard till nearly daylight a the men toiled by lanterns in the com plete and careful rigging of the spare boats and sharpening

their fresh weapons for the morrow Meantime of the broken keel of Ahab s wrecked craft the carpenter made him another leg while still as on the night before slouched Ahab stood fixed within his scuttle his hid heliotrope glance anticipatingly gone backward on its dial, sat due eastward for the earliest sun

CHAPTER CXXXV

THE CHASE—THIRD DAY

THE morning of the third day dawned fair and fresh and once more the solitary night man at the fore mast head was relieved by crowds of the daylight look-outs who dotted every mast and almost every spar

D ye see him? cried Ahab but the whale was not yet in sight

In his infallible wake though, but follow that wake that s all Helm there steady as thou goest, and hast been going What a lovely day again! were it a new made world and made for a summer house to the angels and this morning the first of its throwing open to them a fairer day could not dawn upon that world Here s food for thought had Ahab time to think but Ahab never thinks, he only feels feels feels *that* s tingling enough for mortal man! to think's audacity God only has that right and privilege Thinking is or ought to be a coolness and a calmness and our poor hearts throb and our poor brains beat too much for that And yet I ve sometimes thought my brain was very calm—frozen calm this old skull cracks so, like a glass in which the contents turned to ice and shiver it And till this hair is growing now this moment growing and heat must breed it but no it s like that sort of common grass that will grow anywhere between the earthy clefts of Greenland ice or in Vesuvius lava How the wild winds blow it they whip it about me as the torn shreds of split sails lash the tossed ship they cling to A vile wind that has no doubt blown ere this through pri on corridors and cells and wards of hospitals and ventilated them and now comes blowing hither as innocent as fleeces Out upon it!—it s

tainted Were I the wind I d blow no more on such a wicked miserable world I d crawl somewhere to a cave, and slink there And yet tis a noble and heroic thing the wind! who ever conquered it? In every fight it has the last and bitterest blow Run tilting at it and you but run through it Ha! a coward wind that strikes stark naked men but will not stand to receive a single blow Even Ahab is a braver thing—a nobler thing than *that* Would now the wind but had a body, but all the things that most exasperate and outrage mortal man all these things are bodiless but only bodiless as objects not as agents There s a most special a most cunning oh a most malicious difference! And yet I say again and swear it now that theres something all glorious and gracious in the wind These warm Trade Winds at least that in the clear heavens blow straight on in strong and steadfast vigorous mildness and veer not from their mark however the baser currents of the sea may turn and tack and mightiest Mississippies of the land swift and swerve about uncertain where to go at last And by the eternal Poles! these same Trades that so directly blow my good ship on these Trades or something like them—something so unchangeable and full as strong blow my keeled soul along! To it! Aloft there! What d ye see?

Nothing sir

Nothing! and noon at hand! The doubloon goes a begging! See the sun! Aye aye it must be so I ve over sailed him How got the start? Aye he s chasing *me* now not I *him*—that s bad I might have known it too Fool! the lines—the harpoons he s towing Aye aye I have run him by last night About! about! Come down all of ye but the regular look outs! Man the braces!

Steering as she had done the wind had been somewhat on the Pequod s quarter so that now being pointed in the reserve direction the braced ship sailed hard upon the breeze as she rechurned the cream in her own white wake

Against the wind he now steers for the open jaw murmured Starbuck to himself as he coiled the new hauled main brace upon the rail God keep us but already my bones feel damp within me and from the inside wet

flesh I misdoubt me that I disobey my God in obeying him!

Stand by to sway me up!" cried Ahab advancing to the hempen basket We should meet him soon"

Aye aye sir and straightway Starbuck did Ahab's bidding and once more Ahab swung on high

A whole hour now passed, gold beaten out to ages Time itself now held long breaths with keen suspense But at last some three points off the weather bow, Ahab descried the spout again and instantly from the three mast heads three shrieks went up as if the tongues of fire had voiced it

Forehead to forehead I meet thee this third time Moby Dick! On deck there!—brace sharper up, crowd her into the wind s eye He s too far off to lower yet Mr Starbuck The sails shake! Stand over that helmsman with a topmaul! So so he travels fast and I must down But let me have one more good round look aloft here at the sea there s time for that An old old sight and yet somehow so young aye and not changed a wink since I first saw it a boy from the sand hills of Nantucket! The same!—the same!—the same to Noah as to me There s a soft shower to leeward Such lovely leewardings! They must lead somewhere—to something else than common land more palmy than the palms Leeward! the white whale goes that way look to windward then the better if the bitterer quarter But good bye good bye, old mast head! What s this?—green? aye tiny mosses in these warped cracks No such green weather stains on Ahab s head! There s the difference now between man s old age and matter s But aye old mast we both grow old together sound in our hulls though are we not my ship? Aye minus a leg that s all By heaven this dead wood has the better of my live flesh every way I can t compare with it and I ve known some ships made of dead trees outlast the lives of men made of the most vital stuff of vital fathers What s that he said? he should still go before me my pilot and yet to be seen again? But where? Will I have eyes at the bottom of the sea, supposing I descend tho e endless stairs? and all night I ve been sailing from him wherever he did sink to Aye, aye like many more thou told st direful truth as touching

thyself, O Parsee but Ahab there thy shot fell short Good bye mast head—keep a good eye upon the whale the while I m gone We'll talk to morrow nay to-night when the white whale lies down there tied by head and tail

He gave the word and still gazing round him was steadily lowered through the cloven blue air to the deck

In due time the boats were lowered but as standing in his shallop s stern Ahab just hovered upon the point of the *descent he waved to the mate—who held one of the tackle* ropes on deck—and bade him pause

Starbuck!

Sir?

For the third time my soul s ship starts upon this voyage Starbuck

Aye sir thou wilt have it so

Some ships sail from their ports and ever afterwards are missing Starbuck!

Truth sir saddest truth

Some men die at ebb tide some at low water some at the full of the flood —and I feel now like a billow that s all one crested comb Starbuck I am old —shake hands with me man

Their hands met their eyes fastened Starbuck s tears the glue

Oh my captain my captain!—noble heart—go not—go not!— ee it s a brave man that weeps how great the agony of the persuasion then!

Lower away! —cried Ahab tossing the mate s arm from him Stand by the crew!

In an instant the boat was pulling round close under the stern

The sharks! the sharks! cried a voice from the low cabin window there O master my master come back!

But Ahab heard nothing for his own voice was high lifted then and the boat leaped on

Yet the voice pake true for scarce had he pushed from the ship when numbers of sharks seemingly rising from out the dark waters beneath the hull maliciously snapped at the blades of the oars every time they dipped in the water and in this way accompanied the boat with their

bites It is a thing not uncommonly happening to the whale boats in those swarming seas the sharks at times apparently following them in the same prescient way that vultures hover over the banners of marching regiments in the east But these were the first sharks that had been observed by the Pequod since the White Whale had been first de cried and whether it was that Ahab s crew were all such tiger yellow barbarians and therefore their flesh more musky to the senses of the sharks—a matter sometimes well known to affect them —however it was, the seemed to follow that one boat without molesting the others

Heart of wrought steel! murmured Starbuck gazing over the side and following with his eyes the receding boat — canst thou yet ring boldly to that sight?—lowering thy keel among ravening sharks and followed by them open mouthed to the chase and this the critical third day?—For when three days flow together in one continuous intense pursuit be sure the first is the morning the second the noon and the third the evening and the end of that thing—be that end what it may Oh! my God! what is this that hoots through me and leaves me so deadly calm yet ex pectant —fixed at the top of a shudder! Future things swim before me as in empty outlines and skeletons all the past is somehow grown dim Mary, girl thou fadest in pale glories behind me boy! I seem to see but thy eyes grown wondrous blue Strangest problems of life seem clearing but clouds sweep between—Is my journey s end coming? My legs feel faint like his who has footed it all day Feel thy heart —beats it yet? Stir thyself Starbuck!—stave it off—move move! speak aloud!—Mast head there! See ye my boy s hand on the hill?—Crazed —aloft there!—keep thy keenest eye upon the boats —mark well the whale!—Ho! again!—drive off that hawk! see! he pecks—he tears the vane —pointing to the red flag flying at the main truck—Ha he soars away with it!—Where s the old man now? see st thou that sight oh Ahab!—shudder, shudder!

The boats had not gone very far when by a signal from the mast heads—a downward pointed arm Ahab knew that the whale had ounded but intending to be near him at the next rising he held on his way a little sideways from the

vessel the becharmed crew maintaining the profoundest silence, as the head beat waves hammered and hammered against the opposing bow

'Drive drive in your nails oh ye waves! to their uttermost heads drive them in! ye but strike a thing without a lid and no coffin and no hearse can be mine —and hemp only can kill me! Ha! ha!

Suddenly the waters around them slowly swelled in broad circles then quickly upheaved as if sideways sliding from a submerged berg of ice swiftly rising to the surface A low rumbling sound was heard a subterraneous hum and then all held their breaths as bedraggled with trailing ropes and harpoons and lances a vast form shot lengthwise but obliquely from the sea Shrouded in a thin drooping veil of mist it hovered for a moment in the rainbowed air and then fell swamping back into the deep Crushed thirty feet upwards the waters flashed for an instant like heaps of fountains, then brokenly sank in a shower of flakes leaving the circling surface creamed like new milk round the marble trunk of the whale

Give way! ' cried Ahab to the oarsmen and the boats darted forward to the attack but maddened by yesterday s fresh irons that corroded in him Moby Dick seemed combinedly possessed by all the angels that fell from heaven The wide tiers of welded tendons overspreading his broad white forehead, beneath the transparent skin looked knitted together as head on he came churning his tail among the boats, and once more flailed them apart spilling out the irons and lances from the two mates boats and dashing in one side of the upper part of their bows but leaving Ahab s almost without a scar

While Daggoo and Queequeg were stopping the strained planks and as the whale swimming out from them turned and showed one entire flank as he shot by them again at that moment a quick cry went up Lashed round and round to the fish s back pinioned in the turns upon turns in which, during the past night the whale had reeled the involutions of the lines around him the half torn body of the Parsee was seen his sable raiment frayed to shreds, his distended eyes turned full upon old Ahab

The harpoon dropped from his hand

'Befooled befooled!'—drawing in a long lean breath—'Aye Parsee! I see thee again—Aye, and thou goest before and this *this* then is the hearse that thou didst promise But I hold thee to the last letter of thy word Where is the econd hearse? Away mates to the ship! those boats are useless now repair them if ye can in time, and return to me if not Ahab is enough to die—Down men! the first thing that but offers to jump from this boat I stand in that thing I harpoon Ye are not other men but my arms and my legs and so obey me—Where s the whale? gone down again?"

But he looked too nigh the boat for as if bent upon escaping with the corpse he bore and as if the particular place of the last encounter had been but a stage in his leeward voyage Moby Dick was now again steadily swimming forward and had almost passed the ship—which thus far had been sailing in the contrary direction to him, though for the present her headway had been stopped He seemed swimming with his utmost velocity and now only intent upon pursuing his own straight path in the sea

'Oh! Ahab cried Starbuck 'not too late is it even now, the third day to desi t See! Moby Dick seeks thee not It is thou thou that madly seekest him!"

Setting ail to the rising wind the lonely boat was swiftly impelled to leeward by both oars and canvas And at last when Ahab was sliding by the vessel, so near as plainly to distinguish Starbuck s face as he leaned over the rail he hailed him to turn the vessel about, and follow him, not too swiftly at a judicious interval Glancing upwards he saw Tashtego Queequeg and Daggoo eagerly mounting to the three mast heads while the oarsmen were rocking in the two staved boats which had ju t been hoisted to the side and were busily at work in repairing them One after the other, through the port holes as he sped, he also caught flying glimpses of Stubb and Flask, busying themselves on deck among bundles of new irons and lances As he saw all this as he heard the hammers in the broken boats, far other hammers seemed driving a nail into his heart. But he rallied And now marking that the vane or flag was

gone from the main mast head he shouted to Tashtego who had just gained that perch to descend again for another flag and a hammer and nails and so nail it to the mast

Whether fagged by the three days running chase and the resistance to his swimming in the knotted hamper he bore or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him whichever was true, the White Whale s way now began to abate as it seemed from the boat so rapidly nearing him once more though indeed the whale s last start had not been so long a one as before And still as Ahab glided over the waves the unpitying sharks accompanied him and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat and so continually bit at the plying oars that the blades became jagged and crunched, and left small splinters in the sea at almost every dip

Heed them not! those teeth but give new rowlocks to your oars Pull on! tis the better rest the sharks jaw than the yielding water

But at every bite sir the thin blades grow smaller and smaller! '

They will last long enough! pull on!—But who can tell" —he muttered— whether these sharks swim to feast on the whale or on Ahab?—But pull on! Aye all alive now—we near him The helm! take the helm! let me pass '—and so saying two of the oarsmen helped him forward to the bows of the still flying boat

At length as the craft was cast to one side and ran ranging along with the White Whale s flank he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance—as the whale sometimes will—and Ahab was fairly within the smoky mountain mist which, thrown off from the whale s spout curled round his great Monadnock hump he was even thus close to him when with body arched back, and both arms lengthwise high lifted to the poise he darted his fierce iron and his far fiercer curse into the hated whale As both steel and curse sank to the socket as if sucked into a morass Moby Dick sidewise writhed spasmodically rolled his nigh flank against the bow and without staving a hole in it so suddenly canted the boat over that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung Ahab would

once more have been tossed into the sea As it was three of the oarsmen—who foreknew not the precise instant of the dart and were therefore unprepared for its effects—these were flung out but so fell that in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again, and rising to its level on a combing wave hurled themselves bodily inboard again the third man helplessly dropping astern, but still afloat and swimming

Almost simultaneously, with a mighty volition of un graduated instantaneous swiftness the White Whale darted through the weltering sea But when Ahab cried out to the steersman to take new turns with the line and hold it so and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats, and tow the boat up to the mark the moment the treacherous line felt that double strain and tug it snapped in the empty air!

What breaks in me? Some sinew cracks!—'tis whole again oars! oars! Burst in upon him!

Hearing the tremendou rush of the sea-crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay but in that evolution catching sight of the nearing black hull of the ship seemingly seeing in it the source of all his persecutions bethinking it—it may be—a larger and nobler foe of a sudden he bore down upon its advancing prow smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam

Ahab staggered his hand smote his forehead 'I grow blind hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way Is t night?

The whale! The ship! ' cried the cringing oarsmen

Oars! oars! Slope downwards to thy depths O sea that ere it be for ever too late Ahab may slide this last last time upon his mark! I see the ship! the ship! Dash on my men! will ye not save my ship?

But as the oar men violently forced their boat through the sledge hammering seas the before whale smitten bow ends of two planks burst through and in an instant almost the temporarily disabled boat lay nearly level with the waves its half wading splashing crew trying hard to stop the gap and bale out the pouring water

Meantime for that one beholding instant Tashtego s

mast head hammer remained suspended in his hand and *the red flag* half wrapping him as with a plaid then streamed *itself* straight out from him as his own forward flowing heart while Starbuck and Stubb standing upon the bowsprit beneath caught sight of the down-coming monster *just* as soon as he

The whale the whale! Up helm up helm! Oh all ye sweet powers of air now hug me close! Let not Starbuck die if die he must in a woman s fainting fit Up helm I say—ye fools the jaw! the jaw! Is this the end of all my bursting prayers? all my life long fidelities? Oh Ahab Ahab lo thy work Steady! helmsman steady Nay nay! Up helm again! He turns to meet us! Oh his unappeasable brow drives on towards one whose duty tells him he cannot depart My God stand by me now!

'Stand not by me but stand under me whoever you are that will now help Stubb for Stubb too sticks here I grin at thee thou grinning whale! Who ever helped Stubb or kept Stubb awake but Stubb s own unwinking eye? And now poor Stubb goes to bed upon a mattrass that is all too soft would it were stuffed with brushwood! I grin at thee thou grinning whale! Look ye sun moon and stars! I call ye assassins of as good a fellow as ever spouted up his ghost For all that I would yet ring glasses with thee would ye but hand the cup! Oh oh! oh oh! thou grinning whale but there ll be plenty of gulping soon! Why fly ye not O Ahab! For me off shoes and jacket to it let Stubb die in his drawers! A most mouldy and over salted death though —cherries! cherries! cherries! Oh Flask for one red cherry ere we die!

Cherries? I only wish that we were where they grow Oh Stubb I hope my poor mother s drawn my part pay ere this if not few coppers will now come to her for the voyage is up

From the ship s bows nearly all the seamen now hung inactive hammers bits of plank lances and harpoons mechanically retained in their hands just as they had darted from their various employments all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head ent a broad band of over

spreading semicircular foam before him as he rushed Retribution, swift vengeance eternal malice were in his whole aspect and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow till men and timbers reeled Some fell flat upon their faces Like dislodged trucks the heads of the harpooneers aloft shook on their bull like necks Through the breach, they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume

"The ship! The hearse!—the second hearse! cried Ahab from the boat its wood could only be American!"

Diving beneath the settling ship the whale ran quivering along its keel but turning under water swiftly shot to the surface again far off the other bow but within a few yards of Ahab s boat where for a time, he lay quiescent

"I turn my body from the sun What ho, Tashtego! let me hear thy hammer Oh! ye three unsurrendered spires of mine thou uncracked keel and only god bullied hull thou firm deck and haughty helm and Pole pointed prow—death glorious ship! must ye then perish and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride of meanest shipwrecked captains? Oh lonely death on lonely life! Oh now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief Ho, ho! from all your furthest bounds pour ye now in ye bold billows of my whole foregone life and top this one piled comber of my death! Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale to the last I grapple with thee, from hell s heart I stab at thee for hate s sake I spit my last breath at thee Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine, let me then tow to pieces while still chasing thee, though tied to thee, thou damned whale! *Thus* I give up the spear!"

The harpoon was darted the stricken whale flew forward with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove,—ran foul Ahab stooped to clear it, he did clear it but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victim, he was shot out of the boat ere the crew knew he was gone Next instant the heavy eye-splice in the rope s final end flew out of the stark empty

tub knocked down an oarsman and smiting the sea, dis appeared in its depths

For an instant the tranced boat s crew stood still then turned 'The ship? Great God where is the ship? Soon they through dim bewildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom as in the gaseous Fata Morgana only the uppermost masts out of water while fixed by infatuation or fidelity or fate, to their once lofty perches the pagan har pooneers still maintained their sinking look-outs on the sea And now concentric circles seized the lone boat itself, and all its crew and each floating oar and every lance pole and spinning animate and inanimate all round and round in one vortex carried the smallest chip of the Pequod out of sight

But as the last whelmings intermixingly poured them selves over the sunken head of the Indian at the mainmast leaving a few inches of the erect spar yet visible together with long streaming yards of the flag which calmly un dulated with ironical coincidings over the destroying billows they almost touched —at that instant a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the subsiding spar A sky hawk that tauntingly had followed the main truck downwards from its natural home among the stars pecking at the flag and incommoding Tashtego there this bird now chanced to intercept its broad flutter ing wing between the hammer and the wood and simul taneously feeling that etherial thrill the submerged savage beneath in his death gasp kept his hammer frozen there and so the bird of heaven with archangelic shrieks and his imperial beak thrust upwards and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab went down with his ship which like Satan would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides then all collapsed and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago

EPILOGUE

"AND I ONLY AM ESCAPED ALONE TO TELL THEE
Job

The drama s done Why then here does any one step forth?—Because one did survive the wreck

It so chanced that after the Parsee s disappearance I was he whom the Fates ordained to take the place of Ahab's bowsman, when that bowsman assumed the vacant post the same who when on the last day the three men were tossed from out of the rocking boat, was dropped astern So floating on the margin of the ensuing scene, and in full sight of it when the half spent suction of the sunk ship reached me I was then, but slowly drawn towards the closing vortex When I reached it, it had subsided to a creamy pool Round and round then, and ever contracting towards the button like black bubble at the axis of that slowly wheeling circle like another Ixion I did revolve Till gaining that vital centre the black bubble upward burst, and now liberated by reason of its cunning spring and owing to its great buoyancy, rising with great force, the coffin life-buoy shot lengthwise from the sea fell over and floated by my side Buoyed up by that coffin for almost one whole day and night I floated on a soft and dirge like main The unharming sharks they glided by as if with padlocks on their mouths the savage sea hawks sailed with sheathed beaks On the second day a sail drew near nearer, and picked me up at last It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan

FINIS